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GOLDEN ACRE

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From Prairie Sod
To Golden Acres

From Prairie Sod To Golden Acres

Chronicles of
The Hoosier District

Compiled by
MRS. E. M. GOLDSMITH
and MRS. GRACE D. McGIBBON

This book is dedicated to the Pioneers of Hoosier district and the Homemakers Club upon whose request it is being published. Their achievements, disappointments, joys, and sorrows, are mingled forever with the good earth of Western Saskatchewan.

Written in the years 1955 and 1956

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Preface

These are the gardens of the desert
These the unbroken fields
Boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England
Has no name — The Prairies.

LORD BYRON

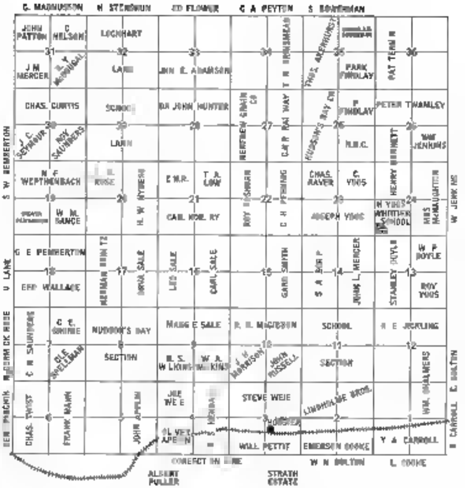
Nearly 50 years ago people from all parts of Canada and the U.S.A. came with their oxen, mules and horses to pioneer these Prairies. By hard work and patient perseverance they transformed the prairie sod into one of the richest farming districts in Western Canada.

It has been said that no one person ever writes a book, and that is very true of this publication. Sponsored by the Homemakers Club we have so many people to thank for assistance in the getting together of material. First of all I wish to thank Mrs. Grace McGibbon of Calgary who spent a great deal of time in compiling the Folklore of Hoosier Valley and in helping contact many who sent in Pioneer experiences. To Mrs. Joyce Barr and Mrs. Alice Peyton, who helped so much with the typing. To the many who answered letters and the numerous questions answered by our local people.

Anyone looking for a literary masterpiece will not find it here for the narrators are just plain country folk who wish to preserve the records of bygone times.

These were days to be remembered,
Remembered through all the years
For these were the days, the long, hard days
The days of the old Pioneers.

MRS. F. M. GOLDSMITH
Compiler Club History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TOWNSHIP 31 RANGE 27 WEST 3rd, FIRST SETTLERS

SOUTH

Geography

The land is mostly level prairie, slightly rolling in places and broken by a few wide shallow coulees. In one of these coulees lies Dewar Lake, about two miles south and west of the village of Dewar Lake. The lake is roughly the shape of an X, some four or five miles long and shallow, not exceeding 10 feet in depth. During the dry thirties the lake dried up completely.

The soil varies from a heavy sticky gumbo, through chocolate loam to sandy loam and in the extreme southwest of the district is quite sandy. Most of it is the chocolate loam which will raise good crops with a minimum amount of rainfall.

Precipitation varies from the extreme drought conditions of the 1930s to the unusually heavy amount of moisture of the early 1950s. June rains are the rule, noticeable by their absence in 1955. Fairly heavy snowfall is usual. The winter of 1954-55 was an exception, it being a completely open and very dry winter.

This is exclusively an agricultural district, the chief crops being wheat and coarse grains and flax. A fairly large number of cattle and hogs are also raised and there is an increasing amount of seed hay being raised although most of the hay put up is still the native grasses, such as bluejoint and prairie wool.

EARLY SETTLERS OF HOOSIER DISTRICT

Adamson, Fred, came from Saskatoon and homesteaded in 1909. In 1925 he and his family moved north and now live in Meadow Lake. His homestead is now in the community pasture.

Akehurst, Thomas, came from Manitoba to Saskatoon where he worked in the fire department. Later he homesteaded north of Hoosier, enlisted and went overseas in the first war and continued farming after his return. In 1937 he moved to Lacombe, Alta., with his family where he still resides and continues his trade of carpentering. His homestead is now in the community pasture.

Ashbacher, Fred, born in Switzerland, came here from Minnesota in 1910 where he farmed and did blacksmithing. He was very active in community affairs until his death in 1951.

Bennett, Harry, born at Fergus, Ont., moved west to Weyburn and then on to Hoosier where he homesteaded north of town in 1910. Has now retired and is living in Hoosier. Murray Lowe carries on his farming operations.

Brooks, Will, came from Wingham, Ont., to Saskatoon, then on to this district where he homesteaded in the Greene district in 1910. He farmed there until his death in 1934. His family then moved to Hoosier where his wife still resides.

Barr, Wesley, came in 1911 from Lenore, Man. He married Gertie Stephens and they have farmed here ever since.

Bolton, William H., came and homesteaded in 1911, brought his family in 1913 and farmed continually until his death in 1929. The farm is carried on by his son Elmer.

Bolton, Elmer E., came from Wolf Island and homesteaded in 1909. Farmed for some time and then moved back to Ont. for a few years. He then returned and is still farming with his son Reg.

Bolton, George, came from Kingston, Ont., in 1910. Farmed until 1920 when he returned to Ont., and is now living at Arnstein, Ont., where he has a general store.

Barry, William, moved in from Abernethy, Sask., in 1910, later married Irene Bond, one of the teachers in our school. Farmed here for some time and now lives at Tako, Sask.

Bolingbroke, William, one of the early settlers in the Pizarro School District, southwest of town. He later married Hilda Hams of Marengo, and still farms the same place.

Bolingbroke, Sam, brother of Will, came from Cupar and homesteaded near his brother. In 1945 he turned his farm over to his brother and bought land near Kindersley where he still lives.

Bowerman, Cornelius, came from Beeton, Ont., a dentist by profession, homesteaded on Sec. 35-32-27 W3. He could recall the time when teeth were extracted for 25 cents each. He was the first teacher at Prairiedale and moved to Lashburn after his wife died in 1948, where he lived with his daughter until his own death.

Bramley, William, came from Tate, Sask., and homesteaded in the district south of Hoosier, where he farmed until his death in 1950. His son carries on the farm and his wife lives in Flaxcombe.

Cooke, Emerson, came with his family from Lachute, Que., in 1911. Farmed just east of town until 1944 when he moved to Saskatoon and passed away in Vancouver, in 1950. His farm has been purchased by Lawrence Schmalzbauer.

Carroll, Harry homesteaded in 1907 coming in from Floral, Sask., married Myrtle Bolton and in 1929 the family moved to Saskatoon then in 1948 to Calgary where Mr. Carroll still lives. His farm is now owned by Cliff Kornelson.

Carroll, Stanley, also came from Floral, was married to Lena Bolton. He farmed and bought grain at Dewar Lake and moved to Saskatoon in 1935, then to Calgary in 1946. His farm is now worked by Mike Fenn.

Carroll, Austin homesteaded in 1907 went east and was married in 1916. He farmed until 1947 when he and his family moved to Guelph, Ont. His farm is now owned by Jess Hawkins.

Cooke, Leonard homesteaded in 1910 and brought his family out in 1913. He died in 1928 and after a number of years his wife and family moved to Ontario where they still live.

[illegible] came from Regina and homesteaded in 1912. He was first to buy grain in Hoosier. In 1923 he married Zera Johnstone, one of our teachers and two years later they moved to Regina district where he continued to buy grain. Now he has retired to Port Coquitlam, B.C.

Doyle, Stanley came from Elora, Ont., in 1909 to his homestead north of Hoosier. He farmed until 1913 when on account of poor health he retired to Victoria, B.C. and died there in 1934. His farm is now operated by Ewald Weishrod.

Doyle, Will moved from Elora, Ont., and farmed east of town until 1946 when he retired to Calgary where he still lives. His farm is now owned by E. J. Kornelson.

David, Ferdinand came from Wolseley with his family and farmed north of Hoosier until 1925, when they moved into town. After a number of years they moved to Cold Lake, Alta. later moving to Dunmore where their son was in business. Mrs. David died in 1954 and Mr. David then moved back to Cold Lake where he is now living with his daughter.

Davies, Jack, came from Wales and homesteaded north of town. He still lives on his farm although he does not work the land. The Dommett brothers farm it for him.

Davies, Hugh, brother of Jack, farmed on the next quarter to Jack.

Both Davies came to the district in 1911. Hugh moved to Marwayne, Alta., where he lived until his death in 1946.

Doig, Paul came to his homestead from Lachute, Que., in 1910. He retired to Hoosier and died in 1939. His son Henry carries on farming operations.

[illegible] Bobby Doig

Doig, Henry came and homesteaded in 1910. In 1919 he married Lattie Clark and they still reside on their farm and operate it themselves.

Doig, Robert, came with the Doig family in 1910 and took a homestead in 1914. His land is now in the Community pasture and Bob is manager of the Co-op Association in town.

Dewar, Dan, one of the first settlers filing on his homestead in 1907. He came from Lachute, Que. The town of Dewar Lake is named after him. Mr. and Mrs. Dewar retired to the east in 1925 and are both dead now. Cyril Waugh now farms the land.

Dewar, Roy, son of Dan Dewar, also one of the first settlers, farmed in this district until his death in 1928. His wife and son now live in Calgary. The village of Dewar Lake is on his homestead.

Dewar, Stewart, homesteaded as a young man in 1907, his land being straight east of Dewar Lake. He married Dora Taylor and still farms his own land with the help of his son. He is also shipper for the Co-op Livestock Pool.

Dorsey, Chris, [illegible] the P[illegible] district in 19[illegible]5 from R[illegible]ille. He farmed [illegible] he retired to Calgary and died there in 1952. His son F[illegible] [illegible] the farm work.

Dorsey, Bob, [illegible] Ro[illegible]ville and homesteaded, later buying grain for the Pool. In [illegible] business he was moved to Laporte. He is now deceased and his widow [illegible] [illegible] ...

Emmanuel, John, [illegible] one of the early settlers in the [illegible] district. He was of Scandinavian birth. He married Ethel [illegible] but owing to her ill health they moved to Calgary. [illegible] are now deceased.

Finlay, Pa[illegible], came from O[illegible], Ont., homesteaded north of town, married Fran[illegible] [illegible] farming and went into grain buying. He moved to S[illegible] [illegible] and died in 1949.

ALBERT F[illegible] [illegible] *his 90th b[illegible]* [illegible] *Calgary* [illegible] *H. C.* [illegible] *S. W. He has* [illegible] *his son* [illegible] *He also has a daughter Mrs. Alex T[illegible] of* [illegible] *children and eight great grandchildren.*

Foster, William, filed on his homestead in 1907 then moved up from Abernethy in 1915 and began farming here. His son Walter remained here but died in 1928. Mr. Foster carried on the farming with a manager until his death in 1958. It is now owned by Mr. E. Weisbrod.

Fuller, Albert, moved into the district with his wife and family in

1910 from Lachute, Que. He farmed here all his life. During the last few years he lived in Calgary during the winter and at the farm during the summer. He died in 1952 at the age of 91. His son Gordon carries on his business here.

Flower, E. D., came from Ireland as a young man, homesteaded in the Hoosier district and farmed continuously until his health forced him to give up active work. He was for a time in a government nursing home, rented his land and is now a resident in the Sunset Lodge in Kindersley. He was for 35 years secretary treasurer of the Bapaume School District.

Fogarty, William, located his homestead southwest of Hoosier in 1910 and farmed successfully there until 1915, when he moved to Calgary and a few years later to Vancouver, where he and his wife still reside.

Goldsmith, Tom, located on his land in 1910 and moved in with his family in 1911. He is now retired and living in Hoosier. His son William is on the home farm.

Gear, William, homesteaded and was a successful farmer until 1952 when he sold out and with his family went back to Newmarket, Ontario. The Murry Lowe family now farm his land.

Gosborn, Roy, came from Huntington, Ind., in 1910, went back but returned later after the death of Dr. Hunter, his father-in-law. In 1949 he sold out and again returned to Huntington, where he still resides.

Hunter, Dr., came and located north of Hoosier in 1910 from Huntington, Ind. He was the only doctor in the community in those days and many a mile he travelled with horse and buggy to bring help to the sick. He continued to farm until his death in 1927 but his wife carried on with the farm for many years, then moved to Huntington where she still lives.

Hubbs, Arden, filed on a purchased homestead in Regina in 1906. In the summer of 1907 he, along with his brother Charlie and Tom Peebles, came in by way of North Battleford and did their homestead duties.

Hubbs, Charlie, moved to his homestead with his family in 1910. Later on he rented his farm and moved to Saskatoon to work in an implement business, then returned to Hoosier as a grain buyer. In 1951 he and his wife moved to Medicine Hat where he died suddenly in 1954. His land is now farmed by E. D. Goldsmith.

Jickling, Stanley, came in 1909. He married Marjorie Pemberton, and farmed here until 1936 when he and family moved to Maidstone and later to Victoria where they still live.

Kendall, Russell, came with W. Peele from Weyburn and located his homestead ¾ miles west of town. He farmed until 1946 and due to Mrs. Kendall's failing health retired to Lacombe, Alta., where they lived until their deaths. His land is now farmed by Bill Barr.

Mann, Frank, came here from Markle, Ind., in 1911, homesteaded north of town and in 192[illegible] he and his family moved to Fort Wayne, Ind.

McGibbon, Russell, drove in with the D. M. Dewar family from Saskatoon in 1908. He located on his land north of Hoosier where he farmed until 1945 when, owing to poor health, he sold his farm to Bob Kornelson and retired to Calgary, where he still lives.

Mercer, Wallace, moved here from Wolf Island, Ont., with his family in the spring of 1915 and is still farming with the help of his son George.

MacNaughton, Mrs., came in the spring of 1911, a widow with three children. She is now living in Alberni, B.C.

McFarlane, George, homesteaded here in 1910, coming from Lachute with his two children, Jamie and Mary. He farmed for many years, later moving to Hoosier where he lived until his death in 1955.

Meacham, Bill, homesteaded in 1910 coming from Linwood, Ont. He married Marion Forbes and they still farm the homestead and as a sideline, have a nice orchard of plums, cherries, apples, crabapples and small fruits.

McFarlane, David, came west from Lachute in 1911 and farmed until 1934 when he went to Neilberg. Later he went to Prince George, where he died in 1946. His farm is now owned by Gordon Fulks.

Peebles, Tom, first man to enter for a homestead. That was in 1907, and moved on to his land in 1912 to live permanently. Here he farmed until his death in 1942. His son Donald now operates the farm.

Petch, William, came from Weyburn in 1909 and homesteaded just west of what is now Hoosier. In 1949 he moved to Newington, Ont., where he still resides. His homestead is now owned by Howard Hawkins.

Peyton, Charlie, from Ireland, came to the district in 1910 from Langham and homesteaded north of town. He carried on farming and ranching until 1937 when he retired to Victoria where he still resides (1955) at the age of 84.

Plaxton, Herb, born in England, homesteaded in the Plato district and married Mildred McKenzie. He farmed until his death in 1953 and his wife and son still carry on the farm.

Pfennig, Charles, came from Minnesota in 1911 and farmed just north of town. He was active in forming the school district of Whittier and was one of the first trustees. He moved with his family to Virginia, Minnesota in 1919 where he lived until his death.

Reid, William, came from Ontario with the first settlers. As a young man he was very active in all sports and served on the council for many years. He is still actively engaged in farming with the help of his son Douglas.

Roberts, James, homesteaded in 1910, coming from Lanark, Ont. He farmed here until his death in 1924. Now his farm is owned by his son Kenneth.

Reuntz, Herman, came from Germany when a young man and homesteaded in the Hoosier Valley. He remained until his family was grown and then he moved away. Having been ordained as a Lutheran minister he has returned to that calling. His farm is now worked by J. Hawkins.

Simpson, Ernest, one of the first settlers in the Dewar Lake district coming from Lachute with the Dan Dewar family. He homesteaded half way between Devna Lake and Hoosier and married Mrs. Roy Dewar. They later moved to Calgary where he died. Mrs. Sampson still lives in Calgary. Their farm is now being worked by Grant Evans.

Trask, Hedley, came west from Alma, Ont., to the Regina district. Then in 1911 he homesteaded east of where Pizarro School now is. Here he farmed for many years later moving to Hoosier. He was at one time councillor, church steward, Secretary of the Co-op Elevator Co. Owing to ill health he moved to a nursing home at Duval where he lived until he died in 1959 and was brought back to Hoosier for burial.

Sale, Mrs. M., came in 1909 with 2 sons Leo and Ralph from Huntington, Ind. She returned to Indiana in 1947 and died there in 1959.

Sale, Orva, from Huntington in 1909, first Secretary of Antelope Park Municipality. He moved back to the States in 1914 and still lives there.

Sale, Carl, oldest son of Mrs. Maggie Sale, came in 1909. He died in Hoosier in 1922 and his wife carried on the farm until 1928 when she and the children returned to Indiana.

Shier, Richard, came from McLennan, Ont., in 1910. He sold his homestead to Bert Wells but bought other land on which he still lives. His sister, Myrtle, lives with him.

Stevens, Harold, came from Renton, Man., in 1911, married Ellen Berg in 1917 and moved to Kuscory in 1935 where they still live.

Sale, Leo, came from Huntington, Ind., with his mother and brothers, homesteaded and farmed until his death in 19[illegible].

Sullivan, John, moved into the Magna Bonum district with his family in 1911, farmed here until he retired to Kindersley where he died in 1954. Mrs. Sullivan still lives in Kindersley and their son, Melvin, carries on the farm.

Thompson, Alf, both he and his brother, Alex, moved here from Peterborough, Ont. Married Jeannette McFarlane and farmed south west of town until his death in 1947. His wife and sons still live on the farm.

Thompson, Alex, born in Peterborough and moved here from Abernethy in 1911. He married Bernice Fuller in 1915 and lived on his homestead, south west of town, until his death in 1944. His farm is still carried on by his daughter, Dora, and son-in-law, Ross Moulton.

Tisdale, David, took a homestead in the Pizarro district in 1911. In 1945 he retired to Saskatoon. Mrs. Tisdale passed away in 1955, and now Dave lives with his son in Prince Albert.

Tisdale, Albert, came as a young married man in 1911, farmed until his death in 1933. His wife and son then retired to Wingham, Ont. His farm is now operated by Roy Warrington.

Tisdale, Walter, one of the early homesteaders, farmed for many years, then retired to Kindersley where he went into the garage business. All three Tisdale brothers came from Walnash, Ont.

Wells, Lambert, came from Chilliwack, B.C., and homesteaded in the district east of Hoosier. He married Miss Klinzing, of Flaxcombe, in 1916, and still farms his farm with the help of his son, Arthur.

Walker, Bel on, came when a young man and homesteaded on the outskirts of what is now the village of Hoosier. After farming for a number of years he moved to Stranraer and now has retired to Saskatoon. His farm is now owned by G. Fuller.

Werthenbach, R. F. came in 1915 and homesteaded east of the village of Hoosier. He took over the general store from Emil Dubourg and greatly enlarged the business. His wife with the help of their son-in-law Jack Krause carried on the business after his death in 1959. His land is now used as a pasture by Lawrence Schmalzhauer.

Yoos, Joseph came with his family from Markle, Ind. in 1909. He farmed here until 1957 when he retired to Olds, Alta., where he died in 1950. His homestead is now owned by Lloyd Barr.

The following are those who homesteaded here but merely to prove up their homesteads and did not remain long: John App [illegible], Ben Albers, Robert Barnett, Julius Boag, Fred Beals, Stanley Bowerman, T. H. Brunsmead, Charles Curtis, John Craigie, Miles Cook, Alex Coburn, Cephus

[illegible]

Cooper, Frank Cathcart, William Chalmers, Thomas Carrol, Jesse Cook, Chas. Copeland, Clarence Dorsey, Emil Dubourg, H. Demar, Will Dance, Charlie Draper, Dan Drysdale, George Drew, Mrs. Frampton, William Graham, A. M. Fagan, Fred Hammer, Fred Hope, Frank Haigh, Fred Jones, William Jenkins, Nelson Lindholm, Ed Lindholm, Victor Lane, Jane Muirhead, Jack McEcheran, H. McLeod, Peter McEcheran, Sam McIlwraith, William Mowrey, W. J. McCormack, Sam McCormick, George Morgan, Harry Nesberg, John N [illegible], C. E. Neff, E. Nightengale, Guy Pemberton, S. Pemberton, Hugh Rogers, Pete Rabwell, John Richmond, Roy Rose, Scottie Rose, O. Rasmussen, Chas. Raven, Clayton Smith, S. E. Seymour, Gard. Smith, Ernest Smith, Frank Saunders, Roy Saunders, George Sproule, Henry Till, John Tuge, Pat Terrane, Pete Tramley, Charles Twist, Stephen Viers, R. D. Ward, Stephen Wier.

EARLY PIONEERS

Cameron, James, came from Chilliwack in 1914, a carpenter by trade. He worked for a number of years in the district and helped build our first Methodist Church and Equity Hall. Later he bought land north of town and farmed there until 1955 when he rented to his son-in-law, George [illegible], and retired to Kindersley.

Hawkins, Jesse, came from Hamilton, Ont., and bought land in the Hoosier district. He extended his farming operations and now lives on the T. A. Carrol place, served a long time on the school board and church boards, and is Wheat Pool delegate for District 11 now.

Hubbs, Clifford, came as a school boy in 1912 and had his early education at Magna Bonum and Hoosier Schools. He showed good musical talent, playing both violin and piano, first in the local orchestra and then in Saskatoon. He was launching out as a composer of some ability when war broke out and he enlisted in the armed forces. Two of his compositions are "Way Down Deep in My Heart" and "A Hut in Waikiki". These were sung many times over the air and recorded. He now lives with his family in Toronto, Ont.

Horley, Leslie, came in 1916 and rented land until 1958, when he moved with his family to Tatsfield, Sask. He was one of the best ball players on the team organized in 1918 which carried on for many years. They took many prizes in the league games. Both Mr. and Mrs. Horley were active in community affairs, worked hard for the Agricultural Society and were good helpers in all church affairs.

Jenkins, [illegible], came as a school boy with his parents in 1906. He graduated from Hoosier High School and then attended Saskatchewan University where he won a number of scholarships. During the time spent in Hoosier he was church organist and Sunday School secretary, also carried on faithfully the duties of church janitor for the magnificent sum of $50.00 a year which over [illegible] of years was reduced to $25.00. He now works in the civil service, Ottawa, as assistant technician in the Botany and Plant Pathology Division, Department of Agriculture.

Marls, Thomas, came originally from England to Lenore, Man., then to Hoosier in 1926. He set up a harness repair shop, later adding gas and oil to his business. He led a very fine choir in the United Church and took a very active part in the social life of the community as a singer and comedian. He later moved to Marengo where he carried on his business for eight years, but due to failing health moved back to Hoosier. He died in [illegible]. Mrs. Marls still lives here near her daughter, Mrs. E. D. [illegible].

Blythe, Thomas, came from Owen Sound, Ont., in 1912 and homesteaded north of Hoosier. He was a bricklayer by trade and did much work along that line throughout the district. One incident in the life of Tom Blythe which shows the calibre of the early pioneers: In the terrible blizzard on the [illegible] of December, 1926, which many old-timers remember well, Mr. Blythe, who had taken a load of wheat to [illegible] the morning and was coming home with a load of coal when the storm caught him. He became lost and the horses, a four-horse team, played out so he unhooked them and kept walking around the sleigh all night to keep from freezing. When daylight came he found his way home and his horses later came home too. Mr. and Mrs. Blythe are now retired and live in Owen Sound, Ont. Mr. Blythe still does the odd job at his trade and Mrs. Blythe is very active in Homemaker's and Women's Institutes.

A LAND EXPEDITION

Strange as it may seem, we find in collecting the Hoener facts and figures, that it is now exactly fifty years since the first land was purchased in the Milton and Antelope Park Municipalities. Some real estate men went from the city of Regina to Abernethy, Sask., and sold land to John Gillespie, William Foster and John Barton. It was to locate his purchased section that Mr. Foster set out, with two of his neighbors who planned on seeking homesteads.

Knowing them to be pioneers we can safely surmise that they rose before the sun on the morning of May 12th, 1906. Mr. Foster's fellow companions were Mr. Hugh McKay and Mr. Alden Hubbs. The democrat and a two-wheeled cart were packed with oats for the horses and tent, blankets and food for themselves.

The horses were one a pony black owned by Mr. Hubbs and two of Mr. Foster's, Billy Pony and Kit. (Billy Pony features highly in most of Mr. Foster's pioneer history)

After the first uneventful day Markinch was reached in the evening. Saturday, too, passed without mishap, and at a place fifteen miles west of Strasbourg, they stopped for the night. Having hobbled their horses they sought out a place to sleep. Much to their dismay they returned to find the horses—gone. Naturally they were very displeased and irritated at the delay it would cause but nevertheless proceeded in search of them.

Search as they might no horses were discovered that night. The next day Mr. Hubbs walked the fifteen miles back to Strasbourg and went on to Markinch on horseback. At Jake Miller's, a farmer in the Markinch district, he found the horses on Monday morning. The horses had come back fifty miles and their legs were skinned from the hobbles which they had finally broken. Mr. Hubbs rejoined his fellow travellers Tuesday morning.

On Wednesday they started out again and that evening they stopped on the west side of Long Lake. Their tent was only 10' by 10' but they always kept the horses in it after they ran away.

Next morning finding they must cross the inlet of Long Lake they stretched the tent poles across, took the cart across on this and jumped the ponies over. They camped that night and went on to a place west of where Simpson now is the next day where they spent the night.

Friday evening found them fifteen miles west of where Hanley now is, and on Saturday they crossed the South Saskatchewan river on the ferry which was later moved to Outlook. Sunday was spent in resting for both men and horses. A part of the day was devoted to their faithful worship of He who guides all travellers—someone carried a Bible.

Monday's rising sun saw them well on their way again, and fifty more miles were covered that day.

Rain on Tuesday forced them to turn into a place near where Rosetown is now situated. Here they borrowed some settler's dishes from which to eat their meals, and after dinner went on to North Eagle Creek. Here they unloaded all their provisions, throwing stones into the creek to enable them to cross without breaking the whipple-trees. Mr. Hubbs slipped into the creek and had Mr. McKay to thank for coming to his aid. He came up spluttering but did not delay the expedition even long enough to dry his clothes—just walked to get them dry. They reached the home of Mr. Foster's cousin, Robert Foster that night, remaining there for two nights and a day.

Thursday and Friday they went on and Saturday, 11 a.m., found them at Township 27, Range 34. The horses were tied at the tent and the three men started out walking after an early dinner.

They walked hard all afternoon, taking in a general survey of the land. They probably would never had found the tent again that night if they had not put a pole on the highest knoll near it.

Their twenty mile tramp had not been very gratifying as all they had seen were six antelope and three wild horses running towards an alkali lake—they finally found the corner stakes of the section and had no trouble in locating the land, so were very glad to reach the tent just at dark. The following day, Sunday, was spent as the former one.

Monday morning saw them headed for home, but unfortunately on the wrong track—one made by the Railroad surveyors. As they went on they met two men who told them they were on the road between Battleford and Red Deer. They camped that night in the vicinity of where Kerrobert now stands.

On Tuesday, they reached South Battleford, then a very small town, where they procured a supply of oats and provisions. Wednesday found them driving down the south side of the North Saskatchewan River to Saskatoon, then a fair sized town. They remained here all night, crossing with the ferry next morning.

On Thursday, the party followed the C.N.R. track to Lumsden; Friday from Lumsden to Loon Creek, Fort Qu'Appelle, and home on the 12th of June.

In Mr. Foster's own words—words typical of a man whose blood possessed quite a little of the Wanderlust, but who really loves his home—"We were none the worse for our outing, on the contrary, we gained much knowledge and needless to say, we were heartily welcomed back and, indeed, very glad to get there."

RUSSELL D. McGIBBON

Russell Douglas McGibbon, younger son of **Peter Robert McGibbon** and **Margaret (MacArthur) McGibbon**, was born at Lachute, Que., April 1st, 1888. His father owned and operated a sawmill there and had extensive lumber limits in Argenteuil County. Later he was twice elected to represent Argenteuil Liberals in the Dominion Parliament.

Early in 1907, Russell and his friend, Edward MacRae, came west and worked on a farm at Sintaluta, Sask. That fall they worked in the harvest fields at Tyvan. Then they went to northeastern Saskatchewan and worked at a lumber camp at Crooked River for the winter months.

In the spring of 1908, he met the D. M. Dewar family in Saskatoon, and drove with them to Dewar Lake, about 100 miles. The trip was long and fairly slow. The wagons were heavily loaded and pulled mainly by horses, but one wagon was pulled by a team of oxen.

Russell McGibbon and [illegible] 193[illegible] [illegible] age [illegible]0 years [illegible] age 5 years

Russell saw land that he liked in the valley west of Dewar Lake. This valley later was called Hoosier Valley. Accompanied by Stewart Dewar, he drove about 90 miles north following the old "Red River Cart Trail" which ran east of his land to North Battleford to file on the land he had chosen. This land was the north half of 10-31-27 W3rd.

That fall 1908 Donald, George and Hugh Barclay, Russell McGibbon, Ernest Simpson and Roy Dewar drove to Dundurn, 20 miles east of Saskatoon, to work in the harvest fields. While working there they slept in straw stacks, wheat bins and granaries. After freeze-up that fall, Stewart Dewar, Ernest Simpson and Russell McGibbon drove over 70 miles to Empress, Alta., for a load of wood and coal

Russell then went East for the winter months, returning early in the spring of 1909 with a car of settler's effects (horses, lumber, oats, some machinery, etc.) The lumber he used that summer for his buildings, he had bought at his father's sawmill at Lachute. He put up his barn first, with D. M. Dewar helping him to frame it. Later building a small one-room frame house with sod on the outside. But before putting up any buildings he had broken some land and seeded oats for feed for his horses. That summer he also put up hay from the slough west of his land.

In 1910 Russell bought 4 oxen and used them to break more land. Each year he grew oats for feed, threshing some as well. He did not ship any. He either sold it locally or traded it for work done or for some article bought. (Hills brothers at Prairiedale had a threshing outfit before there were any in the Hoosier Valley.) In 1911 he had a wonderful crop of flax. An early frost destroyed it though when cut and stacked it made choice feed.

The year 1912 was the best flax year in the history of the district. Flax seeded on Russell's new breaking, so rough that you could scarcely drive over it in a wagon, yielded 35 bushels to the acre. The railroad had reached Kindersley in 1909 and Marengo in 1910. So the fall of 1912 and the following spring Russell hauled his flax to Marengo, eleven miles away. This was the first grain that he had shipped out of the district. The price was $1.00 per bushel.

In 1913 the railroad came through from Biggar. A townsite was bought and named Fee after one of the railroad men. The name was later changed to Hoosier. An elevator was built that summer by [illegible] and partner Pierce. When fall came Russell loaded his flax over the platform. He sold oats to the railroad crews who were working west of Greene and kept the rest for feed and seed. He bought some cattle that fall in Winnipeg. 1914 was quite a dry year; crops yielded about 8 bushels per acre. In 1915 there was a 40 bushel crop. The year 1916 was very wet but about half of the crops in the district were completely hailed out. On one occasion it hailed for three consecutive days. In 1917 there was practically no rain at all. What crops there were grew on moisture conserved by the summerfallow. So when 1918 came, prairie grass was scarce and stacked feed scarcer. Russell rented his land and he, Stewart Dewar and Clayton Smith shipped their cattle and horses to Peace River. There he rented land at Bear Lake and later northwest of Fairview. He grew oats for feed while there too. He also hauled some to Peace River, 35 miles away, to sell it. He would make the trip to town one day, returning home the next. He stayed in the Peace River country until the summer of 1922. He then shipped his cattle to Major, Sask. and drove them slowly southward to his land at Hoosier. In the fall of 1923 he shipped most of his cattle to Winnipeg and sold them but kept his horses to work the land. Crops were very good that year.

In 1923 he bought a house and moved it to his farm, enlarging it and furnishing it inside. On December 29th he married Grace D. Bradford of Chatham, Que., (near Lachute). They had three children: Maude Isabel born January 24, 1925; Gregor Donald, born September 25, 1927; Joan Margaret, born May 25, 1934. All three children attended the Hoosier Consolidated School and the Hoosier United Church and his wife helped in the Church work.

The year 1924 was quite dry, but 1925 was better, 1926 an average crop and in 1927 there was a lovely crop. Each year Russell had broken more of his land until by 1928 there was no more prairie sod except around the buildings.

That year the school section across the road was put up for sale and Russell bought the north half of it (N. ½ of 11-31-27). He soon had it all under cultivation as by then he had a tractor. The year 1929 was quite dry but in 1930 he had a lovely crop of flax on the school section. In 1933 there were good crops too. Then followed four years of poor crops, each a little worse than the last, ending with 1937 worst of all. During those years there were bad wind storms that filled the air with dust and blew the seed from the ground or cut off green patches of growing grain which then had to be reseeded. Hail storms were frequent and bad. In 1936 and 1937 the weather was so dry and hot that the highest yield of wheat was 8 bushels per acre on summerfallow and the stubble yielded 2 bushels, if any at all. There were grasshoppers, bees, web worms, cutworms, caragana beetles, to be contended with in those years and in the good years that followed. No two years were alike. Those bad years were called "The Hungry Thirties". Eggs dropped to six cents per dozen, wheat to 19 cents per bushel and fowl sold at 40 cents apiece. Families moved away but those who remained were afterwards rewarded with such fertile crops that in about three years all debts were paid up, also tax arrears, and people were able to buy much needed new machinery and cars. The people themselves emerged with a vast new fund of practical knowledge which, though not written down, will still benefit others through example and conversation.

In 1940 crops yielded 40 bushels per acre and the years following were good. Prices were extra good because once again war had broken out.

Then great grief came to our household, on the prairie for Maude McGibbon died April 24th, 1942 during the flu epidemic. That fall Russell and family went to Calgary for the winter months, returning to the land when spring came. In the fall of 1944, Russell and family again went to Calgary, intending to stay for the winter only but Russell had taken ill before leaving the farm and when spring came he was unable to carry on so on April 25th, 1945, he sold his farm stock and machinery and returned to Calgary where he still resides.

Like most pioneers Russell did not do anything spectacular; nevertheless, he contributed greatly to this young and growing West. He converted 640 acres of stubborn prairie sod into a good farm with trees planted, well dug, reservoirs made, a good house, also plenty of granaries and farm buildings, built or bought. He also left a garden with fruit trees, berries and currants growing in it. In the early days, Russell played on the first baseball team in the district, and on the first hockey team and helped with the roping at stampedes.

He became a member of the Wheat Pool as soon as it was organized in Hoosier in 1924, and was at one time a Director of it. He was one of the first members of the Hoosier Co-op., and was a shareholder.

Gregor McGibbon finished high school at Calgary, June, 1946 winning a scholarship. He attended the University of Alberta graduating in Engineering Physics, in 1950. He is working for General Electric in Toronto. Jean graduated from high school in Calgary in June 1953, and last year attended the University of British Columbia.

R. F. WERTHENBACH

The spring of 1914 R. F. Werthenbach settled in the Hoosier, Sask. district as General Merchant.

Coming from Mankato, Minnesota, the spring of 1912, R. F. Werthenbach, who had been city manager of one of the seven city lumber yards for about 4 years, was offered a position in Canada as auditor of a line of lumber yards for the North American Lumber and Supply Co.

After working at this for about two years, he left his home in Biggar, Sask. to go to a little place called Fee, Sask., later named Hoosier. So, the spring of 1914, Werthy, for that is what his friends called him, began to build his own first business place and to put up a building of his own to start a general store. While this was being done he rented an old building and put in a stock of groceries.

Werthy's first clerk was Britton Walker and he offered his home, a two-roomed shack, to Werthy for himself and family and Britton slept in the store but ate at Werthy's home. So, May 16, Werthy's family arrived, coming up on the mixed train from Biggar on the new railroad track which had just been finished as far as Lovema, our town on the west. Werthy's family consisted of his wife and an 10-year-old daughter Dorothy who became 11 on the 19th of May; she passed her 7th grade in school that June and was ready for her eighth grade then. The son, Frederick was nine years old the January before; there was also the baby Marjorie five months old who was known as Joy. They lived in the Britton Walker shack while the store was being finished, then moved above the store which was 24 feet by 40 feet, giving them a nice home. The first Sunday School was held in the building before the shingles were on and continued for about 18 months. A meeting was then called and a Church arranged for which was built in 1915. The hall also went up that year.

Before this, about the first year, three men, Pat Doig, Thomas Goldsmith and R. F. Werthenbach went to Regina to arrange for a Consolidated School comprising 50 sections of land. They were told that they could go home and the papers would follow but these three men told the men there in Regina they were in no hurry and would wait and take the papers with them so, they came home with the papers allowing them to go ahead with the arrangements for the Consolidated School. The site was chosen and the building erected which proved to be a blessing to hundreds of children.

In 1916, an addition was built on the store the same size as the first building 24 feet by 40 feet. This was used for a Post Office room too, which was there for about 25 years. The stock of boots and shoes crockery dry goods, men's furnishings, men's gloves etc., was enlarged in the new building. Werthy also handled coal a lumber yard and later machinery in 1921 and another building was added the same size

An Agricultural Society was formed and building went up. R. F. Werthenbach was the Secretary. The Church building was soon enlarged and put on a cement foundation with a full basement. A furnace was installed and a hollow wire lighting system was used. Class rooms were provided for the Sunday School to accommodate all ages. As time went on no place was provided to bury our loved ones and the long trip had to be made to Laverna or Marengo so it was decided to buy four acres of land west of town from William Petty. Some of the lots had been staked out when in May 1939 R. F. Werthenbach was called Home. He was the first to be laid in the new cemetery which was fenced and gates put up and was named Hoosier Cemetery and the name in wood letters put up above the gates. The cemetery was plowed for trees and they were planted but not all lived as dry years came.

Twenty-five years service Werthy gave to the Hoosier district, being Reeve and Councillor many years and trying to help in many ways, acting as Superintendent of Sunday School, Bible Class teacher and Young People's teacher.

Our son, Frederick, graduated from the Edmonton Alberta, University and became a Doctor in 1930 with a Scholarship in Surgery. Dorothy having taught school and then graduating before her brother and receiving her B.A. with Honors in 1927. Joy also entered the University when she was 17 and had three years of Home Economics but did not graduate as she was married when 21. The entire family was hard working and loved to give service as no one will deny. J. W. Krause who married Joy in 1934 came into the business as full partner with R. F. Werthenbach just before their marriage leaving the Royal Bank of Canada, where he had worked for about 8 years. Afterwards he bought the business and is still managing it and the business continues to be known as Werthenbach and Krause.

MRS. M. McNAUGHTON

(Now Mrs. Garthwaite, Living on Vancouver Island)

We arrived in Kindersley in the early winter of 191[illegible] and left on the first train to Harwell (now Flaxcombe) the nearest point to 24-31-27 our homestead in Hoosier Valley 18 miles northwest. We stayed at Harwell and bought lumber and provisions for the winter. Mr. Chas. Copeland built our home at his, and it was moved onto the edge of the east half of 24-31-2[illegible]

On this trip to Harwell Dr. and Mrs. Tattersall and Enid, were on the train, as well as many others, who were later to be our neighbors.

When the train ran off the track the first time Mrs. Tattersall grabbed Enid and made for the door, but the conductor told her there was no danger, that it was just a case of the railroad ties spreading, so when it happened three times we were used to it. In fact, some of the men got off to watch them put the engine back again. We landed safely at Harwell. We were fortunate to be able to stay at Mr. Tree's restaurant. The three children were very tired, so slept well even if we had to sleep all in one bed.

While in Harwell we attended Sunday School. The Superintendent was Mr. Harvey and the teacher, Mr. Down. That was the last Church we were in until the Hoosier Church was built years later, but we had services in many homes. The first winter in the Valley we did not meet many people, but mail was brought by neighbors once a week. The mail was hauled by Stan Carroll (and several others including Yoos' and Hunter's) from Harwell to Mr. D. M. Dewar's home at Dewar Lake, then brought to Stanley Doyle's for the people in our neighborhood and then on to Mr. Joseph Yoos for the folks farther north and west. I think Mr. Yoos was later sub-postmaster until the Hoosier office was opened when the railroad came through.

In the year 1912 we held church at Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Pheonig's and Mr. and Mrs. Gard Smith's as they had an organ and piano, later at Stan Jickling's and Elmer Bolton's. I think our first minister was the Rev. Main, coming from [illegible] at Dewar Lake. The people turned out well to the services and the people from Indiana were wonderful singers. Never was there any trouble to get someone to play and sing in the early days, in fact, a wonderful friendly feeling prevailed.

The weather seemed just right, too. There wasn't a tree near but those wild roses were so fragrant and the Lake was such a joy to us children. Wild fowl could be heard day and night. This lake was and is yet called McNaughton's Lake.

The time came when a school was needed, so I wrote Regina to get instructions, eventually came posting notices, etc., to call a public meeting which was held at Mr. Jack Mercer's home. The school had to have a name so each one sent in a name. I chose "Whittier" in honor of the poet who wrote "The Red River Voyager", and that was the name chosen for the school. The school was built on the corner of land owned by Hank Yoos, being centrally located. We thought it a good size but it was soon too small. We only had one teacher, Mrs. Mabe Pemberton, a splendid teacher.

Church was also held in this school, Rev. Mitchell being the first preacher. Mr. Joe Yoos was Superintendent of the Sunday School for years and Mr. Wershenbach taught the Bible class from 1913.

Each winter in the early years, those who could afford it, went home to the United States or Ontario, but they generously left a donation for the Christmas tree, one man gave $25.00, another $10.00, also a box of oranges and apples were given. I was appointed to get gifts for each child. I bought books, clothbound (19 cents each) such as "Longfellow's Poems," "Little Women," etc. The treats were looked after by Mr. Gard Smith and Mr. Chas Pfenning—they got boxes of chocolates, etc. so with a wonderful concert, the evening was a happy one. This was the Christmas concert and was held in Chas. Pfenning's home. That was the first time I had met the Young family and they helped entertain. How so many could get into one small house is hard to know. After Santa had given all from his large bag, he asked in such a satisfied voice "Has anything been forgotten?" and my little girl said "My sewing box." They looked in every pocket and turned the bag inside out but they couldn't find it but Santa promised it next year as often in those early days things were substituted. Afterwards, folks said that was one of the most enjoyable Christmas trees ever held in the Valley.

Someone said the early day reports would not be complete without a report on our water problems.

My well was witched by Elmer Bolton, which was the first time I had seen that awesome work performed. There was not a man present who did not hold his breath while Elmer walked around with the willow wand in his hands, then he stopped and there they started to dig and at 13 feet struck a stone. Water flowed in at one side of it. You could walk the bottom of that well like a cement floor. That well cost $19.15, bucket, pulley, rope, pail and digging. It was never dry in the years we were there. Some will tell you it was [illegible] but we thought [illegible] cold water.

The first year the well was dug the weather was mild and the well never froze, but the second year freezing was heavy even before the snow came. I put Jean down in a bucket to chop the ice then a blizzard came. The snow made the rope slippery and as I pulled Jean up I couldn't get her to the top so she could get hold of the edge. I don't know how long we were trying. I was frantic and also played out when we heard the boys so we called to them. The blizzard was so thick we couldn't see the house and I had told the boys not to come out but we were glad to see them and the extra strength did the trick. Jean had kept so cool saying "I'm O.K. take your time." Needless to say a ladder was put down that day and next year a pump was installed.

I don't think the some-and days would be complete without a word about Barney, the old pacer, and the old phaeton I got from Orva Sale. Barney was much loved by all. You couldn't see the children's heads from the back as they went off. Many times the three children came home on his back with Laddie at his side and no matter how stormy it was, Barney brought them safely home.

THOMAS GOLDSMITH

Thomas Goldsmith was born in Stratford, Ont. in 1881 and was brought to Wapella, Sask. when 2 years old. From Medicine Hat in 1899 he enlisted for service in the Boer War, Baden Powell Division and served in South Africa until the war ended. After coming back, he homesteaded at Lang, Sask. finally selling out and moving to Abernethy, Sask. There he was married to Maud Rodgers of Souris, Man. Being given half a section of land by the Dominion Government for service in South Africa and the opportunity of buying another half "South African Scrip," we took advantage of the offer and in 1911 moved to S½ Sec. 12 T. 30 R. 28 and Sec. 18 T. 30 R. 27 P.O. Marengo.

In 1914 Tom bought a section of land just south of the new village of Hoosier 33-30-27. He broke it all that season and had a bumper crop of flax in 1915. In the spring of 1917 we moved into this place to live renting our other section to Lyle and Carman Hurley who moved in from Ontario. In 1924 he bought the section known as the Dave Fenn place 35-30-27 and later on one section more.

We have had some very tough luck; the hungry 30's that set us back so much. All our neighbors were in the same boat and misery likes company. We finally weathered the storm and gradually with old mother nature deciding to be kind again and prices coming up, life began to be quite favorable.

Our five children are all grown long ago. Our two boys are working the land and we are living in the little town of Hoosier. We have tried city life but it has no appeal, so here we are and intend to be among our old friends and neighbors, along with all the newer generation coming on.

THE JOHN RICHMOND FAMILY

The John Richmonds were married in 1908 and moved to Winnipeg in 1910, where they stayed with Mrs. Richmond's sister for a time. During that winter John went west to Saskatoon and filed on a homestead, S.E.¼ of 16-30-28, quite close to where Pizarro school now stands. That school district was formed in 1912 and 13, and the building was erected by Dave Tisdale and Ed Robertson. The name "Pizarro" was proposed by Paul Doig, who was one of the first trustees.

After filing on the land he went east and brought out a carload of settler's effects. Then in May 1911, along with Mrs. Richmond, Sr. they came west to the homestead. The railroad at that time had no ballast, just rails laid on the ties and bolted down. John would not let his family come from Kindersley by train as he thought it too dangerous, so he met them there with team and democrat. Mrs. Richmond says that was the most unforgettable trip she ever made. Forty miles over rough prairie trails with Ernest, the oldest boy, a baby in arms. Nothing to see but sagebrush and the mosquitoes nearly eating us alive. Poor baby. His eyes were swollen shut and his little face so burnt with the sun and wind. They spent a week with friends in Marengo while Mr. Richmond took out lumber and built a shack. They moved out a little too soon as the floor was not laid, so while the family waited around John and Walter Tisdale laid half the floor enough to set up the stove and put in a few things. The main part of their furniture was stored in Albert Tisdale's barn.

Mrs. Richmond went back to Ontario the winter of 1912 and stayed there until after her second boy, Clifford, was born. John when not doing his homestead duties spent his time at carpenter work and driving surveyor's around. They both spent the summer of 1913 in Saskatoon, as a building boom was on then and a good carpenter could keep busy all the time. Mr. and Mrs. Richmond were good community workers. He helped organize the Local Grain Growers, and one time there were one hundred members. The Association got a Co-operative elevator built at the siding of Greene, and a loading platform. They also dealt in coal, a great convenience to farmers in the winter time. Their meetings were all conducted in a parliamentary way. Many resolutions were sent in to Head Office, to be further dealt with at the Annual Conventions. Later the elevator was taken over by the "Wheat Pool," and as many of the early settlers moved out the society dwindled and finally died. With it went much of the "social life" as the Local put on dances, social evenings and debates.

The school was centre for all activities and in 1920 it was enlarged with a well finished basement. After that Pizarro always had a famous annual fowl supper, followed by a master entertainment. Mrs. Richmond says of all the places she has lived, none have had the talent found in that little country community. She herself, always took a leading part—playing the organ for Church services, a good elocutionist and debater, lending a hand in putting on the different social affairs.

The Richmonds recall quite vividly the stretch of years when the land was dry and people also. They dug seven wells and then only had a scant supply of water, making it necessary to draw from a ravine for their stock.

In 1925 they sold out to Jake Sonmore and moved to Young, Sask. Later they moved to Lac Du Bonnet, Man., where they have lived for sixteen years. It is a popular summer resort sixty-five miles north east of Winnipeg on the banks of the river. There are six large power plants within a radius of eighty miles and from here the city of Winnipeg gets all its power.

John has been doing well in the building trade here, along with his son Ernest, with whom they live. Their family of six children are all married and all have children of their own. They send back greetings to all oldtimers in Pizarro district.

CHARLES P. JENKINS

Charles P. Jenkins came to Hoosier from Fort William, Ont., in June, 1916, and opened a blacksmith shop, which he still operates. There had been a blacksmith here before he came (Ole Spellman, a brother-in-law of Steve Wein's) but he had moved away. There was a pile of plough shares waiting to be sharpened before Mr. Jenkins got his tools unpacked.

1916 was a very wet year and the sloughs were full of water. Dave McFarlane and Clayton Smith kept the ice cleared off on the slough east of town and the boys played hockey there all winter.

Mr. Jenkins' family came out at Christmas, 1916, and lived with Mrs. Jenkins' brother, Dick [illegible], until the spring of 1917 when the old Whittier school was moved into town, and they lived in this until August 1917, when they built the house they still live in, though the family is scattered.

School was held in the Hall, 1917, with John Taylor as principal while a new school (which later burned down) was being built.

The town well was dug that summer, the Homemaker's helping to pay for the work.

Hoosier Consolidated School District was formed in 1916 or 1917

THE PEYTON FAMILY

Mr. C. A. Peyton came to Canada from Ireland in 1882, when 19 years old, and settled near Russell, Man. He stayed a few years at his farm near Russell then moved to Dauphin. His mother came to Canada in 1885 after the death of his father.

[illegible]

He was married in 1898 to Clara Frances Moore, daughter of Dr. Moore. She had come west to live with her brothers at Morden.

They moved to Langham, Sask., in 1905. Here Mr. Peyton left his wife and two children, Mabel and Frederick, and went to work on a surveying party in the Peace River country. They had lost one child, Philip, before leaving the Dauphin district. He worked with the surveying party for two seasons, then ran a hardware store in Langham and an elevator at Fielding.

In March, 1919, he came to the Hoosier district with Fred Adamson and settled in the Hoosier Valley. Mrs. Peyton and the two children [illegible] Mrs. Peyton passed away and was buried a

Edmonton, in the Moore family plot. Mr. Peyton remained on his farm north of town with the two children.

In 1922, Mabel married Felix David and they farmed in the Prairiedale district for about three years, then moved to the States where they have made their home since. At present they are living in San Antonio, Texas.

Frederick, or as he is more commonly known, Fritz, stayed at home with his father and helped run the farm, until they abandoned farming and began ranching. This was about 1924. They carried on this ranching program until 1937, when Mr. Peyton retired and moved to Victoria, where he still makes his home.

Fritz, besides ranching, was very interested in horses and soon had a very fine string of bucking horses which he trailed to different places putting on stampedes. His partner in this enterprise for a number of years was Mr. M. R. Klaibert, then of Fusilier, and now living in Maple Creek.

Fritz married Alice Wickham in 1942 and they now have three children, Dennis, Marion and Irene.

In 1950 the land leased by Fritz Peyton was turned into a Community Pasture and Mr. Peyton became the manager. He disposed of his own stock and devoted his entire time to the business of the Community Pasture. The last of his bucking horses were sold to the Calgary Stampede Committee.

STANLEY DOYLE

In 1908 Stanley Doyle came west on the harvest excursion to Portage la Prairie, Man., to neighbors who had come from his home town of Elora, Ont. After harvest he went to Regina to see his brother, the Rev. John Doyle. There he met R. S. Jickling, who was boarding at his brother's and working in a hardware store. The two Stanleys planned to meet early in the spring and go in search of homesteads in Saskatchewan. Stan Doyle then went back home to Ontario for the winter.

When the spring of 1909 came they met as planned and took train for North Battleford. They drove north from there—the farther north they went the more snow and trees they saw—so they turned around and started south, eventually arriving in the new settlement later named Hoosier. They decided to file on land at this place. On the way back from filing on the land at North Battleford, they stopped at Scott for their supplies and settlers' effects.

In 1909 Stanley Doyle came west from Elora, Ont., to make a home in Saskatchewan—the land of Promise. He arrived in Scott and had his car of settlers' effects unloaded and started the trek south with horses and wagons. He journeyed to within 3½ miles of what is now the town of Hoosier. Mr. R. S. Jickling was a near neighbor and as their land adjoined they worked and batched together in a sod shack built on Stanley's land.

While they were scouting around for a suitable location they camped in a tent on a sloping spot of the nearby school section. They unpacked a

few supplies and dishes and in the absence of any modern conveniences left the things on the ground. During the night a thunder storm came up—the heavens opened and it poured as only it can pour when it rains in Saskatchewan. Soon quite a stream came rushing through the tent and in the midst was their salt and pepper shakers doing a giddy whirl on their way out.

For a number of years they lived in the sod house. If the roof leaked—they just moved over. If the wind blew dust into their victuals, well it did not matter—it only provided grit for the days ahead. Lesser men than these early homesteaders would have sought easier lives. These were men of vision and determination. Hospitality was at its best. Every man was your neighbor—a strong feeling of companionship and oneness existed as one big family. To those of us who came later it seemed nothing less than a miracle that men and women could and would endure life as it was in those first days—with a great hope for the future. They built better than they knew.

As the prairie began to produce the golden grain, new and better homes were built. In 1913 Mr. Stan Jickling was married to Miss Marjory Pemberton and moved into their frame home just a half mile from Stan Doyle's new home. In 1915 Stanley also joined the ranks of the benedicts. That same year the prairies produced what men called a bumper crop. Everyone was happy at the thought of being able to pay off some of their indebtedness with a few dollars to spare. Also—maybe it could be said—the seed was sown here for the fateful lean years which followed. As the oxen had to give place to the horse earlier so now the auto, the truck and the tractor began their encroachment until today the horse has been relegated to the fox farm.

Life was good and not too complex. For the most part the people were happy. The latch string was always on the outside. In the long winters the lamp always glowed in the window to guide any wayfarer to warmth and shelter if needed. Life was serious, but it also had its moments of merriment. When there seemed to be no bright side they polished up the dark side. These early settlers were good story-tellers and many hours were spent exchanging yarns and telling jokes.

In later years Stanley served on the Hoosier School Board, was on the Board of Stewards of the church, was interested in agricultural fairs, exhibiting purebred Shorthorn cattle which was his specialty. He was also a member of the municipal council for several years.

This home was blessed with three children, Mary Margaret, Henry John and Virginia Louise. They were all able to get their education including Grade XII in Hoosier due to the vision and foresight of able school trustees and most competent teachers.

In 1942 Stanley's health began to fail. He was advised by a Montreal heart surgeon to leave the cold climate of the prairies for a milder one. In 1945 we sold our home and went to Victoria, B.C. Once again old friends were united as we made a brief stay with the Jicklings. In the spring of

1944 Stanley passed away at the age of 59. His body was brought back to the prairies he loved so much for burial in God's Acre in Hoosier.

—Written by Mrs. Stanley Doyle (formerly Emma Yoos)

A PEEP INTO THE EARLY PIONEER LIFE OF THE YOOS FAMILY

In 1909 Mr. Yoos made a scouting trip to the Canadian West from the State of Indiana, U.S.A. He arrived at the town of Scott and from there travelled south in search of a suitable location for a farm home. After filing on a quarter he returned to U.S.A. and again in 1910 came back to put up sod buildings in preparation for moving the family and some stock.

In 1911 he moved his family—consisting of his wife and four boys, Roy, Lee, Dale and Fred—together with household effects and a gentle pair of mules to a place about 130 miles west and south of Saskatoon. In the early days the place was called Fox, later changed to Hoosier, due to the fact a goodly number of people from the Hoosier State had migrated there.

Mr. Yoos realizing the benefits to a large family of growing boys—of the clean farm life—sought to take advantage of the low priced land being advertised and offered to anyone willing to meet the homestead requirements. The Canadian West was the immigrant's haven.

Having arrived, there were many obstacles to overcome. A house to live in—water for man and beast. Shelter for cattle and many other details had to be worked out. There were moments of homesickness—longing for old friends and the way of life they had left behind. However, nothing daunted, and having set their hand to the plough they would not turn back. For a house and barn sods were used and for a number of years served admirably as a home for the family and stock.

Early in the process of breaking up the virgin prairie oxen were used. They were slow and sturdy, strong and stubborn and at times most unpredictable. One never knew whether they would "gee" or "haw" or just plain retire to the nearest slough—still one cannot picture life in the early days without oxen. What a happy day when in 1914 Mr. Yoos acquired a horse—now Dee could plow with three oxen and one horse—and that meant a great step forward. There were times when the mosquitoes were so numerous that the poor beasts became frantic and on such occasions the weary plowman was liable to get a galloping-express ride to the barn or other shelter all arriving at the same time and all trying to be the first in. The pet pooch was a familiar sight—sometimes following in the furrow with an eager eye on the ever-present gophers or at times riding the plow on Dee's lap with an air of "Monarch of all he surveyed".

In 1913 a frame house was built, also more substantial shelter for the stock. The land yielded a limited increase and life was good. While no one got rich, no one suffered privations nor hunger as by this time towns were springing up and transportation was no problem like in the beginning.

As the years rolled by and the frontiers were being pushed back, men of every walk of life came west. Much tension was relieved when the doctors began arriving and hospitals, though small, were being erected. Schools were opened and church and Sunday schools were organized. The first church services were held in the various homes. A one roomed school was built on a piece of land about one mile from Mr. Yoos' home. Here church services and Sunday school were conducted. Evidently the pupils were pretty much the same calibre then as now. Fred came home from Sunday school one morning and announced he was in a class of boys and the preacher was their tamer. No doubt more truth than fiction.

Mr. Yoos, together with his entire family, attended church service regularly. He taught a Bible class for a number of years and was keenly interested in everything for the good of the community.

In sports all the boys took active part.

In the early days the post office was in Mr. Yoos' home. He carried mail via horses and democrat from Flaxcombe, about 15 miles southeast of Hoosier.

The years of drought took heavy toll of the residents of Hoosier and in 1937 Mr. Yoos and two of his sons and families moved to Olds, Alta. Mr. Yoos retired. Roy launched out in cattle buying and Fred continued farming. Misfortune followed Fred and soon after their arrival at Olds his wife died of severe burns received from an explosion while lighting the fire.

In 1950 Mr. Yoos died at the age of 87. In 1954 Mrs. Yoos passed away at the age of 86. Both were laid to rest in Olds cemetery.

—Written by Mrs. Stanley Doyle (formerly Emma M. Yoos).

DR. AND MRS. HUNTER—1910

We shipped a carload of our effects from Huntingdon, Ind., to Kindersley, which was the end of steel and our nearest station. From there we hauled our effects to the homestead near what is now Hoosier.

Jack Mercer had a house on his homestead and we lived there until we had a house built.

Dr. Hunter was the only doctor available in those days and a drive of 40 miles to see the sick was all in a day's work. Sometimes he did not make [illegible] in a day.

Dr. Hunter went to Scott and bought two cows. He built a barn the first thing for the shelter and that was the beginning. He put in oats for feed for the cows and mules. Didn't do too bad for the first crop and added more each year.

We all lived through it and maybe it made us a little better able to cope with life later on.

Dr. Hunter died in 1925. Mrs. Hunter lived on the farm until with her daughter Chloe and her husband Roy Goshorn when she moved back to Huntingdon where she still resides.

FIRST YEARS ON THE PRAIRIES—CLAYTON SMITH

I set out for Devils Lake in 1913 from Cordova, Alaska (I don't think there was any hamlet of Hoosier then). I came to Kindersley, which was the end of steel 40 miles from. My brother, Arnold, came out in the spring of the same year. I arrived at Kindersley in August and started to walk to Dewar Lake which at that time had a store and a post office. It was a walk of about 40 miles and after walking 20 miles I saw a homesteader's shack with a windmill pumping water beside it. Down in the pasture I could see a fellow working so I went to talk to him. He had another windmill stretched out on the ground and asked him if the wind had blown it down. "No," he said, "there is only wind enough for one windmill." That kept me laughing for the next 20 miles.

I found my brother. He had filed on his homestead that spring, but I did not file on mine until the next spring.

That fall Mr. Fuller and Gordon, Jack Noyes, Bill Gaston, my brother and I went out threshing together. We drove to Scott, about 80 miles away. We worked 18 hours a day and slept in the hay stack. We didn't get enough to eat either.

After threshing Bill Gaston and I drove to Prince Albert, over 100 miles, and worked in the bush all winter. That completed my first year in the district.

BAPAUME PARK—ED. FLOWER

The district north of Hoosier, now known as Bapaume Park, was settled in 1910 and 1911. Among the first settlers were F. A. Peyton and Fred Adamson, followed by Reg White, Ed Flower and the Dallee Brothers. The first settlers had to start out from Kindersley. Next year the Goose Lake line went west and Marengo became the nearest railway point, 16 to 18 miles away, which even in those days was a tough trip with oxen to haul your grain and bring back your winter supplies. To get our mail we had to go two miles southeast of where Dewar Lake now is at the old Dewar place, but later the mail was brought nearer to the old Joe Yoos place where Hoosier now is.

Finally the railroad came through from Biggar to Loverna and our local station was known as Fee, later to be named Hoosier as a compliment to our neighbors from Indiana, U.S.A.

Things went along for the next few years with the usual events happening around the bachelors' shacks and a lot of sow belly and flap jacks were consumed. Then came the war and the big crops of 1915 as quite a few of the boys had quite a few acres broken by this time and with the best crop ever in these parts the boys thought they were well away.

Oxen began to disappear and horses take their place. This condition lasted for a few years until it was considered a necessity to have a good driving team and a top buggy (the same as a car is today) if they had an eye for the ladies.

About that time Reg White, one of the first settlers, was killed in France.

In 1917 a big demand was made for a school in the district and after quite a bit of argument a school district was formed. Ed Flower was

elected first trustee and secretary-treasurer (which office he held for 30 years). A school was then built, Fritz Peyton hauling most of the lumber to build it. The first teacher was Miss Churchill, who stayed at Peytons and who with Miss Tap (Mable) Peyton was the cause of many trails converging on the Peyton home.

Soon after Prairiedale School was built, and was often visited on dance nights, and the recent storms of this past winter (1955-6) brought to mind one of those days. It came up during a dance at Prairiedale and the bunch from Bapaume, which included the new school teacher, Tap and Fritz Peyton, Jack Schram and myself and a few others. We had just got a short distance on our way home, about 4 a.m., when the wind changed and a real blizzard began to blow. Jack Schram tried to keep the lantern lit and got his hands badly frozen. No one had sufficient clothing on for such a storm. I tried to drive the team, but with the storm and wind changing it was impossible to keep our bearings straight. However, after a lot of floundering around we got to Pat Tiernans about daylight, where we rested and got something hot to eat. The horses were practically played out.

There were a lot of comical happenings, too, from time to time.

Fred Ashbacher was very active in all the local activities during his life here and was always ready with a helping hand.

Jack Davies represented the township on the local council for a number of years and one of his best jokes was about an incident at a party at his place one evening. Some one challenged anyone to drink him under the table. Jack induced one of our younger old-timers to take up the challenge, indicating that there was a pot of cold tea that could be diluted to the proper color of wine. It worked and the challenger went down singing the "Star Spangled Banner" but the notes were badly mixed. The wine was too much, but the tea drinker was still fine.

Now practically all the old homesteaders have passed away or left the district and a new generation is taking over. Our oldest old-timer who homesteaded in this district, Mr. C. A. Peyton, is still alive and is living in Victoria, B.C.

CHRONICLES OF HOOSIER DISTRICT

In the year 1900 my brother Stanley and I were the only two of a family of nine still living at home with our parents on a farm near Elora, Ont., in the County of Wellington.

In those years there were glowing reports of the Canadian West, with its vast areas of productive land—parts of which were being opened up for homesteading, whereby a young man could secure a quarter section of land by paying $10 to the government, settling on the land and building a habitable house (which did not have to be very large) and breaking at least 10 acres of land each year for three years and cropping same. At the end of three years—if all regulations were carried out to the satisfaction of the government—the homesteader could apply for patent or title to the land.

In the summer of 1908 my brother Stanley decided to see this new country, so took advantage of going west on one of the harvest excursions. The fare was $10 single fare to the West, and providing you worked a certain time your employer would sign a statement that you had done this, which entitled you to a free passage home. The train accommodation on these excursions were not what you would call deluxe—or anything near it—just slat board seats, where one slept, ate your lunch, and which you usually brought with you.

My brother Stanley went West in that year, 1908, and stopped off at Brandon, Man. and worked there for a few weeks. He then went on to Regina to visit our brother—Rev. John A. Boyle—who was a Methodist minister there. It was there that he met Stanley Jickling, who was working in a hardware store in Regina, and living and boarding at my brother John's. The two Stanleys decided to go homesteading together the following spring, so my brother Stanley left again for the West early in the spring of 1909—meeting Stanley Jickling at Regina and travelling north to Battleford and still farther north from there looking for suitable land. 1909 was a late spring, and the farther north they went the snow got deeper and deeper and the country more wooded. This did not look good to them so they struck back south and finally located land near where Hoosier now is.

As Stanley had gone west, and I was the only one left at home, it seemed best that I should remain at home on the farm in Ontario with our parents who were getting on in years. This I did, working at home with father for a short time. Then I rented the farm, continuing with this arrangement for two years. During the second year my health was not good, and—continuing so—it seemed impracticable for me to continue to carry on with the strenuous labor required on an Ontario farm. We decided that my folks should sell out and move into town and that I go west and locate a homestead near where Stanley was then living. He picked out the best he could locate for me and early in the year of 1911 I took my first trip west as far as Saskatoon—to file on the land he had chosen. Then in the spring of 1911 I left Ontario with a car of settlers effects, including one cow and five or six horses. The car was billed to Fuller, Sask.—afterward called Marengo—which was the nearest unloading point to Hoosier.

As there were many people settling in the west—coming from the eastern provinces in those years—there were whole trainloads of cars of settlers effects or cars filled with stock. I remember that after we left our home town of Elora, more and more cars were added as we went along till finally—when we were approaching Northern Ontario—our train consisted of 120 cars with two big freight engines trying to pull them. They were making such poor time they cut the train in half with still two engines on each section. It took about two weeks to make the trip all the way from the east—some days or nights we would sit for hours without turning a wheel at divisional points. Finally one night a little after dark we arrived at Kindersley and it being a divisional point the word was that we would be here all night. The next morning we left for Marengo—and what a trip. It took nearly all day to make this last lap—31 miles. The roadbed was soft and oozy so that some places they were not making over three miles an hour. We finally arrived in Marengo in the late afternoon. The next move was to get word to Stanley that I had arrived so that he could help haul my stuff to my new home. I did a little enquiring around and soon met Henry Doig who was in town at the time and with the customary Doig kindness and generosity I was invited to ride with him as far as his place. This I did, leading one of my horses behind the rig. I stopped with them overnight and early the next morning left for Stanley's ranch. The next two days we spent hauling my stuff out across the open prairie, with very few buildings in sight and, of course, no graded roads.

Previous to my arrival Stanley Jickling and Brother Stanley had batched it together but from then on Stanley Jickling lived on his own land.

Soon after I arrived my brother and I went into partnership. We each had 640 acres of land, consisting of homestead and pre-emption and half section South African Scrip. We invested in more machinery and several oxen to get on with the work of breaking more land. We hired two men and got considerable more land broken that year of 1911, and ready to be seeded the spring of 1912. The 1912 crop was real good—especially the flax, which went nearly 30 bushels to the acre. The wheat, but not the flax, grown in 1912 was hauled to Marengo and most of it was loaded over the platform, being shovelled into the box cars by hand. During the year of 1912 the C.N.R. from Biggar to Loverna was being built, and by June of 1913 had reached as far as Hoosier but at that time there was not even a loading platform built.

With regard to the 1912 flax, I well remember how the flax had been stored in two new granaries and closed up tight to keep all rain and outside moisture from it. When we opened it up in June we found that instead of sinking in it up to the knees as one usually does in dry flax, we could walk around on it as on a board floor. It evidently was not thoroughly dry when we threshed and had started to heat. We at first expected that the whole lot was spoiled and a total loss however upon investigation we found that only the few top inches were crusted and below that for one or two feet the flax was quite hot. By removing the top part and spreading it out to dry and cool off there was not a great loss after all.

In the year 1910 the Municipality of Antelope Park was organized and established with its duly appointed reeve, councillors and secretary-treasurer. The Hamlet of Hoosier, which later came into being, is near the southeast corner of the municipality. The first reeve was Mr. George Glover of Loverna post office. My brother Stanley was councillor of the Hoosier Division. Orva Sale, who was the first secretary-treasurer of the municipality, came from the U.S. but did not stay more than about three years in Canada. It was largely through his suggestion and influence that the district was named "Hoosier Valley" and afterward "Hoosier". Mr. Harding was the next secretary-treasurer and this office he held for a number of years and homesteaded midway between Hoosier and Loverna.

It was rather unusual for a woman to go homesteading, but they did have this privilege if they chose to do so. Mrs. McNaughton, who is now Mrs. Garthwaite of Alberni, B.C., was one of these few brave and venturesome women. She came to the district with three small children in the spring of 1912, having filed on the east half of 24-31-27 just north of our land.

The years of 1911, 1912 and 1913 brought many new settlers to the district, some with children of school age. About 1912 or 1913 a school was built named "Whittier" on the southwest corner of 24-31-27, 3½ miles northeast of the townsite of Hoosier. The teacher of this school was Mrs. Guy Pemberton, whose home was about six miles west of the school.

The summer of 1912 saw the first Sunday School and Church services started. These were held at Gord Smith's shack. He was a married man from the States and was homesteading the east half of 15-31-27. This land eventually became the property of Jim Cameron. Mr. Jos. Yoos was the first superintendent of the Sunday School. The minister was a Methodist student supplied in the summer time and he also preached at Bonny Burn school house, northeast of Dewar Lake. When the Whistler School was built, church services and Sunday School were held in it. About this time Hoosier Valley District (as it was then called) together with Tennyson and Flaxcombe were organized as one circuit, one minister serving the three appointments along with a steward and secretary-treasurer for each appointment. I was elected to these two offices for our district and a few years later as Sunday School superintendent, which offices I continued to hold for some years. After some time Tennyson and Flaxcombe were dropped from this circuit and Marengo and Greene added in their place, these three points being responsible for the minister's salary.

Previous to 1911 the first settlers got their mail at Coleville. Then in 1911 we got our mail at Flaxcombe for a while. Some months later we got it at Dewars, about a mile or so southeast of Dewar Lake. Later on Mr. Jos. Yoos had the post office at his place. The post office was now called "Hoosier Valley Post Office." Later, when regular trains were travelling from Biggar to Loverna, the post office was moved to Hoosier, Mr. Bill Wilkins being the first postmaster there. As the village of Marengo was first called "Fuller," so Flaxcombe was first called "Harwell," and Hoosier was first called "Fee."

Soon after the railway was in, Hoosier began taking on the appearance of a small, progressive town. Among the first buildings were a livery barn and small store. The railway station was erected, then later Mr. Cronin arrived from the States and had his own elevator built, which was a great boon to the early settlers. A blacksmith shop was opened for business.

About this time Mr. Wershenbach with his wife and family came from Biggar, where he had been managing a lumber yard. He built and established an aggressive general store business, and being a progressive business man, was a great asset to the development of the district. He was reeve for some years.

A lumber yard was built. When Chas. Jenkins arrived in the district he became our reliable and efficient blacksmith.

During these early years the church was built, and later on the Hoosier Consolidated School was erected. At first this school accommodated all the children of the district, but when the population increased, the old Whitaker School building was brought into town and used as a room for the primary grades.

In 1914 Stanley and I had a good-sized house built on his land, and in 1915 the barn was built. The barn remained until October 1942 when it was burned together with a lot of feed and grain. During the fall of 1914 we had several heavy rains, and 1915 was a wet year—with the result there was a bumper crop. During harvest time we had six carpenters building the barn, and six hired men besides Stanley and myself. It fell to my lot to do the cooking for everyone.

In the winter of 1915-1916 Stanley went east and was married to Emma Yoos. They arrived back in the spring of 1916, and our days of batching were over. By this time Billy Geer had arrived in the district from Newmarket, Ont. He rented Section 18-33-26 (from us). He was married about a year later. For some years he worked Section 18, and also Section 17-33-26 (which he bought). As Mrs. Geer did not have too good health in the west, they went back east to Newmarket in the early 20's, where he carried on a progressive business.

In the year 1916 we wished to procure a better grade of cattle than we had and found that the Dominion Government was offering to pay to a bona fide western farmer his travelling expenses east to bring back a car of purebred cattle providing they were [illegible] T.B. tested. They also paid the freight charges on the cattle. This opportunity look good to us, and we decided to take advantage of it. By this time Stanley and Emma's first child had arrived, so I was delegated to go east for the carload of cattle. It was on this trip that I first met Miss Alice Matheson, who was afterward to become my wife. Miss Matheson had come west from Prince Edward Island in 1910 to teach. As there was a great shortage of teachers she taught for a few weeks in the new Mount Royal School in Calgary until she obtained a school in the Wetaskiwin district. She taught there for two years, and then went to Edmonton where she worked in a bank until December 1918, when we were married.

Previous to our marriage—in the summer of 1918—I bought Section 14-33-27 from Jack Merce and his brother Jim, making this our home until 1921. We then moved to the north half of Section 2, on land formerly homesteaded by the Lindholm Brothers. While we lived on Section 14 we had two children—Margaret and Enid—and during the years from 1924 to 1933 our other five children were born, namely Velma, Corinne, Wilfrid, Harvey and Miriam. The north half of Section 2 remained our home until we moved to Calgary in 1945.

One of the progressive moves of the district which was started in 1924 was the organizing and securing of membership to the Saskatchewan

Wheat Pool. I was happy to have an active part in this. The first year 85% or so of the farmers joined, and in a very few years nearly 100%. Mr. William Shaw of Fusilier was the first delegate from our district, and a very efficient one. This position he held for many years. Mr. Lew Elliott of Smiley was one of the first—if not the first—director serving our district, and he also served with efficiency and keen interest for many years. The writer of this was the first chairman elected for our local Wheat Pool Committee, continuing in this capacity until shortly before moving away.

The Hoosier Co-operative Society—in which most of the farmers of Hoosier and surrounding areas took shares and became members of—was formed about 1936, and was of real financial benefit. Robert Doig was hired as manager and still retains this position. It fell to my lot to take an active part in organizing this society and was elected president. J. Park Findlay was secretary. These positions we both retained until leaving the district. Mr. Findlay was for many years in charge of the Wheat Pool elevator at Hoosier as agent. For several terms he was reeve of Antelope Park Municipality. He willingly gave his service and time to many worthy projects.

During the dry years of the 30's—in which 1937 was the climax—nearly every one was on government relief, and feed for stock had become such a minus quantity that the government stepped in and bought up any cattle that still remained—and which any one wished to get rid of—at a price of from one to two or three cents live weight. Little did any of us realize then that—at this date of November, 1955—there would be at this same time such a surplus of grain, amounting to many thousands of bushels on some farms—not being sold mainly because of a succession of good crops. Neither in those dry years did any one think that, before many years, there would be gas and oil wells drilled and in production.

Upon request of Mrs. T. Goldsmith the above was written by Wm. F. Doyle, 344 Sixth Avenue N.E., Calgary, Alberta, November 29, 1955.

W. J. GEER, A LATE SETTLER

I went west in the spring of 1915 with a carload of settlers' effects for Dr. Lockhart whose land adjoined Dr. Hunter's to the north. We landed in Hoosier on April 17, 1915, about 8 p.m. after 36 hours on the freight from Biggar to Hoosier. All told, it took ten days from Toronto to Hoosier. I well remember just east of Dodsland, we started crossing what appeared to be a lake with the track not showing at all in some places. We men with settlers' cars were riding in the caboose at the back of the train which had about 40 freight cars. The train moved cautiously and all seemed to be going well, and in some places the wheels of the box cars were completely under water. Near the western end of this body of water was a graded road which the rail track crossed over. The engine and about 30 cars passed over this grade which seemed to hold firm, while on either side the grade was becoming softer and sinking more in the mud. What happened is hard to say, but the coupling between two cars disconnected, allowing the main body of the train to proceed with the caboose and some cars floating back the opposite way to about the centre of the body of water. The engine then had to proceed to Dodsland, put the cars attached on a siding, and come back for the balance of the train. This took over five hours before finally getting us away from the water.

When we arrived at Hoosier, Dr. Lockhart, who arrived there on the train before ours, had several homesteaders on hand, among them being Fred Adamson and his brother Bill, Gus Magnusen, Russ Kendell and several others whose names I cannot remember. They surely gave me a real welcome and all pitched in getting the horses out and the wagons loaded. It was dark when we headed north with six loaded wagons and the six horses not harnessed. I could never forget that trip as we had no idea where we were going. This road north had been graded but we seemed to be off it more than on, as there were so many sloughs to go around. It was 2 a.m. before we got to bed that morning and Fred Adamson, at whose shack we were to stay for a few days, had us out of bed at 5 a.m.

The next two or three weeks were taken up with hauling the balance of goods from cars, hauling lumber and building a small house.

I was absolutely green as to pioneering and one thing that shocked me was having to go two or three miles and cut a load of prairie wool for the horses to feed on. This would take one whole day but I found the horses did very well on this feed. We cleared some very stony land and I had always imagined there would be no stones on the prairies. All told, we broke 350 acres for the doctor and with 2-4 horse outfits we disked and harrowed and prepared this land for the 1911 crop. The [illegible] [illegible] them to Fred Adamson. I received $30.00 per month but learned much in western ways.

I thought that country was the Garden of Eden as wheat drilled in on stubble yielded 40 bushels per acre and new breaking went 50. I hired with Fred Adamson for stooking. Going wages were $3.00 per day but Fred said if I'd start at 6 a.m. and stooked until dark, he would pay me $3.50 which I did. He ran two outfits of horses on one binder and I never did keep up to it. I went threshing with Dr. Hunter for the same wages and the same hours and just could not believe what would roll out like it did. He had a portable machine with a twelve horse power engine to drive it and straw carrier. We had to move it with horses. We finished threshing about November 1, then started to haul the wheat to the elevator. It was really cold but with the road frozen as hard as pavement we could sure draw good loads. This was my first experience in handling a four-horse tandem on the grain tank.

It was while drawing grain that I was approached by Doyle Bros., Bill and Stan, at that time one of the largest farms in the district, who asked if I would be interested in leasing some of their land on a crop share basis. On looking the property over I thought it might be too heavy as it was mostly gumbo soil. The homesteaders led me to believe chocolate loam land was superior to gumbo which in later years proved much different.

I came back to Ontario late in December 1915, and was only home a couple of weeks when I knew I would not be satisfied in the East so wrote Doyle Bros. that I would take their land.

I landed in Hoosier in April 1916, with a carload of settlers' effects, put a stove in a granary and lived in this shack for a couple of years. This was on Section 15-33-27. 1916, as the old-timers well remember, was another wet year and I thought I was going to be a millionaire. However, on August 20, about 6:30, a real hail storm came and the beautiful fields of grain, wheat mostly ready to cut, were left with not a head standing. The grain was not entirely threshed out of the heads and as the straw was so long it did not pound it into the ground but just broke it down. We were able to take about a three-foot cut with an eight-foot binder and did salvage some of the grain, but had to pay $25.00 per hour for threshing, so the costs amounted to more than was received for what was salvaged. No insurance that year. This hail was not general in the district. It started in at Sam Doole's, were just about three and one-half miles and about two miles wide, but it covered all our ground.

I sold my horses that fall and came back East. I was married in February 1917, bringing my bride back in the spring. It was very dry all spring and crop prospects were not so good. On July 11 hail struck again followed by a heavy rain. The grain was just heading and was pretty well cut off. However, the growth was fast and we were able to get 2000 bushels of wheat and a lot of good oat sheaves for feed. 1918, 1919, 1920 and 1921 were very dry years and I remember we had to use weed seeds for fuel for two winters—NO MONEY!

In the winter of 1921 there were four or five herds of cattle affected by mange with the result the Veterinary Department of Health inspector quarantined the whole of the immediate district, with the result that all cattle within a radius of ten miles had to be dipped, most of the herds twice. This meant over 3000 cattle had to be lowered in the vat. This made much hard tiresome work, taking almost a month to do, but there was no further mange reported in the district.

During these dry years, there were several outbreaks of grasshoppers throughout the province but they were not serious in the Prairiedale district until 1927. That year we had to mix several tons of poison and spread in the affected areas. This sure killed them where poison was spread and fortunately they never took to the air in swarms and came into the district.

Nineteen twenty-three was one of our best years and our first crop in seven years. From then on we did not have to use weed seeds for fuel. 1924 was another very dry year, 1925 and 1926 only fair. Then in 1927-28 we had really heavy crops again. 1929 was just fair and 1930 another large crop but very unprofitable.

We used our first combine in 1927 and it proved a great labour saver and helped solve some of the labour troubles, not having to feed so much help, especially in bad weather.

I have no record of when the Hoosier Valley Agricultural Society was

formed but do remember that Mr. W. Foster, living about six miles south west of town, was the first president. He died during his first year. I was then appointed in his place and filled the honorary office for about six years. W. Pettit and W. F. Doyle were secretaries and I think the Society was quite a value to the district.

The largest auction sale I ever attended was held on the Big Four Farms, between Dewar Lake and Flaxcombe. Two auctioneers started selling at 10 a.m. and ran until 10 p.m. There were four Big Four gas tractors, early models, that sold for scrap, bringing only $25.00 and $35.00 each. Each weighed about fourteen tons. There were five of the very large steam engines probably costing when new at that time $7,000.00 to $8,000.00 each, which sold for $150.00. The very large grain threshers brought about $100.00 and there were eight of these. There were rows upon rows of thirty to thirty-five in each row of binders, seeders, discs, harrows, plows, all fairly heavy machinery and all types of tools. There were one hundred and fifty horses, seventy-five mules, harness for these and wagon loads of horse collars. I never knew how many sections the Big Four farmed, somewhere between thirty and forty I believe. They never drew grain to the elevators during threshing, putting it into round steel granaries. Then they would come in processions of eight to ten tank wagons with four and six horse or mule tandem teams, making two trips per day which was quite a sight in the fall of the year.

We had five girls born while living at Hoosier but one was taken from us, [illegible] pneumonia when she was three and one-half months old. Three girls attended school at Hoosier and were taught by Mrs. Waldon and Mr. and Mrs. Tibbett. The girls considered that no teachers could be as nice as theirs and also thought a lot of Mr. Yost who drove the school van. They also looked forward to attending Sunday school and church and it had to be terribly cold if we could talk them from getting out the team and bundling them in blankets for the six mile trip in the sleigh these cold mornings.

The happiest years of our lives were spent in the Hoosier district. Our closest neighbor was one mile but it would be impossible to find finer people than Elmore Bolton, Stan and Mrs. Doyle and so many others whom we can never forget.

We left the Hoosier district in the spring of 1951 thinking that when the girls had their education, they might be scattered almost any place in the Dominion and if we lived in Ontario they might be closer to us.

W. J. GEER

JOHN L. MERCER

Dear Mrs. McGibbon

This is my story

In response to your recent letter for some reminiscences of the old days on the homestead in Hoosier Valley—I will be glad to add what I can to your very interesting venture

"Those were the days—when anything could happen. June 1, 1909, when I first saw my homestead I sat down and cried. A prairie fire had swept the country clean of grass a few days before I arrived and it looked pretty bleak to me—but I'm getting ahead of my story.

Perhaps I should start at the beginning. I was raised on a farm in B.C. and I liked farming and stock, but since there were ten other brothers and sisters I moved out at the ripe old age of thirteen on the toe of one of my brother's boots. For several years I worked in lumber camps, mines and on ranches in the Cariboo country. I guess I was 20 when I found myself mixing mortar for sixteen plasterers in Vancouver. We were building the Lee Building. It was hard to find a job in the city and harder to hold it—usually several men standing around rustling for work.

One day the Boss hired an old gentleman by the name of George Bailey to move platforms in the rooms for the plasterers. George was a nice old fellow from the prairies near Imapell. He had a lame back, and confided to me he was too proud to send home for money for his fare home. He was broke and the job was killing him. So I'd hurry up with my plaster, go up on the elevator and move a lot of the heavy planks for him. He told me wonderful tales about the prairies and how easy it was to get a homestead and pre-emption. He had three boys and he was going that fall to find them all a homestead and if I wanted to come out he would give me a job on his threshing outfit, at $2.00 a day and found, and he would find me a good homestead too. While he was getting the boys theirs I could hardly wait and a few days after he left I took off too. I landed in Imapell one morning. Got the directions and walked carrying a huge grip seven and a half miles to his ranch, arriving about 2 o'clock and asked for Mr. Bailey. There were two girls trying to ride a calf in the yard and they giggled and laughed so much I had a hard time finding out where George was. But I finally gathered he was down on his other ranch near Sedley—just 35 miles across the prairie. They gave me directions. I had lost my wits I guess for I did not introduce myself and I started off for Sedley. After several miles here came the two girls in an old buggy laying the whip on the old mare. They pulled up, giggling and laughing again and asked if I were Johnnie Mercer. When I agreed I was they wanted me to go back for the night. I guessed their mother had figured out who I was and sent them after me. But I was anxious to get to work and decided to go on, so they gave me a lift for about ten miles. When it began to get dark they turned me loose and went back.

I will never forget that night. The road was straight—no turns for thirty miles and led right into the town of Sedley they said. All the way through a Doukhobor settlement—"No speak a da English." About ten o'clock it started to rain and I decided to seek lodging and something to eat. I'd had nothing since morning—not even a drink of water. I saw a light and went up to the door but they were unable to understand me and seemed to be afraid of me. When they slammed the door on me I figured they didn't want to have anything more to do with me so I went on. The land was of a very tenacious composition, being as I heard after wards, called gumbo. Since it was sprinkling rain I am sure any Homesteader will know what I was up against. About this time too, it seemed there was something in the soles of my shoes—like a lump of something boring into my feet. Upon examination I found I had worn holes in the soles and mud would form a ball there, so I took my shoes off and kept going. It was an improvement but had its drawbacks, too.

Finally I saw the lights of the town. I did not know then, but learned afterward you could see a town in that country for twenty miles or more sometimes. But it wasn't that far—only about eight, or so.

The town, of course, was on a railroad and the road hit it at such an angle that as I got right close to it I thought I was going to miss it. This I was determined was not going to happen to me, so I took a short cut straight for the lights, across a field. Boy, it was dark—and about 2 A.M. All of a sudden I stumbled over a bank and into water. I had no idea whether I was in a river, a lake or what. I was already down so I started to try and swim. I am a good swimmer, but it proved to be only a barrow pit alongside the railroad. I hit the other bank on all fours and was so panicked went up the bank a little too fast, not realizing there was a railroad to cross too, so I tripped over the rails and into another barrow pit full of water. I lost my old grip in the water. There wasn't much in it anyhow, and the lights in the one hotel of the town were before me.

I guess I was a sight to see when I went into the rotunda. Some men were playing poker. When I asked for the manager, he looked me over with a jaundiced eye and went on playing poker. Finally I told him I had [illegible] the way and had nothing to eat since 7 in the morning the day before. That I had had money to pay for a room and a meal. So he jumped up and for a moment I thought he was going to throw me out. But instead, he let me register, and then took me back to the kitchen. [illegible] went into the bar and brought me a pint of brandy, told me to help myself—do me good—while he cooked me six eggs and a good big slice of ham. He was very kind to me, told me I could have my belly full if I wanted it. I slept for eighteen hours and when I got up my clothes had been washed and dried and were hanging neatly on a chair near the bed.

Next day or so I contacted George and worked for him until the threshing was finished. It was 16 degrees below zero the last day and we slept in a barn the last few nights.

But the cold spell let up and George decided to go a couple of hundred miles out west and locate the homestead in a buggy. We were to put up the expense money—four of us. I had about $150.00 for my work, coming to me, but I never saw any of it. As George explained afterwards, that was just about enough to cover my part of the expense. He didn't find any land that suited him.

That winter I was very fortunate in landing a job with a big wheat farmer at $10.00 a month, hauling and shipping wheat with four-horse teams. A very funny thing happened while I was working for him. We were in town one evening smiling and he introduced me to the banker. The banker was telling him about his flag pole on the bank building. It seems that when the wind blew and this was mostly all the time this flag pole would moan and groan all night long and his wife could not sleep—it made her very nervous. They lived up over the bank, and he couldn't get anyone to risk his neck to get up there, or he would like to cut it down. So my boss says, here is a chap who will do it. He said he would pay me well if I would. Next morning he helped me out the upstairs window about 20 feet above the frozen ground and around a cornice that made it pretty ticklish and I thought I was a goner once or twice but I made it. When I got up there I found it was 6 inches at the bottom and about 20 feet high. I sawed it off and laid it down gently. He was on the ground and everybody in town was out watching me. I told him I'd try and reach it as far as I could so he said 'go ahead. I only hope you can get down safely.' He was more scared than I as he began to realize his responsibility should I get hurt. I decided to throw the heavy end downward and heave the lighter end outward into the street. I guess I didn't give it enough heave for it toppled back and fell through the big plate glass window. As he was helping me back in the window I apologized but he said "Never mind the window. I just hope I can get you down safely." When I got down he asked me to come into his office and said, "How much do I owe you?" As nonchalantly as I could I said "Well how would [illegible] suit you?" He gave it to me. I felt that a bank was a handy thing to have around, and right there I opened my first bank account. I felt I owed him all my business. He was so nice.

The next spring I went to see a brother living in Regina and he financed me for an outfit and sent me to Saskatoon to meet our uncle, Tom Carroll. Said uncle had some land way out west somewhere, and perhaps he knew of a good piece of land. I found uncle to be a very nice old Irishman and it just so happened that he knew of a very good section he very nearly took himself but he took 5 other sections for himself and boys just a few miles away from the one he recommended for me. My brother had bought a South African Scrip—giving me another 320 acres in addition to the homestead and pre-emption.

Some time along in April 1909 I went to Scott and filed on Section 14-31-27 W of 3rd which Uncle Tom had seen and recommended. This brother's name was Jim. He came to Saskatoon to help me outfit. We went down to the stockyards where they sold alleged oxen and we picked out four. They turned out to be just four wild steers. We took them out a few miles from the city to Uncle's farm at Floral and there we broke them—a little. Uncle gave me a wagon, said it was old but would do to get to the sun and would get me there we hoped. His grandfather in Ireland owned it at one time I believe. It had one and a quarter inch tires on it—all loose. We built a four-foot box on it, then we got it loaded with a double furrow plow, a disc harrow, one drag harrow, a few hundred pounds of coal as Uncle said so I'd have some fuel when I landed, to get started off. He said there was lots of wood around Dewar Lake [illegible] I got there I could just go down and get it. He was slightly mistaken there. But as the largest little red willows and [illegible] that, were about the size of a lead pencil. There was [illegible] potatoes, a couple of sacks of oat seed and a sack of flax seed I was to take along for Mr. Dewar for seed. Altogether, I had about two tons on [illegible] wagon, and a bunch of green steers for oxen.

Jim was getting a great charge out of all the fun and excitement of getting me ready for the great adventure to a new home I'd never seen. But I had great faith in Uncle's judgment and never doubted but that in a very few years I'd be a millionaire at least. I had land and oxen—and spring was in the air.

I struck up a partnership for the 165 or so miles I had to go—with another homesteader, a preacher as it turned out, and while he was a pretty good travelling companion, still there were times when I felt it was a mistake travelling with a preacher when you were driving a bunch of green oxen. I always felt that had he not been along I could have told those oxen a lot more than I did—out of respect for the cloth!

I was 21 days making that trip over the Old Bone trail. I was lost entirely for five days once—never saw a soul. The preacher had turned off near Rosetown. I came to a homesteader's shack and he was as glad to see me as I was to see him. Invited me to stay overnight. Slept on the ground but he meant well anyhow. I remember I had shot a goose a few days before. He didn't have much grub he said so I offered up the goose. We were going to roast it. His stove was full of cracks. It wasn't a very late model, and he was burning horse chips. I guess we cooked that goose or tried to for several hours but we couldn't get up much heat. Finally we decided that raw meat was really good for one anyhow so we ate every bit of it. I'll never forget how tough it was.

He told me how to get back on the Bone Trail again. Next stop was Buffalo Coulee and the Barclay brothers were homesteading there. I stopped over night there. They were so Scotch I could barely understand them.

I recall getting up about daylight and there was a bunch of antelope standing off a few yards from the door. So one of the brothers hauled out an old Snider rifle and began blazing away. The antelope just stood there. Finally George called to his brother to "bring the bayonet, I'm going to charge." Well, they got clear away.

They said the alkali was wet and bad in the Coulee crossing, so they helped me over, one on each side, whipping the oxen. We barely made it as those narrow tires cut in so easily.

Next stop was the Dewar Ranch. Mr. Dewar was cutting one of the boy's hair. Jack Noyes was there. I stopped there all day and night. Frank Simpson was also there. I left them the seed Uncle Tom had sent out, but still it did not lighten my load enough to get through the next coulee. Frank went with me as he did not think I could make it. Sure enough, I got stuck, good—even though the oxen could scarcely get to shore. I was there another day or two getting my wagon unloaded and then re-loaded again and across that coulee. But finally we did and they pointed out the homeseeker's faint trail and told me to follow that about four or five miles and I would come to my stake corner. The trail led over the Big hill on Section 6, as it was afterwards named. And here a disaster took place that would have probably stopped me altogether had it happened a hundred miles further back.

Since we used no breeching on the ox harness and no brakes on the old wagon, they ran away with me down that hill. The old wagon, like the one hoss shay, started to disintegrate. First, I saw a steel rim going down the hill alongside of me, and then another, and finally the wheels caved in, and I landed pretty close to where Sam Jackling later built his home.

Well, my unloading troubles were over anyhow. All I had to do was gather up the pieces, find my corner about a quarter of a mile further on and pick out a building site and I was in business.

Uncle Tom had told me that the first thing I should do when I landed was to fire-guard my section. This proved to be unnecessary as a fire had cleaned the country a day or so before. The section did not look very good to me, all black and little or no grass for my oxen. I was feeling mighty low and I actually cried, as I thought I had a very poor section. It wasn't level as I had pictured it, but still it wasn't very hilly either. There appeared to be about a hundred acres of lake—snow water—right in the middle of it, but since I had placed my scrip on 320 acres of it, I knew I had to make the best of it. So I pitched my little A tent—too small for stove or anything but my bed.

Next day the Hoosiers arrived, that is the vanguard of them: Wilkins, Carl and Lew Sale, and Gard Smith. They pitched their 16x16 tent a mile west of me on Section 15, and proceeded to get into a wrangle among themselves over the division of groceries. Smith was kicked out with nothing, so he informed me, and wanted to throw in with me. By this time I had already realized that my own supplies were not adequate for the long summer ahead. He claimed he owned a quarter of the groceries in their camp and the tent. So I went over with him to their camp and explained to them that they must give Smith his share of things, and since we were all going to have to live as neighbors for a good many years to come, this was no way to start out. They agreed. I made them, or had them all shake hands and give Smith his share amicably. As far as I know, they never quarreled again, and we had many good times together.

Later, just a few days or weeks, Stanley Doyle (Will Doyle came later) and Jackling came in and very soon the little valley was almost crowded. A family on every section or so, or maybe I should say a bachelor. There were very few women those first few years.

We all had sod houses, two foot walls and tons of sod on the roofs of the larger ones. The only redeeming feature about them was that they were shelter and were warm in winter, cool in summer and they were home. Mine was 10'x10' inside. I used to boast that I could sit at my table and cook a meal and reach everything in the house without moving.

Many funny things happened in the neighborhood in those early years—and also many tragedies. The ones that stand out in my memory were of course the ones I was more or less concerned with myself.

I do not recall a fatal illness nor accident in those first few years. I do recall, however, the roof of Jickling's sod house falling in after a heavy rain, and Stanley Doyle coming after me to help dig him out in the middle of a very dark night. I never could understand why he did not dig him out himself (but anyway he had no lantern) and when I got there I thought it was all over with Jick. He was down there under all that sod and pinned by rafters, brush and sod which the roofs were made of, and we had to stand on top of him and the caved roof until we could get a hole through to the floor. The sod shakes were generally two feet by one foot and the cracks filled with sand, dirt or gravel, whichever was handiest—an awful mess! We jumped down in there and started throwing sod as fast as we could. Jick could still talk and told us where he was. We finally got his head clear, and I'll say one thing for him—he had a keen sense of humor. First thing he said was "save the women and children." I don't remember anyone else being under there. He had been more or less protected, as he was next to the wall, pinned down by slanting rafters. He took it in good humor, and we all laughed about it afterwards.

Then there was the time that Lance Phillips, a husky young Englishman who was wintering with me, decided to go to a dance just over 1½ miles away. He was only 17 and he, too, had a keen sense of humor. He delighted in telling us homesteaders about his experiences in England and exaggerated local incidents, always winding up by being the hero.

Well, he started out at noon for the dance on foot. There was some snow and it was about 15 below zero, which we homesteaders would consider a mild spell. He got there all right. A storm developed that night but Lance did not come home next day, so late in the afternoon we started a search, but by dark the storm was still raging, and we gave him up as lost. He had left the party about 3 a.m. We hunted the next day, all day. No Lance. None of the neighbors had seen him.

On the third day he came walking in with a big smile and said nonchalantly, "Well, I see you still have the same old dog." He declared he had been out in the storm all the time—but I learned afterward he had been nice and cozy all the while in a homesteader's shack, about 15 miles from nowhere.

One evening Albert Fuller and I were passing Russell McGibbons' shack when we saw he was home. He had been East, I think, for the winter. So we stopped to say hello. He invited us to stay for supper—which he was preparing—so we did just that. I do not recall what the menu consisted of but Russell said, "I'll go draw some water from the well and make some coffee." The well was pretty low and Russell came back with a little muddy water and made coffee [illegible] was very good. [illegible] very large, and Albert was talking [illegible] as usual and [illegible] Russell offered him a refill. When he said "Just a minute—something in this cup down there," and by George if he didn't dig up a little frog. But it was darn good coffee anyway. I'm sure Russell will remember this incident. (He does, and it did happen!)

I guess one could write a book if he tried to recount the many interesting and good times we all had together but since I am not a writer I fear it may bore the reader [illegible].

As to our family you so kindly inquired about: We had seven children, four girls, three boys. Margaret, the oldest girl, passed away at the age of [illegible] from blood poison. The rest are all married and have families and are doing very well in their chosen professions. My dear wife, Ada, passed away in 1951 from a heart ailment.

I have remarried, a very fine person about my own age, a southerner.

I am [illegible] here in Arizona and doing fairly well. I have told several [illegible] in the last few years.

I trust this is something along the lines you had in mind!

Yours very truly,

J. L. MERCER

THE PFENNIG MULES

We went to the homestead from Kindersley in 1910. I was [illegible]½ years old. Team of oxen and saddle horse tied on behind. Farmed a few years with oxen. Used to turn them loose for about two and a half hours at noon. Then work them. "Billy" the saddle horse had to be hobbled, even then he could make pretty good time at getting away. Once Dad hunted him on foot, went to Marengo and almost to Flaxcombe before catching up on him. That took three days. Our first house was made of sod and one part of it remained long after [illegible] one was built. Dad bought six mares from the railroad construction company. Barney was a big grey and we used him to haul water on the stoneboat from Jack Mercer's. Later lightning struck the barn and as he stood beside the wall was the one to get killed. Bess had fallen through the bridge before Dad bought them and had bad ankles. I used to ride her after the cows and remember she was quite [illegible]. Had two black ones, Jack and Riley—both mean. Riley had only one eye. Some [illegible] from the railroad had knocked the left one out. He would finish drinking, [illegible] up, wheel around to the right and go to his stable at a fast trot. You had better not be in the way. Jack would get a sore neck, the shoulders never bothered but a little knot on top would still make him mad. Very temperamental and we didn't work him then. Times when nothing was wrong he'd get an idea he didn't want to be harnessed or hitched up. He would [illegible] you into the wall like a bull, squeeze you into the manger with his shoulder, bite, strike, kick and also strike with his tail.

One morning, Bill Graham, who worked for my father for several jammers. Was putting on his collar, when he reached up with his left hind foot, caught Bill's overall bib and left him standing in his underwear. Funny mule though if my mother came near he would stop fighting as long as she was there. They were a hard bunch to handle, and I must hand it to my Dad for doing that. We also had a big team of bays, Hank and Jim, weight around 1700 lbs. each. Hank took a 23" collar. Have watched Dad pull a big separator out of the chuck holes many times with them. He bought 100 bushels of oats from Charlie Curtis once when very few people had any feed. Dad put me on one wagon with the big team and he went ahead with another. Hank would almost jump out of his skin if grain was thrown on his back, so getting near home the mules were pretty tired and I threw some grain on their backs. They jumped and snorted but wouldn't move another step until every kernel was eaten.

Real dry one year. Water receded in a lake north of us until there was nothing but mud and alkali around the outside. First time I ever knew a mule to get in the wrong place, but Riley must have been dying for water. He got half way over, changed his mind, turned around but too late. I saw him when coming home with the cows, Dad and I took the big team, stoneboat, blankets, rope, block and tackle. We worked till after midnight and finally got him on the stoneboat, but poor Riley died just as we started home. It was north of Tommy Akehurst's place a short distance from Fred Adamson's pasture fence.

On the good side of the ledger I remember the wheat crop in 1915 that brushed the brim of Dad's hat. The community dances that usually lasted all night, on account of the roads. Can't remember of my Dad ever wearing anything on his hands except a pair of leather gloves with the fingers out. He never drank anything but cold water, two quarts at a meal. Maybe that was why he could stand so much cold. We used to get supplies at Marengo. Generally stopped both ways at Ab Thompson's.

Never felt so bad in my life as when we left there. Everything was sold at auction and taken away. Next morning the big team of mules were back grazing in a slough near the house. Pete Trawinsley took one dog and next day he was found half way home, between Yost and Henry Bennett's dragging a fence post.

Can't explain the feeling I had when returning last summer after 43 years. Guess 'way down deep in my heart it will always be the real home.

Jay Pfennig, Castro Valley
California

REMINISCENCES OF A HOOSIER GRAIN BUYER

I have been asked to write up some outstanding incidents of early Hoosier history. To me this recalls the year 1915. The year of the bumper crop.

It was July 1st, 1914 that I arrived in Hoosier. The old "Grand Trunk" had laid steel as far west as Loverna and the first five cars of freight to come over the new road were lumber for the construction of my privately owned elevator.

The 1913 crop was a light one and 1914 a complete failure. The 1915 crop year came with a late cold spring, and it looked as if the district was in for another failure. I recall attending an Agricultural fair in the Hoosier lumber yard on the first of July, when we had to wear sheepskin coats to keep warm. Returning home that night I found ice on the horse trough. The entire crop was frozen to the ground and it was the general opinion that the crop was gone. However the weather moderated and the welcome rains arrived and lasted for a period of two weeks. Crops revived and continued favorable for the filling and ripening of the grain. At harvest time wheat was standing shoulder high. Yielded 35 to 45 bushels per acre, weighed from 60 to 64 lbs. per bushel and sold for 80c per bushel. Flax averaged 15 bushels per acre and sold at $1.80 a bushel.

Mr. Tom Goldsmith had purchased a section of raw land in 1914 just adjacent to the town. He broke 600 acres that summer but due to crop failures was financially unable to cultivate the land properly. He did manage to have it single disked. Then in the spring of 1915 he put these 600 acres of rough plowing into flax. That, too, was frozen down but the crop came on again and yielded 15 bushels per acre when harvested. At the selling price of $1.80 a bushel it amounted approximately to $17,000.00. After the crop was all in, Tom came with the bundle of storage tickets and asked to have them converted to one cash ticket for his entire crop. According to my system of book-keeping I had to place all the storage ticket numbers on the back of this one cash ticket, and as each load had averaged 60 bushels I told Tom there was not room, it was simply impossible to do so. Tom said sharpen your pencil and make room, I want to show this ticket to my wife, so with great care I managed to get the numbers on the one ticket.

I was dealing with the "Union Bank" at Loverna, while Tom dealt with the "Northern Crown" at Marengo. To avoid a $20.00 exchange item, I was to get the funds at Loverna and cash the ticket at Hoosier. Tom would then take the money to Marengo bank.

When I went to Loverna bank the money was paid to me in ten dollar bills. When I saw the big bundle it made I realized something bigger than a wallet was needed to carry it away. Going over to Perry and Knox's store I secured a gunny sack and it served the purpose very well. In record time my little old Ford took me to Tom's farm five miles south of town. I was anxious to get rid of that money. Tom met me at the gate and said "Do you know this is Saturday afternoon and the bank at Marengo is closed so I can't take the money till Monday morning." I said "You are taking it right now. I'm through." With that I threw the bag of money at his feet and walked back to the car. Tom simply turned and walked into the barn without looking back.

I watched him and then decided to pick it up and hold it until Monday morning. At that time I did not have a safe so took the money to my room above the office and proceeded to hide it. First I pulled the stove pipe out of the chimney and deposited $6,000 there. Another $6,000 went under the mattress and the rest behind the felt paper covering the walls. Then having secured a revolver from the section boss. I prepared to guard the money. During the night it poured rain so I had to remove the money from the chimney and find another hiding place under the wall paper. Didn't sleep a wink that night and next day had meals sent over from the restaurant as I did not wish to leave the place until the money was out of my hands. Sunday was a long day and again had little sleep. Early Monday I was out to Tom's place and this time he was ready to accept his $17,000.00. Seventeen bundles and each one containing one hundred ten dollar bills. He counted it out and it proved correct. Tom now pushed the money back into the gunny sack and left hurriedly for Marengo. Much relieved I returned to the elevator.

Emmett Green

THE PETTIT FAMILY

Will Pettit and Russell Kendell after renting land in the South Weyburn district for three years thought it a good time in 1909, to seek a homestead. Having obtained maps showing the greater areas of unoccupied land they decided to look over an area in west central Saskatchewan.

The projected Goose Lake Line from Saskatoon went out as far as Zealandia and from there they went on by team and democrat loaded with tent and supplies for man and beast over 100 miles west and south through the Eagle Hills in sparsely settled country. One morning will always be remembered when, on waking up and looking out of the tent, no horses were to be seen tied to the democrat wheels; only two broken halter shanks in sight and away 40 miles from anywhere and on foot. Coyotes smelling the

[illegible] brothers. [illegible]

bacon frying in the pan must have returned, scared the horses and that was it. Brennan our driver thought they would not go too far, started on the back tracks and about 11 o'clock returned with the team, for which we rendered proper thanks. At Cole's stopping place in what is now

[illegible]

Netherhill we had our first view of real gumbo. One of the older girls was busy with a hoe scraping the kitchen floor around the door where the mud was a good half inch deep and it was still raining. Then on through the Merrington settlement where Kendel renewed acquaintance with the Bakers and Hehns from around Collingwood. On south of the Buffalo coulee (Sixty Mile Lake) and up to Dan Dewar's place on the west end of the lake now named after him. There we met the first settlers in the area, Dan and his two sons Roy and Stewart. After getting the low down on possible claims from them we travelled farther on into Township 31, Range 27 West of 3rd and made second choice of the south half of 3 and the east half of 4, joyfully returning towards Saskatoon to file on the claims. With no further discomfort other than being sucked dry by myriads of mosquitoes we arrived in Zealandia on the memorable day July 1, 1908. The new hotel had just been opened with full liquor license. Three days of celebration had been planned. We arrived on the second day. A special train was run out there from Saskatoon to make sure things went off with a bang. Sixty-five percent of the town's residents during those three days were really joyful and every bed in the hotel or rooming house contained at least one occupant who had passed out. Kendal and I slept in separate beds in the laundry or hog pen as it was then named, each with one of those happy souls.

In 1910 we returned by train to Kindersley bringing in a carload of seeding and haying machinery, built two shacks and a barn and fire-guarded the homesteads. By that time Carl Sale and his Uncle Orva had put up two sod shacks and began to break up some land, one driving the four oxen and the other holding the plow. The inside of what was to be Mrs. Maggie Sale's house was a sight to see. The fresh laid sods had grown green grass on the inside of the place and hung on the walls, yellow-green three inches thick, and it was damp! Kendell and I decided to sleep in our tent outside but in the middle of the night the four oxen thought our tent was a good place to wipe off the mosquitoes and not wanting to be trampled to death in the mad rushes we fled into the house. We moved up permanently in March of 1911, [illegible] in and broke up 15 acres which we sowed to oats for feed. All we got from that was green sheaves with which we wintered two cows and fattened two Berkshire pigs and they did well on it. Later in the summer we broke up 75 acres on the two places.

In 1912 I sowed my 40 acres to oats and barley and Kendell put in 35 acres of flax. My 40 acres yielded 45 bushels to the acre which were threshed by Jack Mercer at seven cents a bushel. I hauled most of them to Marengo 16 miles away and sold them for 14 cents a bushel. I held a third of them over till spring and got 19 cents a bushel. Kendell threshed his flax in mid December, 1105 bushels of frosted flax from 35 acres. We cut it with an 8-foot Massey Harris binder which could only handle four feet.

I was married on December 24 that same year to Annie Hawton of Collingwood. In 1913 the location of the Grand Trunk Railway was definitely decided to run through my land on the [illegible] my pre-emption was fixed as the townsite for which the townsite company paid $3600.00 and Emil Desbourg, a homesteader on the N.E. 31-30-27 w3rd, moved his house over and squatted as the first store on the townsite.

In the summer and fall of 1913 the rail line was put through (photos enclosed taken on my land) and in February 1914 my wife and I went to England for the summer. When we returned in October of that year Mr. R. F. Werthenbach had built his new store and residence and Bill Watkins had built a small house and operated the post office.

Having sold the townsite, I had the first choice of the name for the place. Stratton being the birthplace of my father in England I made the suggestion that the town be so called, but since there was already another post office of the same name the G.T.P. named the place Pee after one of their officials. The local residents did not like this name so suggested that it be named Hoosier since a post office had been operated in the valley to the north for some three years, the boys taking turns riding 20 miles on "Pinto" to Coleville to get the mail bags. "Pinto" was an Indian pony owned by the Sale boys. Pierce and Cronan built the first elevator in 1915 and it was from the window in the cupola that the 1916 photo of Hoosier was taken during the fall fair sponsored by the Homemakers Club. The church and consolidated school were started in the summer and fall of 1916.

THE PEMBERTON FAMILY

My father came to Hoosier Valley district in 1912, on the 12th of May and both my brothers Grover and Guy came with him. All took up homesteads. In the year 1920 Grover returned to Gary, Ind., where he is still living.

My older brother Guy stayed on in Loverna for a few years and then he, too, returned to Michigan where he died in 1950. His widow now lives in Kalamazoo with their son. She was the first teacher at Whittier School.

My mother established the first millinery and clothing store in Loverna, and my father was notary public until their return to the U.S.A.

My father passed on in 1932 at Vandalia and mother lived on for fifteen years.

Marjory Pemberton, now Mrs. Jickling, Victoria, B.C.

R. S. JICKLING

My western life began in the city of Regina, coming from the city of St. Marys in Ontario. I was living with the Rev. John Doyle who said he had a brother in the east who planned on coming west to take up land and perhaps we could get together on it. We did just that and travelled west to Battleford where the land office was located at that time. We registered our claims on the 1st of May 1909 and came to the homesteads by way of Wilkie, arriving on the 20th of May. The Youngs, Card Smith, Sales and Wilkins got in just a week ahead of us.

Stan Doyle and I first built a sod shack each, then went to the South Saskatchewan River for wood and poles, following the old "Fort Benton, Montana, Battleford" trail. One day about the end of June two fellows came along in a buggy and asked for a drink of water. I said they were welcome to what I drank, though water strained through cheesecloth, but if they went on three miles they would come to a good well that was owned by Mrs. Maggie Sale, the first well dug in the district. Those two men were Kendall and Petit.

In 1910 I had typhoid fever, the result of drinking slough water, no doubt.

Life was grim in many ways and when we first came there were buffalo skeletons scattered over the prairie.

Stan Doyle took an active interest in municipal affairs and set about to form a municipality. He was the one who suggested the name "Antelope Park" and it was organized in the fall of 1911. He was one of the first councillors and Orva Sale was the first secretary.

Mrs. Jickling was the first music teacher in the district. Some of her first pupils were Dorothy Werthenbach, Leslie Jenkins, Myrtle and Iola Cooke, Phyllis Nelf and Enid Tattershall.

In 1911 Canada voted on "Reciprocity" so Stan Doyle, Jack Mercer and myself drove over to Dewar where the polling booth was to be. Arriving there we found they had not been supplied with a ballot box so our trip was for nothing.

TOM BLYTHE

Tom Blythe came west in the spring of 1909 from Bruce County, Ontario, to Saskatoon, where a building boom was on. He worked at his trade of plasterer and bricklayer that summer, but as the farm had a great attraction for him he filed on a homestead as then the "Goose Lake Line" had been thrown open to settlers.

There was a great rush of people to the land office in Saskatoon. Some would sit on the steps all night so as to be first there in the morning and Tom was one who did that. He did not get in to see his quarter until the fall of that year when he came, bringing a carpenter to help build a small shack.

After leaving the train at Kindersley, Tom, who had a bicycle, wheeled out over the rough prairie road, but the carpenter walked the fifty mile trip. A neighbor, Fred Adamson, was hired to draw the lumber and it cost more to get it conveyed than the whole cost of material. However, the 16'x16' house was finished and Tom returned east where we were married December 24, returning to Saskatchewan and the homestead in February, 1910. We were held in Kindersley by a three-day blizzard and afterwards we hired a team to drive us out. Such a long, cold fifty-mile drive, but our hearts were light and our hopes high.

Later I began to realize we were really out on the lonely prairie. Tom had to get another settler to return to Kindersley for our luggage. They left early in the morning and did not return until 12.30 a.m.

That day a man walked past our place. He had murdered a woman and her daughter who lived near Unity. This man had been in a gambling game in which another man lost all his money and then put up his daughter. This murderer won the bet and coming on morning, under the influence of liquor, he went to the girl's home to claim her. The mother and daughter were alone and when they both resisted him he flew into a rage and shot them both. Two Mounties trailed and caught up with him having a drink of water at the pump at Bob McConnell's livery barn, Marengo. He was arrested and taken to Alsask to await his trial on a murder charge.

That spring the railroad went west through Marengo and a small hamlet sprang up. Tom got the job of plastering the Royal Bank and I had to stay alone through the week. Sometimes people would drop in as I baked bread for the bachelors. They gave me a bag of flour for baking a bag into bread. Flour was $1.90 a sack. Sometimes I stayed nights with a neighbor lady, Mrs. Anderson, who lived a mile away. One evening, leaving home a little later, the weather turned bad, cloudy and drizzling rain. I became completely lost and wandered for four hours, running into sloughs and brush. I was almost completely exhausted from fright and the long, hard walking over prairie when I spied a faint light and sure enough it was her place—12.30 in the morning and the lamp burned down to the last drop of coal oil she had.

We had many trying experiences in those early years. When Whitter

School was built, Tom had the contract, so he hired a team of oxen to draw the lumber from Marengo. We left at six o'clock in the morning only to find on arrival it was July 1, a holiday so we started back at 4 p.m. without any lumber. We got as far as Cosborn's Coulee and the oxen wouldn't go any farther. It was raining and the mosquitoes were terrible so Tom unhitched the oxen and let them go. We sat in the wagon until 4 a.m. when it was quite light and then Tom rounded up the oxen who hadn't travelled far, hitched up and we reached home at 6 a.m. As we didn't get the lumber the trip had to be repeated.

We had very severe winters in those days with terrible blizzards. One in particular was hard to forget. It was a nice morning so Tom decided he would go to Dewar Lake for the mail as he was expecting an important letter. He walked there but no mail, so he turned back and walked on to Loverna. Coming home a blizzard came up and he became lost, but after many hours he arrived at a homesteader's shack, just four miles from home and 18 miles from Loverna. The man urged him to stay but he pushed on and arrived home at 2 a.m. having covered about 50 miles. Next morning another homesteader noticed tracks of a man a few feet from an open well 18 feet deep with 4 feet of water. Surely providence was taking care of him.

Another neighbor went to draw water for his oxen from a hand dug well with windlass and pail. The pail came off and fell in the well so he decided to go hand-over hand down the well and get it. The well had over six feet of water in it and he was a big man, weighing over 200 pounds. He got down all right but could not climb the rope back up. The oxen milling around for water knocked the lid down and there he was trapped in the well. He kept calling for help and luckily a man passing seeing the oxen and hearing the noise went and lifted the lid. He had to get help and by that time the poor man was completely exhausted. After getting him out they revived him with brandy and hot drinks, but he never quite recovered from the shock and died soon after. He was 72 years of age.

In the spring of 1913 there was a bad prairie fire. A homesteader was burning a fire guard around his shack and a high wind came up sweeping the fire over the whole prairie to the C.P.R. track at Fusilier. All our winter's feed was burned as was that of many others. We had a cow for which we paid $100, a lot of money in those days. People then had to draw feed over 20 miles but even so we were very thankful no lives were lost.

We had no place to worship until a Rev. Mr. Robinson from Loverna started holding services in the homesteaders' shacks and that went on for a number of years. Likewise there were no schools until Whittier was built. Then came Bapaume, Rock Plains and Trafford Park. Whittier's first teacher was a Mrs. Guy Pemberton.

Prices were low for most staple groceries—flour $1.90 per cwt., eggs 10c dozen, meat 10c pound, tea 25c pound, sugar 5c pound, baking powder 15c pound. Wheat was $1.10 a bushel, oats 50c. Cattle were high—$100 for a good cow, oxen $300 a team. A good horse brought as high as $300.

WESLEY BARR

I have been asked to write something about my experiences since I came to this country and I am willing to do the best I can with the understanding that if you can use part of it or not, it's perfectly all right with me. I came to this part of Saskatchewan in 1910 in company with Harold Steven, Joe Cowie and Bill Meacham. We came as far as Rosetown and had to wait there for a couple of days for a train to be made up to go to Kindersley which was the end of the line and was under construction. We were 22 hours getting to Kindersley from Rosetown on account of the mud and water. I might say that this was in March so it was a real early spring. We hired a driver team and a democrat and went out and looked at the land we still have. I might say in regard to that trip, we paid $6.00 a day for the outfit and the driver walked his horses every foot of the way, which didn't go down very good with persons of Scottish descent. We stayed overnight at Mr. Shirk's who, I think, was the first reeve of Milton, then went back to Kindersley and on to Saskatoon where we filed on our land and returned to Manitoba for the summer. On our trip north from Mr. Shirk's there were no buildings or people.

Harold Steven and I came back to the district in the fall of 1910 and found quite a change. The railway had been built on through to Alsask and when we arrived at Marengo, which was then called Jonesville, we found it quite a place. There were three lumber yards. We hired a team and wagon, loaded our lumber on it and started out in a general direction for our land and landed up at Mr. Frank Haight's who directed us out to our homesteads. I might say here that Frank Haight and Mrs. Haight were real life-savers that first winter as they always had a welcome for a stray homesteader. Frank hauled our coal and provisions and helped us all out in every way he could.

When we arrived at our location we unloaded the lumber and erected a shelter for the night. I mind to this day a remark made by the driver before he started back to Marengo. He looked around our land, there was just a spear of grass here and there and some sage brush. He said, "Well boys, I feel sorry for you. I am afraid you will never raise anything on this land."

One of the first things we had to do the next day was find some water. This was the first time I saw Tom Peebles. We walked up on a hill and looked around. There were only two buildings in sight, one to the north which we found out later belonged to C. Smith. We decided to go west where the other building was. We found Tom eating his dinner and we had to sit down and have some with him. The only thing as I mind it now on the table was half a layer cake with icing on it. Mrs. Hubbs had baked it before she and Charlie had left for Indian Head. Tom was leaving that afternoon for Abernethy by team and wagon.

When we finally got settled a little and got our shacks up, we found we had some neighbors, Freddy Jones, Bill Meacham, Joe Cowie, Dick Shore, Bert Wells, Bill Reed, and two other men whose names I can't recall

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sullivan also lived in here that winter but I didn't know them till later. Harold Steven and I played the fiddle and when that got around we were in demand for the dances. We met Ellen Dung when we went to Muirheads to play for a dance there later on in the winter. We also met people from all over the country at that dance. Some of them came 15 and 20 miles. We also played for the dance at the opening of the Marengo Hotel. It was quite an affair—big turkey supper and all the trimmings. Hoppe built the hotel and Mrs. Maggie Sale was the cook. Right after the opening we had our most unpleasant experience of the winter. During the worst blizzard of the winter we ran out of grub except for meat—try living on roast beef with no salt or anything else! So it went, but we had a pretty good time. We were always visiting back and forth. None of us got sick or lost in a blizzard although we had one or two narrow escapes. We learned to bake. I was the best on bread while Steven was real good at baking biscuits. After our first failure we could even cook meat.

When spring came, it came early. We used to walk down to Marengo every day. It was a rip-roaring town—carloads of settlers effects, big steam tractors, oxen and horse outfits, as good as a circus every day. Our time on our homesteads was up on the 20th of April and we started for Kindersley. We got to Flaxcombe but there was no train so we kept on walking. This was the only time I ever walked to Kindersley and I am glad to say the last.

We came back again in the fall of 1911 and found a vast change. It was a dry spring with a heavy rain in June and the crops were late and got frozen. However we got a job threshing as soon as we arrived on an outfit owned by Hill Bros. from Prairiedale. There was not very much land in crop but we threshed at Peebles, Hobbs, Goldsmiths, Wilkins and Ben Alberts. It got so cold and so much snow we had to quit threshing for that year. 19[illegible]2 was the big flax year, yields up to 35 bushels per acre. I worked for Frank Haight for a while in 1912, helped him put in his crop. He had my land rented, [illegible]0 acres.

I would like to say something about wages in those days. It was an early spring and I got a job cleaning seed before I went to work for Haight. I cleaned all the seed for over 600 acres by myself with a small mill, no engineer in those days, the wages $1.00 per day. I got top wages for seeding, $40.00 per month.

Steven and I proved up our homesteads in 1913 and started farming for ourselves in 1914, shipping our outfits from Manitoba. I was married in 1916 and Steven in 1917. As the rest of our history is well known in the district, I guess that is all I can say.

THE CHURCH

The first few years church was held in the homes of the pioneer settlers and then as the school houses were built moved to the school houses. Hoosier Church was built in 1916.

South Hoosier residents held church in the homes back and forth with the Pizarro or Greene districts until 1914 when Wetherbach having built has s ore ha[illegible] [illegible] mmenced having services in the [illegible] for both North and South Hoosier residents. The North Hoosier residents held church in the homes until Whitter School was built and then had moved in to the school.

Mrs. Thos. Goldsmith, residing on S W 19 30-27 and Mrs. Wm. Fogaty were two of the leading residents to hold church services in their homes, Mrs. Fogaty often keeping the minister overnight.

While north of town the stopping place for the minister was at Mr. C. Bolton's.

Everyone went to church, from the youngest to the oldest, and the adults took turns in having the service in their homes, which also meant entertaining [illegible] d ines

[illegible] Church [illegible]

In the South Hoosier district we find services being held during 1911 and 1912 by a Rev. Mr. Sharpley who was stationed in Alsask and served Marengo, South Hoosier and Greene and Alsask. Then a young fellow by the name of Gill came out and had got in two services, was taken suddenly ill and died in Alsask with a ruptured appendix.

The church stewards decided to try to make arrangements with Laverna to have their minister serve us, so we find that Mr. Carson filled the appointment in 1913 and 1914. He was followed by Mr. Harrison who served during the summer months of 1914. In the quarterly board minutes we find Hoosier and Greene buying a horse for Mr. Harrison to ride.

Then in the November quarterly board meeting we find that a Rev. Wm. Keall conducted and signed the minutes and that Rev. Maines had accompanied the Hoosier Board members to the meeting. Thus South and

North Hoosier commenced holding services [illegible] Rev Maines.

List of ministers who served Hoosier:

North Hoosier

Rev Mr Gillis—1911—in the homes

Rev Mr Engels—1912—in the homes

Rev Mr Carlyle—1913—in the homes.

Rev Mr Mitchell—1914—Whittier School.

South Hoosier

Rev Mr Sharpley 191[illegible] and 1912 in the homes

Rev Mr Carson—1913 and 1914

Rev Wm. Reall—1914—in Psarro School

Rev Wm. Maines—from November 1, 1914-1915—In the [illegible]

Rev Mr Challis—1916—in the church

Mr Harris—1917—in the church

Mr Crack—1918—in the church.

Rev Alf Johnson 1918 to 1920—Hoosier's first resident minister

During this time Marengo, Hoosier and Greene became the field served by one man, thus we had the joint church boards buying Mr Roberts' cottage to be used as a parsonage in Marengo and Rev Earl Walker residing in Marengo served 1920 to 1923. Then Rev Mr Seevlour 1923 to [illegible]

[illegible] *Hoosier [illegible] day School* [illegible]

In 1925 we accepted church union and Rev and Mrs. Waugh were in charge during 1926-1928. He was a retired missionary. They could tell us many interesting stories of their years spent in Africa.

Then Rev Wm. Banks came in 1928 and was with us until 1935. During these years we were joined with Loverna and a manse was bought and maintained in Loverna.

Rev Wm Card 1935-1938—lived in Loverna
Rev Mr Fraser 1938-1939—lived in Loverna
Rev Mr Rowley 1939-1944—lived in Loverna
Rev Mr Johnson—1944-1945—lived in Loverna.
Rev Mr Holtman 1945-1946—lived in Loverna.
Rev Mr McCoy—1946-1948—lived in Loverna
Rev J Ferry 1948-1949—lived in Flaxcombe
Mr D Summers—finished 1949—summer student
Mr A. Logan—1950—summer student—Flaxcombe.
Mr S. Clarke 1951 summer student—Loverna
Mr James McFayden—1952—student Loverna.
Mr Richard Hetherington—1953-54—student—Loverna
Mr R. Haddock 1955—student—Loverna.
Mr Lawrence Betts—1956—student Loverna.

During this time active ladies aid societies had been organized and did much work and service in the communities and Hoosier Sunday School was always a strong and well attended organization. For many years we had Mrs Stanley Doyle in our midst and she had taken a course in missionary work and so we had her leadership to fall back upon and thus we younger ones were really brought up to carry the Sunday School along regardless of whether we were able to continue regular church services or not. So all through the late years that we have been depending upon student ministers the Sunday School flourished. The last few years it has been under the leadership of Mr and Mrs Jack Krause.

One of the most interesting parts of the Jubilee Sunday program was the reading of the list of original church members in 1915 which reads as follows.

1. Mr Joseph Yoos
2. Mrs Joseph Yoos.
3. Mr Roy Yoos
4. Mr Dee Yoos
5. Mrs. Margaret Sale
6. Mr Carl Sale
7. Mrs. Carl Sale
8. Mrs T. E. Peebles
9. Mrs. Chas. Fleming
10. Mrs W. A. Wilkins
11. Mr Harold Wilkins
12. Mrs. W. H. Bolton
13. Mrs. S. Carrol
14. Mr Wallace Mosier
15. Mrs. Wallace Mosier
16. Mrs. M. McNaughton
17. Mr Stanley Jackling
18. Mrs Stanley Jackling

Minister William J Martins.

MAGNA BONUM SCHOOL

First to be built within the area covered by this history. Jim McKeown was the contractor and it was completed in the summer of 1911. Opened in January 1912 with Minnie Doig as first teacher. She later resigned and married Morley Yeomans of Marengo. She was succeeded by Bertha Cohanson of Merid Mr Turner Mr Johnstone Miss McLean Pearl Shaw Irma Bond and Mabel Foster

The first trustees were Frank Haight, Jim McKeown and Peter Ra h well. First pupils were: Glen, Dorothy and Freda Walkins, Jim Sullivan, Clara Alberts, Gladys and Don Haight, Hugh Boyd, Merle McKeown and Ralph Doig.

Later the school district was incorporated with Marengo and the children were taken in by bus.

Sent in by Miss Gertie Wilson, Loverna.

PIZARRO SCHOOL

I was the first teacher hired at Pizarro School, which was opened January 21, 1914. Owing to sickness, I had not the pleasure of fulfilling the first part of my contract, so the school board hired Alex Lindie to substitute until I was able to take over April 1. At that time the school board consisted of David Tisdale, John Richmond, Paul Doig and secretary, Hugh McNaughton.

Among the earlier pupils were Ralph Doig, now grain buyer at Cut Knife, Sask.; Annie Brooks (Mrs. Ewing, teacher, Alsask); Flossie Loucks (Mrs. Dan Warrington, Loverna); Roy Tisdale (doctor in Prince Albert); Victor Volk (Loverna general merchant); Kenneth Warrington; Clifford Cathcart; Winnie Brooks (Mrs. R. E. Doig, Hoosier); Lyle and Vira Fagan who walked six miles to school; Willie and Rachel Muirhead; Peter McNaughton; Ernest Richmond, Wilbert Volk, Bert Cathcart, Ora Warrington (now Mrs. J. Gerritsen); Jennie and Mary McFarlane, who were driven by their grandmother, Mrs. McFarlane, with pony and buggy.

There was no good roads association in operation in the early days of Pizarro. The slough immediately north of the school made part of the road impassable at times. It is on record that once, teacher had to wade into the slough and by sheer muscle pull a little girl out of the mud who in trying to take a short cut had managed to become mired, leaving her shoes and rubbers in four different places. Apparently ours wasn't the only slough on the road in the [illegible] of the inspectorate. Our school inspector, H. A. Everts, Macklin, reported that one day on his rounds he became bogged down with team and buggy in a similar slough. He walked to a farmer's field where a threshing outfit was at work to get someone to pull him out, and was questioned as to whether he was a collector. If he had been they intended to leave him stuck, but since he wasn't one they pulled him out free.

The school was also used for church services to which the entire population of the district contributed, and among the faces regularly seen there were: The John Nesbitt family, Ed and Sam Bolinbroke, John Emanuel, W. H. Dorseys, Charlie Dorseys, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown and Joe Hyslop, the Paul Doig family, the Muirheads, Bill Brooks family, Ted Trask, Harry Kinson, Frank Saunders, Tisdales, Richmonds, McFarlanes, Tom Coldsmiths and, of course, some that at the moment I cannot recall.

The annual 'Pizarro Picnic' was an event fully attended and enjoyed by all.

Very few of these people who were a part of Pizarro in my time are there now. Many are dead. Many others have moved elsewhere. I look back to those three years with a feeling of nostalgia. We made such good times among ourselves. In looking back over the early school days at Pizarro I find myself making comparisons with later circumstances as to janitor's pay. In the summer of 1914 no person could be found so the trustees asked teacher and pupils if they would "bridge the gap" by taking over the sweeping and dusting at regular wages of two dollars a month. We were delighted at this chance to become millionaires. All wished to participate so a schedule was drawn up to provide turns for everyone, teacher included. I always took the Friday night cleaning on account of Sunday service, the pupils all being small, even the little five-year one taking her turn. There was an allowance of five cents for each sweeping and a further allowance of five cents for dusting the following morning. "Teacher" did her turn gratis. If some one forgot to dust that five cents wasn't paid. Each Friday was pay day.

We carried on thus for three summers and in that time compiled quite a fund of nickels that were left over at the end of the month. With them we bought two of our favorite prints "The Mill" and "The Angelus" which Dave Tisdale framed for us free, we providing the material. We were very pleased with ourselves and thought those pictures added elegance to our school room.

Janitor's wages have risen since then.

APPENDIX

Pizarro School was built in the summer of 1913 by Dave Tisdale and Ed. Robinson. It carried on very successfully for twenty years when, owing to the sudden death of Will Brooks, and his family moving to Homer, the school was left without enough pupils to keep up average attendance so had to be closed and has never since re-opened. The district now comes in the "larger school unit."

The following teachers taught throughout those 20 years: Alex Linde, Gertie Wilson, Miss Peterson, Miss Gibson, Roy Tisdale, Annie Brooks, W. Kurnectual and Ethel Page.

HOOSIER SCHOOL

A number of families had moved to Hoosier Valley with school age children. Read Mrs. McNaughton's "Pioneer Experiences" and find out how Whittier School District came to be formed. It was built in the summer of 1913, Harry Stenerud being the carpenter, Mr. Wm. Bolton was overseer and Thomas Ely he did the plastering.

The first trustees were: Charles Pfening, C. F. Neff and Carl Smith. First secretary was Orva Sale and when he returned to Indiana was replaced by Stanley Jickling.

The school opened in 1913 and continued until 1918 with Mrs. Mabel Pemberton as teacher.

The first pupils attending this school were Tory Albert and Everett

Neff, Ralph, Sue, Kenneth, Jean and Elsie McNaughton, May Young, Dorothy and Fritz Wershenbach, Jerry and Myrtle Cook, and there might have been a few more. [illegible] and Gladys Phennig.

[illegible] 930

With the growing number of [illegible] and some being of high school age a consolidated district was formed [illegible]. In 1916 school was moved from Whittier into the newly built [illegible] in Hoosier and a high school teacher was engaged. Mrs. Pemberton continuing on as Primary.

The consolidated school was built in the summer of 1917. A good brick two-storey building, two large classrooms with chemistry office and cloakrooms. Whittier school was moved in and used for primary classes. At one time there was an enrolment of 90 pupils and from the consolidated school at Hoosier came young people who went out into all walks of life. Many teachers, nurses and stenographers among the girls, two now are missionaries on the foreign field, one girl a medical doctor with a practice in Saskatoon. One young man is now a minister also serving on the foreign field. One became a doctor who won a scholarship in surgery at Edmonton University. Many are engaged in business in the different cities and towns across Canada. Of course the majority have remained on farms, better for having a high school education. No more is a farmer a mere tiller of the soil but must also be businessman, mechanic, veterinary, biologist and general handyman all rolled into one.

From some cause unknown our fine school was burned to the ground one night in March 1930 and again classes were carried on in the Homemakers Hall. That summer another more commodious school was built, containing four classrooms, all on the ground floor. As well a finished basement with plenty of recreation room space and tables, chairs, etc., for school functions. Thanks to prompt action from the school district and good workmen the building was ready to resume school by September 1.

Due to the drought years and various other reasons so many people moved away. The coming of power farming and the land being handled by fewer people, also the larger school unit taking from our high school our school enrolment has gradually dwindled until it now stands at 10. Since 1944 it has only been necessary to hire two teachers.

During the 45 years our school has been in operation only five secretaries have served on the board. Orva Sale, Stanley Jickling, Will Pauk, Thomas Akhurst and Mrs. Phyllis Goldsmith. Both Mr Akhurst and Mrs. Goldsmith served long terms. Our present secretary Mrs Goldsmith, has been in office 19 years.

As a future record for our community I will list below the teachers of our school from the year 1913 until 1956.

Whittier school opened in 1913 and Mrs. Mable Pemberton was teacher.

Hosmer Consolidated School was opened in 1917 and the following is the list of teachers from records available.

Miss May Meadows, Miss Irene Bond, Miss Eva Bradford, Miss Russell, Zina Johnstone, Miss Beryl Saunders, Dukeshire, Mr. Walden, Miss Arnett, Miss I. Bond, Mrs Walden, Miss Doan, Louise Hovdey, Dorothy Werthenbach, Mr. T Heppell, Mrs. Tibbetts, Mr Tibbett, Miss Ueland, Miss I Pascoe, Miss D. Cooke, Miss Couch, Miss E. Sutton, Miss A. Earle, Miss Bedford, Miss Rodney, Mr Van Ness, Miss Potter, Miss Blair, Miss Remington, Miss Miller, Mr Gould, Miss Flaur, Miss Blackstock, Mr Hamilton, Miss Bailey, Miss Neuert, Miss Parker, Miss Johnson, Miss Hodge, Mr Belkie, Miss Savage, Miss Perrat, Miss Barclay, Miss Sawatsky, Mr Hamilton, Miss Hogg, Mr. Mang, Miss Boychuk, Miss Whiter, Miss Collins, Miss Fullerton, Mr. Markowsky, Mrs Bethel, Miss Lincoln, Miss Smith, Miss Kowey, Mr Gray, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Peterson, Miss Snow.

Many of these teachers remained for 2 or 3 years. To date 1956 Mr Gray has been principal for 4 years and Miss [illegible] is the present primary teacher. There are 4 rooms in the school. Some years they were all occupied but the last few years only 2 rooms have been used.

Records of the trustees prior to 1929 were destroyed by fire so the following are from 1929 on, as accurate as can be from information available.

S Jickling, W Barr, S. Doyle from 1929 to 1933. This completed 15 years of service to the school board by Mr Jickling. 1933 S Doyle, H G Fuller, E Cooke. 1934 and 1937 G Fuller, W Pettit, E Bolton. 1937-1942 G. Fuller, T Goldsmith, J Hawkins. In 1937 T. Akehurst resigned as secretary and Mrs. E. D Goldsmith was hired. 1942 and 1943 Hawkins, T Goldsmith, J Cameron. 1943-1949 J Cameron, J Hawkins, J S. Dewar. 1950 J Cameron, S. Dewar, R Kornelson. 1951 J Cameron, J Hawkins, R. Kornelson. 1952 and 1953 R Kornelson, R. Bolton, J Hawkins. 1954 and 1955 R. Bolton, R. Kornelson, R. Sale. 1956 (at time of going to press) R. Bolton, R. Sale, J Russell.

Mr. J Hawkins served on the school board for 16 years, 8 of the time as chairman. Mr. R Kornelson served as chairman for 6 years. To date Mrs Phyllis Goldsmith is still secretary.

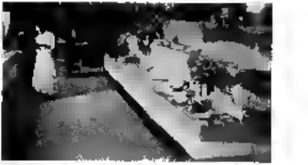
Mr Walden was principal for seven years, from 1921 until 1928 He was a veteran of the First Great War Mr B Tibblit also served seven years, from 1929 to 1936 He has since been principal of Kindersley school for twenty years

HISTORY OF HOMEMAKERS CLUBS FROM 1914-1942

Our club was organized in the depot by Grace M David July 17, 1914 with 15 ladies as charter members. Mrs E. F Cooke presided at the polls and Mrs J R Hunter was elected president, while Mrs R Werthenbach was chosen secretary-treasurer

On August 14 the first regular meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Werthenbach and 37 ladies became members. The following year, 1915, we had our first Horticultural Fair and for five years it was a yearly event. At a special meeting of the club on December 1 1915, the most important feature discussed was the building of a hall

Emerson Cooke and Jim Cameron drew a plan to give an estimate of the cost, so the club decided to see how much could be raised by soliciting A large sum was realized and the Grain Growers were to help with the building Mrs. Cooke was appointed secretary-treasurer of the building of the hall and $87 which included money received from quilts, and one autographed quilt especially, which was bought by Tom Goldsmith, was handed to her in order to begin our big undertaking At the March meeting in 1916 the word "Equity" was chosen as a name for the hall. Mrs. Wilkins then president, and Mrs. Peebles were chosen to consult the Grain Growers in regards to a piano for the hall, but through the kindness of Mr Pe[illegible] piano [illegible] $[illegible]50 we decided



[illegible] Hort[illegible] ... [illegible] Schmalzbauer now [illegible] ... [illegible] F[illegible] Peebles, now [illegible] operating a dress shop at Stettler Alta.

to wait till later. The Grain Growers sent our president a letter regarding the use of the hall for school purposes while the Consolidated School was being built. This was granted. In June the five gallon ice-cream freezer was purchased for $22.50, the rent being $2.00 to any one using it. This was our first year of sending a delegate to the Provincial convention in Saskatoon, which usually lasted four days. In December the new president Mrs. Peebles attended a meeting of the joint managing committee to insure the hall for $800, costs amounting to $29.60. During Christmas holidays the building was lined up inside to make it more comfortable for school purposes.

In 1917 the piano was purchased.

In 1919 twenty-five dollars was donated towards keeping a Belgian family during the war. On receiving notice this year that the lot was to be bought, where the hall stands, a number of the members each paid $2.00. Other means such as an oyster supper, selling quilts, and the members took 10c each to see how they could increase it to swell the funds. One lady charged for cutting her husband's hair. About this time the Grain Growers disbanded so the title was received through the Homemakers, and through the advice of Miss DeLury, director of Women's Work at Saskatoon University at this time. Three women were chosen as trustees for the lot, namely: Mrs. C. Hobbs, Mrs. T. Goldsmith and Mrs. C. Sales. Later, Mrs. H. U[illegible]g was elected to replace Mrs. Sales, who moved to the States.

No doubt many of our members do not know or have forgotten that we, as a club, have a $16.50 interest in the town well, as the use of the drilling machine to the amount was donated to the club by Mr. Paul Derg. Another grateful donation was from Mr. Cronan for coal used by the club during the winters of 1917-18-19. This same year (1919) the piano stool, value $[illegible].70 and two chairs $[illegible].70 for musicians were bought. The kitchen stove for $20.00 was a great addition in 1920, also the hall was paid for. An Agricultural Society was granted a charter with 155 members through the efforts of the Homemakers, working with the Council.

In 192[illegible] notice was given the club that a license of $1.00 had to be bought if the hall was used for concerts, dances and social gatherings. Shingles replaced the rubberoid roofing on the hall. The Club was asked to co-operate with the government in the building of the Sanatorium in Saskatoon, so $5[illegible] was sent Miss DeLury for this project.

Up to now, reports from individual clubs had been sent to the Provincial Convention in Saskatoon, but owing to the expansion of club work a plan was introduced whereby the province was divided into districts. Conventions are now held annually within these districts.

In 1923 a baby clinic was held. The Agricultural Society had had free use of the hall to the value of what our taxes would be.

In 1924 we celebrated our 10th anniversary by having a banquet.

In 1925 a large box of clothing and four dollars was sent to the Star Christmas Fund.

In 1926 the hall was donated to Mrs. David for a music recital, the procured to go toward a church organ. There was a mother and daughter banquet, as well as a father and sons banquet. The district convention was held in our hall and a picture taken of all present. Twenty-five dollars was donated by the club to the Ladies Aid to assist the church basement fund. During the next three years we helped with the Loverna Cemetery by donating $35.00.

In 1928 the front addition was placed on the hall and the following year the building was painted and insured for $1200.

In 1950 the old school burned, so the hall was rented for the High School pupils for $20 a month. We received notice we must pay taxes as the Agricultural Society now had their own building and had no further need to rent the hall.

In 1951 the members presented Mrs. W. Shier with a chair on her 75th birthday.

In 1952 a donation of $10 to one member in poor health and another donation of $15 to assist in time of sickness was gratefully received.

During 1953 to assist the president in her work, the club was divided into groups of five who were responsible for one month in financing as well as entertaining.

A library was started during the winter of 1954 and it was also decided to purchase a chair for all in the district when they attained their 75th birthday. Mr. P. Doig received his.

In 1955 the first golden wedding in the district was celebrated, that of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Doig. The hall was nicely decorated in mauve and yellow and everyone had a good time. They will be remembered as early pioneers of [illegible]. This same year Mr. A. T. Fisher, another pioneer attained his 75th birthday, and another very important event at this time was the club's twenty-first birthday. Mrs. Margaret Sale and Mrs. C. Hubbs made a large fruit cake for this occasion, it being a year that Mrs. Hubbs was president. A lengthy programme was prepared including the club's history up to this time. This was read by Mrs. Hunter. The audience was welcomed by singing:

How do you do friends and neighbors
  How do you do
How do you do friends and neighbors
  How are you
Oh we're glad to see you here
For it fills us all with good cheer
How do you do friends and neighbors
  How do you do.

Chorus:

How do you do, how do you do
How do you doodle, doodle, doodle, doodle do,
We have asked you here for pleasure
May you have it beyond measure
How do you doodle, doodle, doodle, doodle do.

In 1937 an exchange of Christmas gifts between club members was inaugurated. Fifty dollars was paid on the school piano.

In 1938 foundation was put under the hall, and we formed a link with the Women's Institute at Westerfield, Ipswich, Eng.

In 1939 on our 25th anniversary we held it in the form of a Children's Sports Day.

In 1940 we joined with other clubs in making Miss Effie Copeland of Dewar Lake a life member of the H.M.C.

In 1942 the brick chimney was an addition to the hall.

Throughout the years donations were given to Red Cross, T.B. Fund, Salvation Army, etc. Farewell gifts for residents leaving the district. Free use of the hall to school teachers for concerts, proceeds of which went towards putting up swings, and basket-ball fixtures, for Christmas entertainments, box suppers, receptions for brides, demonstration of sewing, nutrition and millinery. Banquets for Homemakers, their husbands and families.

Our local talent was often used in putting on three-act plays, debates and many variety programs. With people flocking in from so many parts of Canada, U.S.A. and overseas we had much musical ability and as all our entertainment had to be of our own making, we gladly made use of all the talent. Our early pioneers will remember how Mr. Petty and Cliff Hughes (piano) with Ralph Sale (violin) would play for our dances. Saxophone, banjo and drums were unknown in rural districts. Later on came the "Jickling Orchestra." We had many fine singers among them. Joe Hyslop, who could always make the rafters ring with his rendition of all the favorite Harry Lauder songs. Bill Bramley was a fine bass singer and his songs of the sea were enjoyed by everyone. Tommy Marts with his musical tenor could keep the whole hall in gales of laughter when he sang such songs as "I'm Henry the Eighth I am, I am," "You'd Better Pull Down the Blind," "With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm," all given in true vaudeville style. Through all these entertainments the Homemakers were able to pay off the hall debt and for all the furnishings and also gave generously to many worthy causes.

Through the war years every young man who volunteered for active service was given a social evening in the hall and on behalf of the district was presented with a signet ring.

During the last ten years our membership has been steadily dwindling.

In 1953 we turned our hall over to the newly formed "Community Club" who now take care of the building and carry on the different social activities, along with our different youth groups. The Literary Society in our school under the leadership of principal Ken Clay have bought and paid for a fine projector and we now enjoy weekly picture shows in the hall. The 4H Calf Club is a real live organization with twenty-two members and more coming in next year.

The Boy Scouts and "Girl Guides" with the help of good leaders are a credit to our town. "No problem of Juvenile Delinquency" here.

With the completion of this book, "One Last Project," we make a final bow to the Hoosier Community trusting those who come after will carry on with the same stout hearts and willing hands as did the old pioneers who changed this valley from prairie sod to golden acres.

A TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN

When history is being written all the headlines are about men. Women are not mentioned in the sacred pages at all unless they do something very unwomanly or unless they are queens. Men make history but women come in softly and bring stability to homes, schools, churches, hospitals. These give safety to body, mind and spirit. They lend graciousness, and charm and have an appreciation of the finer things of life.

Although not much is written about them let us remember and be grateful for the women of the pioneering days. Theirs was a life of great courage, faith, endurance and self-sacrifice.

OUR EARLY PIONEER WOMEN

We could not call this history complete without some record of our first pioneer women. Those of middle age who came with their families from the crowded eastern farms, to this community where land was plentiful and cheap.

The first two that arrived were Mrs. Dan Dewar and Mrs. Maggie Sale. That was in the year 1909. They both cheerfully took up the rugged pioneer life, living in sod shacks, snowed in for weeks on end during the winter and tortured by mosquitoes and flies in the summer time. Through it all their doors were always open to the many new settlers coming in, and no one was ever refused a meal or bed, no matter how crowded the quarters.

Mrs. Dewar was one of the first women to get a Sunday School established and then bringing in a student minister who "boarded around" mostly with Elmer Benton and took as his salary what was left over from the Sunday School collections.

Mrs. Sales without any professional training, was a good practical nurse, and attended all her neighbors in sickness. She also had the gift of a very fine alto voice and later on when a choir was formed in our United Church was one of the leading singer's. She returned to Indiana to spend her declining year's with a sister.

Mrs. Paul Doig came with her husband and family in the spring of 1910. Mr. Doig being a carpenter built a small but comfortable frame house and this, for quite a number of years, accommodated the family of six, Henry, Minnie, Margaret, Ellen, Robert and Ralph. Mrs. Doig was never known to voice any regrets at leaving her large comfortable home in the east and truly entered into the spirit of the west, her family being one of the happiest and most harmonious in the district. How the neighbors enjoyed gathering there on Sunday afternoons and in the winter evenings to drop in to plenty of gaiety and good old-fashioned hospitality.

Mrs. Doig was also a good practical nurse and always ready to attend any sick neighbor no matter when the call came day or night. This was not always easy, as a doctor wasn't always available, and only the home remedies to work with. Her calm and efficient manner was always a comfort to those she so kindly worked among. Later on after the forming of Ladies Aid and Homemaker's societies, she was an active member of both. She spent her declining years in the Hoosier district among her children and grandchildren and passed away peacefully in 1944.

Mrs. Albert Fuller came to our district in the year 1911. Left crippled by Arthritis, she was forced to spend the twenty-one years of her life with us in a wheel chair. She was a very patient and cheerful invalid, helping with many household duties from her wheelchair. Although handicapped physically she had a very active mind, spending much time in reading and later on took a lot of pleasure from the radio. A member of the Presbyterian Church, she always took a great interest in all departments of its work, especially among the young people. Never able to attend a church service, nevertheless her Christian character reached out to every part of the community and to quote the words of Rev. J. W. Seymour in his farewell sermon, year 1926. "Her life has been a constant inspiration to me, during the four years of my ministry, and her memory will be one of the happiest I take away."

She passed away in March, 1932, at her own home, aged 71 years, leaving her husband, son and daughter, and grandchildren. Daughter Beatrice now lives in Saskatoon and son, Gordon, in Calgary.

Mrs. William Bolton was another middle aged woman who came early to the Hoosier district, along with her husband, two daughters, Lena and Myrtle, two sons, Elmer and George. For many years she kept house for Elmer and raised her young grandson, Reginald, who was left motherless when a baby.

A most energetic woman, she soon became interested in community affairs and organized our first Ladies Aid Society, of which she was president for a number of years. She had a fine soprano voice and before a choir was formed always led the singing for church services.

When a call went out for workers at the time of the first great war and a Red Cross Society was formed, Mrs. Bolton was one of the best helpers, knitting, sewing, packing bundles for overseas and helping with different projects to raise money. Her death came suddenly in the year 1924, leaving a vacancy in that home, impossible to fill by anyone else.

These women have all passed from our midst, but memories of them are still here. They helped to establish a community and a way of life to which we following often pay loving tribute.

OUR MARKETING SYSTEM

With the settling of the land and some grain being harvested in 1912 a way of getting it marketed had to be found. The first elevator was built in 1912, at Marengo, and was called the "Will Grant No. 12." It handled all the grain grown as cultivated acreage was still small. The first grain buyer was Oscar Rasmussen. He later moved to "Greene" and took charge of the Federal elevator that was built in 1913. In 1914 an elevator was built in Hessier by two private men "Pierce and Cronin". As 1914 was a very hot, dry summer very little business was done by any of the three elevators.

In 1916 with a bumper crop of 35 and 40 bushels per acre of wheat and 25 bushels of flax, a branch of the Co-operative elevator Co. was formed at Greene, and an elevator was built. The first agent was a homesteader by the name of Bob Gibson. He was followed by Oliver Fredell and Hugh Rodgers. When poor crops came in the '30s the Federal was closed but the Pool continues on having taken over the Co-op line elevators in 1925. The present agent is Jack McCuah.

In 1916 the Northern elevator was built in Hessier, and ready to handle the grain crop, a heavy one but of poor quality due to rust and an early frost. The following men acted as agents in the Northern up to when it was bought by the Pool: Steve Weir, Thomas Akehurst, Glen Crain, Charlie Hubbs, Douglas Duig, Bill Barr and Reg. Bolton.

It was bought up by the Pool in 1949 and in 1952 was moved and the two joined together.

The Sask. Wheat Pool was organized in 1924 and in 1925 bought the privately owned elevator of Pierce and Cronin. First grain buyer under the new management was Oscar Hanson. He was soon followed by Park Findlay who served the community faithfully until 1944, when he was promoted to the position of District Supervisor for the Co-op livestock pool and moved to Saskatoon.

Gordon McMahon then was our agent for a number of years, followed by Kenneth Thompson who is in his fifth year at this point.

We have overcome many obstacles in the marketing of our grain. Up to 1920 it was stored in granaries at threshing time and hauled by team in the winter months when the farmer's had plenty of leisure time. Then in the twenties with the rapid expansion of farming grain began to be taken directly from threshing machine to elevators. 1927 and 1928 being heavy crops many of the high school pupils both boys and girls, were called out to help with the work. In the grim dry years of the thirties, many elevators were closed. Only in a few special fields was the binders taken out to cut what little there was, for seed. Mostly it was mower and rake to scrape up anything that could be gathered for feed. No marketing problem then.

Then came the forties, rain in abundance during summer and fall. The combine had now replaced the binder and trucks kept the roads hot taking the grain from field to elevators. True we had a number of seasons when rain was so abundant that tractors could not be driven over the fields and a great deal of grain was lost from being left out over the winter. With sloughs all full and so much grain lying in the field this district became a paradise for wild fowl and many a field was totally destroyed by them. In spite of this, our farmers forged ahead and gradually a surplus of grain began to pile up. Now in the fifties, our terminal and local elevators have all filled up. This jubilee year 1955 finds the local elevator agent out helping the farmer pile his No. 1 wheat on the ground. Lots of real wealth there but no money to pay the debts with. "Lack of markets in a hungry world." If our government, Wheat Pool, Marketing Board and all farm organizations cannot find a solution for this problem perhaps as in the thirties old Mother Nature will step in and solve it in her own way.

HISTORY OF THE POST OFFICE

The first mail was hauled from Coleville by Mr. T. Carroll to Dewar Lake to D. M. Dewar's home in 1910.

Joseph Yoos and Umphrey opened a Post Office in 1912. The mail was carried by Joseph Yoos from Flaxcombe.

The railroad was built in 1913 and the Post Office was moved to Fer now known as Hoosier. Wilkens was the Postmaster in 1914.

R. F. Werthenbach opened a store in 1915 and took over the Post Office.

Mrs. E. M. Hubbs took it over in 1941 and was Postmistress until June 1951 when they moved to Medicine Hat.

Mrs. R. E. Doig took it over and moved it into her home where it remains today.

From the memoirs of Stanley Jackling we find that the first mail coming to Hoosier Valley had to be brought from Scott. That was in the year 1909. In 1910 it came from "Coles Place" where it was brought from Kindersley. The town of Coleville was named after this family. Mr. T. Carroll hauled it by team to D. M. Dewar's home. Chloe Pavey afterwards Mrs. Roy Graham rode her pony and brought the mail across to Hoosier Valley distributing it around to the different places.

One very windy day she stopped at Elmer Bottoms to give them their mail. The terrible wind flipped the bag open so that letters and papers flew in all directions. Chloe shouted "Never mind the papers, get the letters." So while the papers sailed over the hills and far away they scrambled around picking up letters. Elmer spent his spare time for several days combing the grass looking for strays and felt pretty sure he had rescued them all.

PEMBERTON'S

Mrs. Goldsmith wanted to know something of the early days of my parents. They came to homestead in 1912 on the 12th of May and brought both my brothers with them. They both had a quarter section and stayed there until 1920 then my younger brother, Grover Pemberton, returned to Gary, Indiana where he is still living.

My older brother, Guy Pemberton, stayed on in Loverna for a few years and then they returned to Michigan, where he died in 1950. His widow still lives at Kalamazoo with their son. She was the first teacher at Whittier School. My father passed on in 1932 at Vandalia and mother lived on for fifteen years.

My mother established the first millinery and clothing store in Loverna and my father was Notary Public for some time, until his return to the U.S.A.

CHARLES HUBBS

Charles Hubbs was born in Wapella, Sask. February 19th, 1889. Later in life he farmed for several years with his brother, Bert at Milestone, Sask.

On May 6th, 1908, he was married in Indian Head, Sask., to Miss Ethel May Ellis and in the spring of 1910 they and their small son, Roy came to Hoosier, Sask. where he had purchased a half section of land known as the S½ 20-32-27 West of the 3rd M. This was South African Script land that was formerly owned by Joe [illegible] of Milestone and he wished to sell. An 8'x12' lumber shack was the only building on the place but a good friend, Tom Peebles, and he drew lumber from Kindersley, Sask. to build a shack on Tom's homestead and this was the family's home until 1911, when he got lumber from Marengo to build a house of their own.

Many pleasant moments were spent as well as a few hardships endured such as walking nine miles to Dan Dewar's for the mail, also drawing water from a well six miles east, or from a spring nearly three miles S.W. of us. Their only mode of conveyance was a heavy team of horses hitched to a wagon with a spring seat on top.

On Christmas eve of 1912 their second son, Gordon, was born, he being the first baby boy born south of the present town of Hoosier. His nurse, Margaret Gordon, presented him with a Scottish shawl as his was the first birth she had attended after coming from Scotland. In later years, three other children were born, namely, Norma, Howard Allan (deceased) and Lloyd.

In 1926 they sold their farm and moved to Saskatoon where Charlie was employed by the Waterloo Mfg. Co. for four years. Lawrence and Lois were born there.

In 1930 they returned to Hoosier as agent for International Machinery and also Imperial Oil.

He held the position of Postmaster from 1941 to 1951, when they decided to make their home at Medicine Hat, Alta. and there obtained a job as Steam Engineer of the General Hospital.

In September of 1954 he passed away suddenly after returning from a two-week holiday and left to mourn, his wife, Ethel, of Medicine Hat, four sons, Roy of Kamloops, B.C., Gordon of Saskatoon, Lloyd and Lawrence of Medicine Hat, two daughters, Norma (Mrs. Hugh Thompson) of Medicine Hat, and Lois, (Mrs. Dalton Fairbairn) of Lloydminster, Sask.

FOLKLORE OF THE HOOSIER DISTRICT

Written mainly by those most concerned and compiled by
Grace D. McGibbon, Calgary, Alta., in 1955 and 1956

ON TO THE HOMESTEADS.

Russell McGibbon had arranged to meet D. M. Dewar, Roy and E. Simpson in Saskatoon and travel with them to their homesteads in a new settlement one hundred and forty miles to the west. Mr. Dewar had brought a younger son, Stewart, with him also.

Early in May 1908 they set out following "The Old Bone Trail" leading from Saskatoon into the far west. This trail had been used some years previously to haul bleached buffalo bones from the prairies to ship east to the sugar refineries.

[illegible] 1908

R[illegible] leave Saskatoon [illegible] settlement 100 miles west, May 1908.

D. M. Dewar had brought loads of lumber, abundance of supplies, a saddle horse, buggy, Jersey cow, etc. E. Simpson also had a load of lumber and supplies. Altogether there were three wagons drawn by horses and one drawn by oxen. Russell had bought a pony, saddle and supplies. With their great loads they were over a week reaching their homesteads (as yet Russell and Stewart had no land).

They travelled all day and slept in a tent at night. The land filed on by D. M. Dewar, Roy and Sim was west of Buffalo Coulee and near a lake which was later named Dewar Lake after Mr. Dewar, and when the railroad came through in 1913 the little hamlet there was also named Dewar Lake.

FUN AND PLENTY OF WORK

Around the middle of August, 1908, Ernest Simpson, Roy Dewar and Russel McGibbon loaded up blankets, tent and supplies and drove across Buffalo Coulee to meet Donald, George and Hugh Barclay and journey with them to Saskatoon to work at the harvest. When they arrived at Bar-clays, the boys had just, a short time before, pulled one of their horses from an alkali slough in Buffalo Coulee, and consequently was in no condition to travel right then. Roy, Russell and Sam pitched their tent and waited

Russell McGibbon and his saddle horse

two or three days until the horse was rested and able to go. Then they set out together with the teams and wagons.

Everything went along fairly well until they were about thirty miles from Saskatoon. They were driving down from the grading that had been made for the railroad (but the track hadn't been laid yet) when the horse that had been in the alkali slough fell down and they couldn't get it up.

The Barclay boys went to farm buildings quite close by but found they had no equipment for lifting a horse. So off they went in different directions to farms much farther away, returning considerably later with oats to strengthen the horse and arms full of equipment. With the poles, ropes and pulleys they had brought they made a tripod. Then all working and pulling together they finally got the horse onto its feet. They made a sling to hold it up and fed it oats until its strength returned. For two more days their tent sat by the side of the road and the six men too. Then Donald, George and Hugh Barclay scattered across the prairie once more to return the borrowed articles. At last everything was loaded up, and they were ready to leave and George said "Well, boys, I've come to the conclusion that every farmer should have a derrick." This set them all laughing, relieving the strain of the work and the waiting, and they started off again—in high, good humour.

After passing through Saskatoon they were on the trail to Dundurn when they saw some nice fresh straw stacks. It was near night so they decided to stop there, and sleep in the straw. Donald knew some people living nearby and went to visit them. Returning in the dark he couldn't locate the stack that the other boys were sleeping in. He crawled into another one and slept, and found them in the morning.

They worked through harvest at Dundurn separating to work on different farms but always they had to sleep in straw stacks, granaries and wheat bins. They worked from sunrise to sunset hardly having time for meals, for two dollars a day. Dundurn was settled chiefly by Americans and the crop was very good that year.

When harvest was over the Barclay boys returned to their homesteads and Sim went to Chicago. But Russell and Roy decided to wait around for a while to see how Jack Noyes came along. He, too, had come from near Lachute and was ill in hospital in Saskatoon. While waiting they worked at Tom Carroll's. Jack progressed favourably, so in about two weeks, they started back to their homesteads along with Tom Carroll and his sons Harry, Austen and Stanley. The Carrolls brought great loads of lumber and supplies to their homesteads. They had a tent and a little tin heater that soon heated the tent when a few little twigs and grasses were burned in it. But they slept mostly in empty barns because there they had more shelter from the cold autumn winds.

A SAD ENDING TO A STORY

Two Claggett brothers had taken up land east of Dewar Lake, and then went out again. That fall of 1908, E. Simpson and one of the Claggett boys worked on the same outfit at Dundurn. At night they and another chap slept in a granary beside a bin of wheat. One morning just as they were getting up the boards in the side of the wheat bin broke. Sim was standing up, the other boy had just sat up, but the Claggett boy was still lying down when the wheat came rushing over them. Sim and the other chap managed to get out but before they could get the Claggett boy dug out he had smothered with the wheat.

COLLECTORS

As the farmers (many of them quite young) got work started on their land they had to gradually have more and more machinery. Agents would come around in the spring urging them to buy and telling them they could pay in the fall. They badly needed the machinery and so it came about that they would buy feeling sure they would have a crop when fall came.

But crops on the new land always had an element of uncertainty about them. There was so much to contend with: lack of rain or too much rain, strong winds or scorching sun, late spring frosts or early autumn frosts, hail, weed pests or insect pests etc. Therefore it happened often that when fall came the homesteaders dreaded seeing the collector arrive.

However here is a story about a collector that the men always enjoyed telling. One cold November day about 1919 White Brothers threshing outfit pulled on to Roy Dewar's land to thresh some stacks of wheat. His neighbours Harry Carroll, E. Simpson, Russell McGibbon and his brother Stewart were there helping him. The following morning when they got up to continue the threshing it was bitterly cold. During the night the temper ature had dropped to 26 degrees below zero. Everyone hunted up his warmest clothing. Roy Dewar decided to put an old raincoat over his winter clothing to keep out the wind. This raincoat was really picturesque. The buttons had come off, so Roy fastened it with nails; it had been ripped right up the back and he had sewed it with binder twine (he was still a bachelor). He wound a scarf around his neck and put gunny sacks over his footwear and tied them there with binder twine.

Not long after they started to work along came the collector. He stayed a few minutes watching the men working in the severe cold and noting their makeshift outfits. Then he turned around and drove away without asking Roy for any money. The men all had a good laugh, but Roy enjoyed it most.

1917 WINTER EPISODE

The incident which I am going to relate happened in January 1917. At that time the form of entertainment during the winter was social gatherings in the local school houses consisting of dances, card parties, and items from the local talent, some of the local talent was very good owing to the fact that the homesteaders in this district came from all walks of life. One Englishman by the name of Teddy Thurlow always delighted the young and old with songs and recitations from the Old Land. One of these social evenings was held in Prairiedale during January 1917 and the party of which I was a member will always remember it. The party consisted of Ed Flower who was teamster, Miss Churchill our local school teacher, Mable and Fritz [illegible], Bob Wester, Jack [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible] of the Hoosier Valley. Our practice was to arrive at the school before it got too dark because in those days there were no roads nor fences to follow. On that particular night we arrived without incident as it was a lovely mild night.

When it came time to go home, which was about four a.m., we boys went to the barn to get the horses and this was quite a job, as the horses were packed in the barn like steers in a box car. The horses were not tied when put in the barn and it was always a job to get your team together. Finally we got the horses hooked up amid dogs barking and horses rearing around, we drove up to the school to get the girls, and after pulling our dogs out of the dog [illegible] we headed for home.

The wind was blowing gently from the southeast but in about twenty minutes the wind changed to the northwest and we were caught in a blizzard. Ed got off our track and we realized we were lost. It was a terrible feeling, the storm froze our eyes shut as fast as we could rub the ice off. Bob Wester, who did not have enough clothes on for such a night froze his hand trying to keep the lantern lit because it had got very cold. We went over the bank of a coulee, the horses got down and we had to get out in the deep snow to get them out. After we got up on the level again, we met Henry Bennett and Ralph Sale with Henry Bennett's horse and cutter. They were lost too, so we stayed together. We wandered around until daylight, when Henry Bennett was able to lead us to Pat Ternan's homestead which was one half mile east of the lake of the same name.

The sight of this homesteader's shack was one of the most welcome sights I have seen, and the rest of the party expressed the same feeling as everyone was thoroughly chilled and hungry. I venture to say the horses were just as pleased as we were because they were almost played out. Mrs. Ternan cooked a big pot of porridge which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. After satisfying my hunger I went to sleep. I do not remember what the others did.

By afternoon the storm abated and we were able to get home without further adventure. I learned later that some others were lost too, but over half of them remained in the school until the storm abated.

Fritz Peyton

OF OXEN AND MEN

One day Gardie Smith hooked up his yoke of oxen and started for Sounding Lake to get a load of poles. Now, Sounding Lake was about sixty miles northwest of his homestead in the Hoosier Valley. He made the long slow trip, cut the poles, loaded them on his wagon and had his oxen hooked up ready to start back. He went to the front of the wagon to climb onto the load, but slipped and fell between the oxen. Each time he tried to get up the oxen kicked and knocked him down again. He eventually managed to crawl out backwards, much bruised and kicked about, and got his load safely home.

In the spring of 1913, Russell McGibbon was hauling a load of flax to Marengo with oxen. South of Alec Thompson's was a large slough of water within sight of the road. The day was warm and the oxen were hot and thirsty so they swung off the road and headed for the slough, walking right into the middle of it and there wasn't a thing the driver could do about it. He knew too that he couldn't get them to take the load out again, so he just sat there on the wagon in the middle of the slough and waited. By and by along came Bill Chalmers and Sam Doyle driving a team of horses. After a good laugh at Russell and his oxen, they unhooked their team and pulled his load out of the slough. Once more he started on his slow trek to the Marengo elevator, reaching it without further mishap.

Hugh Davies lived in the hills on the northern edge of the Hoosier Valley and he used to enjoy telling this story of his bachelor days.

He was ploughing with oxen; the long furrow led away from the house and the next one back to it. One day he decided he could bake some bread and attend to the ploughing too. By noon the dough had risen in the pans and was ready for the oven. He put on a fire and placed the pans in the oven and went out to his ploughing. When supper-time came he unhooked his oxen in front of the door and went in to look at the bread. On taking it out of the oven it was crusty and hard on the outside but the inside was still raw dough. He went to the door and threw it all out

One curious old ox walked over to look at these peculiar white objects on the ground, then stuck its horn into a loaf. Walking over to the corner of his sod house, it started rubbing its horns on the sods, in all probability trying to rub off the hot loaf. Instead the hot loaf pushed down tight onto its head. The ox let out a bellow and raced across the prairie with its tail high over its back. It took Hugh all the next morning to find that ox before he could continue with his ploughing.

AN INCIDENT OF EARLY DAYS

By Stewart Dewar

My father, D. M. Dewar, my brother Roy, J. E. W. Simpson, R. D. McGibbon and I arrived at the homestead near what is now Dewar Lake the first part of May, 1908. We made the trip from Saskatoon with horse and ox drawn wagons. With the exception of Russell McGibbon and myself, all the rest had homesteads. Russell and I filed in June at Battleford. We all lived together the first summer. Ernie Simpson, known all over as Sim, built a shack that summer, 12'x14'. We started breaking the prairie sod with oxen, as they could work on grass alone. The horses required oats, and we had none.

As the summer went along, we decided about the last of July to make a trip to the South Saskatchewan River for wood, posts and poles. Dad fixed a big box of grub, including an immense boiled ham which we had bought at an auction sale on our trek from Saskatoon, at a government coal mine which was closing. (Of course it wasn't boiled then.) The mine was near where Druid is, only farther east on the "bone trail". Also in the box was a quantity of bread, dried apples and prunes. So away we went, three horse teams and one ox team. Four of us were along, Sim, Russell, Roy and I. The mosquitoes were terrible. Some of the old timers used to tell us that when they got real bad, to see the sun you had to use a stick to poke a hole through the mosquitoes.

The first day out, down about 15 miles from Dewar Lake, we saw about a thousand head of cattle belonging to the [illegible] and Mitchell outfit on the river. It was quite a sight to see all those Hereford cattle on the open prairie. They were all branded with the double wagon rod on the rib.

We were very fortunate when we left home to follow an old oxcart road, or trail, that hadn't been used for many years. The three tracks were still quite visible in the grass, the ox in the middle and the Red River cart wheels on the outside. This old trail is 150 years old, and was used in the early days to haul loads of furs from Battleford to Fort Benton, Montana, which was the head of navigation on the Missouri River. After travelling for three days, and camping out at night, we arrived at the Red Deer River just opposite where the town of Empress now stands. The trail we made there was extensively used by the settlers who came in later, up until the railroad was built in 1910. It was a beautiful sight, the banks about four or five hundred feet high, and the bottom covered with cottonwoods and

willows and the river flowing gently to join the Saskatchewan eight miles east.

We turned east and followed down the river, made camp at a beautiful spot, and started to get our loads, keeping watch all the time for the ranchers who never liked the idea of settlers moving in and using the supply of wood and building material. After working a couple of hot days we went swimming in the Red Deer River, always a bit leery of quicksand, and another pest we had to be on the watch for was rattlesnakes. Some of the boys saw one but it crawled away, leaving us alone. In a couple more days we had our loads on. For fuel we cut down the large dry cottonwoods. Some were three or four feet around, but we cut the smaller ones, as they were much easier to handle. We cut a nice lot of poles, cottonwood, for the roof on our sod barn, also several hundred for fenceposts.

We moved on down further east, looking for a place to leave the river where the hills weren't too big. We hove in sight of a ranch and on looking it over found no one there. It was apparently a summer camp. There was quite a house, upstairs and all, built of spruce logs, which I am told, broke loose from a big boom west of Rocky Mountain House years before, and practically every rancher along the river got some good building material from them. This ranch belonged to Shannon Bros. One of the brothers, Dave, is still living in Coquitlam, B.C., and a son, Albert Shannon, resides in Empress. They ran about 2000 head of horses.

Well, this ranch had barns, sheds, corrals, etc., and as night was coming on we moved into the house and had supper. By this time our grub was getting low as we had figured on being gone only seven or eight days at the most. There was a small cellar in this house with a trap door, so we put our grub box in it to keep the food cool. We were sitting around telling yarns, and complimenting ourselves on how well we were getting along, nobody bothering us, etc., when suddenly out of the night—bang! It sounded like war was declared. We were in for it. We dived for cover under the table, behind the stove or some place. There was only one firearm in the crowd, Sam's "Smith and Wesson .38". Sam drew the pistol and said, "I'm going to get a shot in too!" We waited for another barrage but now everything was quiet. Sam poked his head above the windowsill but nothing stirred. "Well," we said, "must have been just some passing cowboy or Indian trying to frighten us." (Which he sure did.) Finally we ventured out to look for tracks but found none and at last went to bed. Next morning we were up early and got out the grub box to get breakfast. Upon opening it we found the man who did the shooting the night before—the stewed prunes we had in a jam pail had fermented and had blown the lid off with a bang that sounded just like a gun, so the joke was on us.

We thought we should get a few more poles as there were plenty of them to be had. Going east again we loaded up all we could. In the meantime we found some lovely red berries growing on quite prickly bushes in nice clusters. They looked so good, but the question arose: Are they poison? We had almost no food left by this time, and it would take three days to get home. "Well," Sam said, "here goes, poison or no poison, I'm going to have a feed." So he dug into them, eating them by handfuls. "Dig in boys, they taste O.K.," he said. But we waited two or three hours to see if he was going to die. By that time he was still living, so we ate our fill too. We followed a ravine up out of the river valley and made about 15 miles the first day to an abandoned cow camp just west of Cabin Lake at Rush Lake. To our amazement there was a pile of cattle bones 15 feet high at that place. They had all perished the spring of 1907. We knew that Albert Meszel lived about [illegible] miles east so Sam and I rode over to try to get some grub. We rode across the lake, as it was dry, and had supper with a lad named Roger Nelson. He later homesteaded southeast of Loverna. We didn't get any grub as he was short of food also, and we returned empty-handed, but Sam and I had had a good supper.

There wasn't a house between our place and the river. We came across our old trail just about where Alsask Beach is, south of Eyre. About four miles east of there was the Mannigill dipping vat, where they used to dip 10 to 15 thousand cattle every year for mange. We were then about 30 miles from home and the grub-box was empty. So were we. The ham bone was still in it and Roy was on the front wagon with the box. He got out the bone and chewed away at it while we all envied him. Finally he threw it away, but Sam, on the second wagon, retrieved it and chewed it some more. We arrived home the next day, tired and very hungry, 12 days after we had started, and thus ended our first trip to the river, though it was not the last one we were to make.

A Second Trip to the River

The beginning of November 1908 was cold and snow lay on the ground, but a chinook blew gently across the prairies, melting away the snow and bringing warmth to the countryside. It was a beautiful warm sunny day when Stewart Dewar and I started out with our teams of horses and wagons to make a second trip to the Red Deer River for poles. The point on the river that we were going to was near where it joins the Saskatchewan River.

That night as we camped about twenty miles south of Hoosier the wind rose, then veered to the northwest. It became so strong it almost blew our tent down. Then snow started to fall and soon a blizzard sweeping across the land, and when morning came the ground was covered with snow and the temperature had dropped to around 25 degrees below zero.

We decided to go on, in spite of the cold weather. I went to get my moccasins to keep my feet warm. Before starting out I had tied them in my wagon, and now found that bumping over the rough trail had caused them to become untied and then lost. For the rest of the trip I had only leather boots to wear.

To keep from freezing we walked beside our wagons all that day and stopped at night at an old cow camp. By the next night we had reached the river, and while cutting logs and poles there we stayed at an empty ranch house. The weather remained bitterly cold and soon our food was almost all gone. I had my gun with me and one day we saw some prairie chickens. I tried to shoot them but the trigger wouldn't work, the oil on the gun was frozen.

We started home with our loads walking beside them again, to keep warm. That night we stayed once more at the old cow camp and all we had left to eat was a bit of bread. We walked all the next day in the severely cold weather without any food. At night almost frozen and starved we came to a settler's house, where we were grateful to get food and shelter for the night. I remember the owner had some lovely Percheron horses.

The last night of our return trip we stayed at Shirk's just north of the C.N.R. track. He had a sod house and it was nice and warm. It felt so good to be sleeping where it was cozy and warm after the coldness of the empty houses and the tent on the trail. The next day we were home again but the hardships encountered on that trip in the cold are still vivid in my memory after all those years.

After eating the red berries mentioned in the story above Sam (E. Simpson) and Roy went to a homesteader's near the river to buy some food. The woman furnished one of her pies made from the red berries, which she told them were Buffalo Berries. Russell still remembers how good that pie was.

Stewart tells of seeing a porcupine at the river also doves.

Russell D. McGibbon

BIRDS OF THE HOOSIER VALLEY

The Golden Wing

Along the river's edge I see
Him flit from tree to tree.
Gay wings a-flying
Bright song a-crying.
Happy as the day is long

Among the green treetops he flies
Flashing bright before our eyes
Glad song he's singing,
Life he is bringing
Happy as the day is long

Written by Maude McGibbon July 25, 1939
age 13 years, 6 months.

LAND BIRDS

Blackbirds (American)
Red-winged Blackbirds
Bluebirds, red breasted
Bluebird, mountain
Bobolink
Buffalo Bird (cow bird)
Cat-bird
Crow
Flicker (yellow-shafted)
Goldfinch

Grosbeak
Hawk, red-tailed
Hummingbird
Junco, slate-colored
Kingbird
Lark, horned
Lark, bunting
Linnet, redpoll
Magpie
Meadowlark
Oriole
Owl

Pheasant
Prairie Chicken
Robin
Shrike, northern
Snowbirds (snow bunting)
Sparrow, chipping
Sparrow, English
Sparrow, white-crowned
Warbler, yellow
Warbler, black and white
Wax-wing, cedar
Wren, house

WATER BIRDS

Crane, sandhill
Dipper (water ouzel)
Duck, mallard
Duck, pin tail
Duck, gold-eye
Goose, Canada

Gull, franklins
Killdeer plover
Sandpiper
Tern
Willet
Swans

There would be other birds, both land and water, besides these. But these we saw and recognized. In the warm sunny month of September 1953 a lovely little humming bird was seen in T. Godson's flower garden; also a pair of gorgeously colored wild canaries.

PRAIRIE FIRES

Prairie fires were always a menace to the new settlers in any district of the west. After 1885 trains got a great deal of the blame for starting prairie fires—so many seemed to start near the track and spread through the tall dry prairie grass—this was especially true in the spring and fall of the year.

Russell McGibbon tells of a bad fire that swept through the Hoosier Valley (as it was later called) in the spring of 1908. It came from the far west and travelled eastwards to the Goose Lake country. He had to wait in Saskatoon for over three weeks until the fire subsided and the grass started to grow again—so there would be a little feed for horses. Mr. D. M. Dewar heard of it in the east and delayed leaving there. It was the beginning of May when they met and started the long trek west to the new settlement.

Jack Mercer tells of a prairie fire in the early spring of 1909 which also swept through the Hoosier Valley. When he arrived on his section of land it was all black with little or no grass left for his oxen.

Gordon Fuller says that a fire swept through the Hoosier District in the spring of 1910. When he and Dad arrived early from the east they had to go to "The Meadows" west of Loverna to get hay for their horses.

There were several other smaller prairie fires in the district for a number of years; however people had fireguards and no buildings were lost.

ALMANAC OF WEATHER THROUGHOUT THE SPRING OF 1934. OUR WORST SEASON FOR BLOWING

1934

March 20—Mild day. Turned windy in the evening. No snow left except where largest drifts were.
21—Colder. Snow flurries.
22 to 31—Bright cold days. Snow flurries. Ponds frozen. Good skating.
April 1—Thawing again.
2—Dull, mild day. Last skating.
3—Mild. Thawing in the afternoon.
4—Mild, terrific wind. Land drifting all around.
5—Very windy in afternoon. Land drifting.
6—Bright cold day.
7—Sunny and warm. Very windy in afternoon. Soil drifting.
8—Cloudy. East wind in morning. Snow.
9—Warmer.
10—Northeast wind. No sunshine. Worst dust storm yet.
11—Sunny mild day.
12—Bright hot day.
13—Dull, very windy. Dust storm all day long.
14—Very windy. Cold northwest wind. Dust storm continued all previous night, and all this day too.
15—Cold with northwest wind. Snow flurries.
16—Lovely warm day.
17—Northwest wind. Dust flying almost all day.
18—Windy but not so much dust.
19—Quite warm.
20—Hot day.
21—Warm, windy.
22—Very windy. Northwest wind. Bad dust storm.
23 to 26—Lovely warm days. Some northeast wind. Seeding started April 23.
27—Nice warm day. Rained a little about 4 p.m. Some thunder.
28—Lovely in morning. Very windy in afternoon. Bad dust storm started about 4 p.m. Men had to leave field it was so dusty. Dust storm lasted all night.
29—Still windy but it rained off and on all day and settled the dust.
30—Dull cold day. Snowed between 10.30 and 12.30 a.m.
May 1—Cold, windy day. Snow stayed all day.
2—Still cold, but bright sunshine melted the snow through the day.
3—Bright, windy, cool. Wind and dust storm after noon.
4—Warm, windy.
5—Bright, warm. Dust storm in the afternoon.
6—Bright, warm, fairly windy.
7—Sultry, dull and cloudy. Thunder, lightning and wind at night.
8—Cool in morning. Quite hot and sultry in the afternoon.

—Northwest wind. Another bad dust storm.
10—Lovely, warm, calm day.
11—Windy. Another dust storm. Frost that night.
12—Warm, sunny day.
13—Warm, sunny day.
14-16—Hot, sunny days.
19—East wind, sunny but not so hot.
20—Cloudy, sunny, then thunder and wind, followed by quite a [illegible] hail storm. Then more showers.

SOME SHORT SHORT STORIES

Roy Yoos likes to tell this story about his first trip to Canada:

"In 1908 when Dad came up to his homestead in Canada he brought Dee and I with him. On the trip all we boys just had a small space in the wagon box in which to sleep. We would get so cramped before morning and would groan and complain. Dad would tell us about the nice, comfortable bed waiting for us when we got to Garde Stron's. Imagine our disappointment when we got there to find that our bed was just a pile of straw in a corner of Gard's sod shack. However, we could stretch out, and being very tired, we slept soundly.

But before we fell asleep that first night, Garde thought he'd have some fun at Dad's expense. He told him about the great weight of sods on the roof and that often the poles broke and buried everyone, etc. Dad took a lantern and went out and hunted around until he found some poles. He brought them in and carefully propped up the roof before getting into bed—all to the great amusement of Garde."

* * * * * *

Mrs. Stanley Doyle sent in this story about her father (Mr. Joe Yoos).

"One time when Dad was hauling mail from Flaxcombe he was following a trail not too well marked. The horses took off across a very green, grassy place and before Dad knew it one of his horses was knee deep in alkali. It took four oxen and a lot of elbow grease and I don't know how many words to extricate the critter."

* * * * * *

George Wallace lived near the western end of the Hoosier Valley. He bought a nice team of matching grey horses, and he was very proud of them and justifiably so because there were not many nicely matched driving teams in the countryside. But when he talked about them he would always say "One weighs fourteen hundred pounds and the other weighs the same."

* * * * * *

Roy Rose went to a lumber camp at Prince Albert and worked one winter. When spring came he and a friend decided to run a carload of poles and ship them to Marengo. People went there to buy poles from him. One man was sorting them over and picking out the best for himself. Roy stopped him and said "We're not tramps you know. It's just our clothes."

Mrs. George Coffman (Greta Carroll) sent along this story:

One time Ernest Simpson decided to invite some of the young people of the district to have dinner with him. Greta was invited and her cousins, the Mosher boys, were there too. Sim was a very good cook and he had such a nice meal prepared for them. During the dinner the young folks couldn't decide what kind of meat they were eating. They thought it might be rabbit, but Sim didn't say anything until they were all through eating. Then he told them that it was muskrat that they had just eaten. Greta says, "Appetites vanished then."

* * * * * *

In the summer of 1907 a man by the name of O'Connell took up land a little south and west of where the town of Smiley is now. He brought his wife and family with him and a good supply of food. They built a sod house and prepared to spend the winter. There were a few people east of Buffalo Coulee, but in those early days people did their homestead duties and left for the winter. Later on in severely cold weather they ran out of food and as Mr. O'Connell had remembered calling at the shack of Ashley Hubble and Tom Peebles the summer before and seeing a bin of seed oats there, he in desperation drove there and took some of them. By boiling them and drinking the water for broth they were able to keep alive. As soon as the weather began to warm in the spring of 1908 he left with his family and did not return.

* * * * * *

Gordon Fuller contributes this story:

In 1909 he and Dad came west and filed on their land—one mile south of the present hamlet of Hoosier. They were busy putting up some buildings on their homesteads when two men drove up and started talking to them. Dad asked who they were, and one man said "We're homestead inspectors. We came to see if you are carrying out your homestead duties." In a little while they drove off, and sometime later Gordon and Dad found out who they actually were. They were Ben Muirhead and Norman Loucks and were really neighbors, living south and west of Gordon and his Dad.

* * * * * *

At the end of the 1914-18 war Stanley Bowerman returned to Canada. He thought he'd like to work his father's land, which was south of Tramping Lake. He got an outfit together and one day he started to plow. He plowed all morning and went to Henry Bennecke's for dinner. When he came back to continue his plowing the wheels were gone from his plow. He lost heart with an ungrateful Canada. For several years he worked for farmers in the district but wages were low and he never did get his outfit together again to work his land and after while he left the district. People remember his cheery whistle, especially the children. If they were cross and irritable he would whistle for them and immediately they would forget to be cross.

* * * * * *

Russell McGibbon tells of exchanging work with Bill Wilkins in 1909

Ru[illegible] shack papered w[illegible] for [illegible] onal warmth. [illegible] e house of boards and [illegible] on the outside of it.) Bill wanted a beef butchered. He offered to paper the shack if Russell would butcher the beef. So they agreed and Bill papered the shack while Russell butchered the beef.

* * *   * * *

Russell remembers that when he built Geo. Wallace's sod shack for him—that George paid him $20.00 for doing it and he was quite pleased because he felt that he was very well paid for the job.

* * *   * * *

In 1940 Russell did some combining for Tom Goldsmith. When noon came a hot dinner was rushed to the field in Tom's car. As they ate, they sat in the shade of Russell's car listening to the radio giving the latest news. Beside them were the combine and truck which made a quick job of cutting, threshing and delivering the wheat to the elevator.

Before they went back to work they spoke of the great changes that had taken place in the thirty-two years since they had started farming on the prairie.

[illegible]

R[illegible] combining [illegible]

A PARTY IN THE VALLEY

There was a dance at Carl Sales home in the winter of 1910-11. Lance Phillips was working for Jack Mercer and both were invited. But Jack wanted to take Ada Dewar to the dance so he told Lance that he could go with Stanley Doyle. Lance set out for Stan's place and when he got near there Stan had started out. Lance could see the lantern in the box of the sleigh and he followed it. Presently Stan's sleigh and lantern disappeared over a little hill, and Lance lost sight of them. In no time at all he was

completely turned around and lost in the darkness. A blizzard came up suddenly, as prairie blizzards can, and soon it was a raging storm.

Lance had on light clothing for the party and just woollen mitts and cashmere hose. He kept on walking and walking to keep warm and at last came to Miles Cooke's shack east of Alex Thompson's and four miles away. No one was living there at the time and there was no fuel, but he stayed there until morning. Then he started out to go back to Jack Mercer's and again he lost his way. It was still blowing and very cold.

In the meantime the party went on and everyone had a good time, but stayed until after the worst of the storm, which was about noon the next day.

When Jack Mercer reached home that afternoon, Lance wasn't there. He went over to Stan Doyle's to see if Lance was there. Not finding him, he and Stan came to Russell McGibbons, but he wasn't there either. Russell saddled his horse and went in one direction and Jack and Stan went in another direction searching. Remembering how light Lance's clothing was, they were afraid they'd find him badly frozen, if alive at all. Russell went south and west and found Lance safe and sound at Steve Weir's. He walked back to Jack Mercer's from there nearly four miles distant. Everyone marvelled that Lance had not frozen any part of him—feet, nor hands nor face, and that he was alive after getting lost in such a blizzard.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST!

In 1907, D. M. Dewar, his son Roy, and Ernest Simpson, all from Lachute, Que., had gone 160 miles west of Saskatoon, Sask., to a new settlement being opened up. There they had taken up homesteads and then returned east for the winter.

That same summer of 1907 Edward MacRae and Russell McGibbon also went west and worked at Sintaluta and Tyvan, Sask. They too had come from Lachute, but they remained in the west for the winter and worked in a lumber camp at Crooked River in Eastern Saskatchewan. During the winter Edward became ill with pneumonia and was sent to hospital at Swan River, Man. He contracted tuberculosis and returned east. Russell stayed on at the lumber camp until spring. Then with thoughts in his mind of a homestead on the prairie he went to Saskatoon.

TO THE PIONEERS!

The little group of men—D. M. Dewar, Roy and Stewart E. Simpson and Russell McGibbon, who travelled about 160 miles west of Saskatoon into a new and unsettled part of Saskatchewan, were the only people living west of Buffalo Coulee all the summer of 1908.

But when the spring of 1909 rolled around, many others came to this as yet unnamed district, but the railroads were moving westward too, and these new arrivals did not have such long treks to their homesteads.

These men arriving singly or in groups would most likely have left

quite embarrassed if someone had told them that they had just made history—and that some day not too far hence they would be called the pioneers of the land.

The new generation taking over in the Hoosier Valley will never meet with the hardships encountered by the pioneers. For they start with the sod turned and the land easily prepared for the seed; houses, barns, granaries, schools and churches, elevators and stores built, wells dug and dug-outs made, roads graded, shelterbelts planted, telephones installed. These were the achievements of the pioneers. But perhaps the most important heritage of all is the accumulation of knowledge about soils, crops, types of machinery to use, etc., which the pioneers acquired in their years of homesteading and have passed on to the new generation by example and through conversation.

NEIGHBORS

That summer of 1908 no one lived west of this group of men from Lachute, Que. (D. M. Dewar, Roy and Stewart E. Simpson and Russell McGibbon). Nor did any one live very near them. Their nearest neighbors were three brothers who had come from Ontario—Donald, George and Hugh Barclay, who lived east of Buffalo Coulee. In spite of the distance between them they soon became fast friends. The Lachute boys always got a hearty laugh from Donald's invitation to visit him. He would say, "I live down by Teo Lake; any time you're passing drop in."

AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

In those early days, if your shoe laces wore out, you couldn't get a new pair very easily. There were no towns near, no stores, no roads and few people had as yet any need of binder twine. Donald Barclay always brought forth a hearty laugh from his listeners when he told this story about himself.

His boot laces had worn out, and he was clumping along one morning without any laces in his boots. He had gone into Buffalo Coulee looking for a stray ox, and was bringing it home when a mother coyote sprang out snapping and snarling at him. He hadn't noticed the den and had gone too close to her babies. He couldn't kick her, because his boots would come off, and when telling about it he would say, "and the way I climbed on that black ox wasn't slow."

A WILD RIDE

Shortly after reaching the new unnamed settlement, Stewart Dewar and Russell McGibbon rode on a little farther west, looking carefully over the land and decided where they would like to locate.

Hitching a team to their buggy, they set out for Battleford one morning in early June, 1908, to file on their homesteads. It was ninety miles away but there was a good trail leading north, just east of Buffalo Coulee. It was the old "Red River Cart" trail between Battleford and Fort Benton

Montana. On the way they saw antelope, coyotes, an occasional fox, ducks and prairie chickens.

At Battleford they made the necessary arrangements for obtaining their land and as they came out of the Land Office they met Jack Cluff. They knew him well because they had been hauling their drinking water from his well and getting their mail from his house, near what is now named Coleville. He told them that he had just bought a bronco and asked them if they would get it home for him. They agreed to do this and when hitching up to leave, they hitched the bronco with Stewart's horse, which was quieter, and tied Russell's horse behind the buggy. This turned out to be quite an eventful ride as the bronco had not been broken.

The bronco was still wild and unmanageable as they travelled along south of Wilkie through a new German settlement there. The horses were running down the trail when all at once the boys saw right ahead of them a garden with a man and woman working in it. The ground had been plowed and a garden planted across the trail. They tried to turn the horses out to go around the garden but they wouldn't turn and they wouldn't stop, so right through the garden they went! Fortunately the man and woman sensed that something was wrong and jumped out of the way as the horses raced by.

Without further mishap they arrived safely at Jack Cluff's place and delivered the horse—partly broken in by this time.

DOCTOR FIZZELL

Doctor Fizzell graduated from Queen's University, Kingston, in 1913, and after interning in the east for a year came west and settled in practice at the new town of Loverna. Although this history does not extend far enough west to take in that town, yet it would not be complete without some record of a man who served us in the medical capacity for nineteen years.

Coming in 1914, "the year of complete crop failure", he very energetically went to work building up a practice and soon was known far and wide. No call ever went unheeded, day or night, and no questions asked as to whether services could be paid for or not. In 1916 he married Miss MacLean, daughter of Donald MacLean, who came west from Owen Sound, Ontario. They had one daughter, Merna, who after taking her early education in Loverna, later graduated in Arts from the University of Alberta, and is now married, "Mrs. Ellis," living in Vancouver.

The doctor in early days had no hospital and this hindered him greatly. So often he would say, "Three churches in this little town and no place to care for the sick." To get around he had to be with horses and always in winter he kept two teams, also two fur coats, one for himself and one for his driver. He grew a beard to keep his face from freezing and after battling through blizzards and forty below weather the growth was really luxuriant when spring arrived.

No pioneer in this district will ever forget the world-wide influenza epidemic in the winter of 1918-1919. It struck our community very hard. With no hospital facilities, all sick had to be cared for at home. Besides, it was one of the longest, hardest winters we ever experienced. The snow came in October and stayed on until the end of April, and so much of it! With the numerous blizzards many roads became impassable. Through all that our good doctor travelled night and day. Many times the only sleep he got was on those blizzard prairie trails, trustfully leaving that part of it to his careful driver. He would return home long enough to change teams, then away again, sometimes to arrive and find the "Grim Reaper" had been there first. Out of that terrible experience there were three casualties, David Peat, a married man with five children; Miles Cook, bachelor and a dear little boy, Eddy Taylor, son of the section foreman at Marengo.

In the early twenties a small hospital was opened at Loverna and Dr. Finnell was quite happy about it. Now he could have his worst cases where he could see them daily. The matron, Miss Lawson, was a proficient and hard working nurse. Between them the health of Loverna and people in surrounding districts was fairly well taken care of.

In 1933 he moved to Sylvan Lake, Alberta. A municipal health plan was organized for Kindersley and took in surrounding municipalities. One of the hotels was turned into a hospital and through a land tax farmers were absorbed into the plan, taking away some of the doctor's practice. He spent three years at Sylvan Lake and then moved to Edson. When the Second World War broke out he was put on the staff of Calgary's military hospital, "Colonel Belcher", where he served until his death in 1946. He did not live to be an old man.

Perhaps those strenuous nineteen years hastened the end, but it was a full and useful life. His wife now lives at 2776 Pine Street, Vancouver. We pioneers of the Hoosier district write this as a tribute to his memory.

SKATING

By the fall of 1910 several more families had come into the district and settled in the east end south of the Hoosier Valley. From then on there was more social life. When freeze-up came the young folks decided to have a rink on the slough in the coulee behind S. Jeckling's barns. Mr. Jeckling loaned them an empty granary in which to put on their skates and leave their heavy coats. Everyone was amused at the sign that the boys put up on the granary wall: In God we trust, but keep your eye on your coat. Sometimes they practised hockey (for the first hockey team was formed that year) and sometimes they brought the girls along and had an evening of skating.

One problem they had: whenever it snowed and blew the rink had to be shovelled off, and no one was too keen to do the shovelling. Jack Mercer had a young Englishman working for him by the name of Lance Phillips. The boys told him that the one who shovelled off the most snow would have the most skates with the girls. So Lance became a most willing shoveller.

Left to right: Russell McL[illegible], Leo Sa[illegible], Fred Adamson, Jack Mercer, A[illegible] Anderson from Flaxcombe, Stanley Jickling, Lance Phillips

SPORTS

1907 Through 1955

In reviewing the sports of the past 48 years I began I would say in 1905 at a picnic at Coleville. Ernie Simpson, better known as "Sim" and I went to a picnic at Coleville in July I think. There was no town then only a store with a post office in connection operated by Malcolm Cole who is now living in Saskatoon. He must be a very old man, as at the time he was a grown man while I was only a boy. To get back to the picnic there was a ball game which was the main event at any sports in those days. I played my first game of ball out west with Coleville that day. Then there were the other usual events running and jumping and a big dance at night to end the affair.

Now we will move to Dewar Lake to start the next sporting event, hockey, which from then until about 1945 was the leading sport through all those years with baseball running it a close second. The fall of 1908 found four of us putting in homestead duties, namely Roy Dewar, Stan Carroll, Austen Carroll and myself. We lived two miles apart, the Carroll boys living on the NE 36-30-27 which was Thomas Carroll's homestead.

We must have used a little foresight and seen to it that all four of us had skates and hockey sticks on hand when winter came. The lake offered the only rink close at hand, so the Carroll boys and I froze some willow pickets into the ice for goal posts but we had no puck. We soon solved that by cutting an end off a cottonwood pole which had been hauled from the South Saskatchewan river. It filled the bill for that winter. We had no opposition but had lots of fun.

In the summer of 1909 there wasn't any sport of any kind, as there were not enough people around these parts for a ball team, so we contented ourselves by playing catch with whoever happened to be around. There were a few settlers arriving in 1909 locating mostly in Hoosier Valley. They nearly all came from Indiana, hence the name Hoosier Valley. In the spring of 1910 we formed a ball team. We had a meeting at the shack of Tom Carroll. Someone moved we buy a catcher's mitt, which we knew was important, but when the cost was presented Tom Carroll said we didn't need one. Jack Mercer, who was appointed manager, said, "Uncle Tom, those pitchers throw a ball awful fast." "Well," Uncle Tom said, "if you are going to throw a ball that fast you can't count on me to play." Anyway, a game, the first in the district, was arranged with Marengo, and it was played on Tom Carroll's homestead. The umpire was Ernie Simpson. The battery: Pitcher Roy Goshorn, catcher Oliver White, first base Jack Mercer, second base Carl Sale, third base Len Sale, shortstop Stewart Dewar, and in the field were Bill Perrin, Fred Adamson and Lawrence White. I think we won. Many will wonder why Bill Reid wasn't catching for us. He was playing that game for Marengo. We played a return game in Marengo that summer.

That fall we had a rink on Stan Jackling's slough, and as we were getting a lot of practice among ourselves, we decided we might as well branch out and see how good we were at hockey, so we made arrangements with Kindersley for a game. Six of us drove to Kindersley. Everyone had to be a player, as we had only one team of horses and that was Elmer Bolton's. We finally reached Kindersley after walking the better part of the first 15 miles. As there was no road we just cut across the prairie, finally getting to a road down near Teo Lake. I would like to mention that we had only six players, no subs. This might have been the last time six-man hockey was played in Canada. The members of the first hockey club of Dewar Lake were Stan Jackling, goalie, Fred Adamson, Marshall McLeod, Elmer Bolton, Harry Carrol and Stewart Dewar. We defeated Kindersley. The rink was open air and located on Railway Avenue, west of the hotel.

In 1911 baseball was again the main sport of the summer. Hoosier Valley was the scene of most of our baseball action. We made a lovely diamond on what later became the homestead of Chas. Pfennig. We started out with a lot of players compared to 1910. Our biggest thrill of 1911 was when we entered the tournament at Kindersley in June, with $1,000 at stake. Five teams were entered: Rosetown, Alsask, Kindersley, Kincora and Hoosier Valley. We drew and beat Kincora. Kindersley beat Alsask, then we got the bye and played Rosetown, and Rosetown won, but we got $500 for second money. Our players were Roy Goshorn, Bill Reid, Chas. Raver, Hank Yoos, Charlie Yoos, Jack Mercer, Leo Sale, Cliff Glover and Stewart Dewar. It might be in order to mention that what Rosetown then had, catcher George Bigelow and pitcher Pete McGuire, were considered the best in the land at that time. We played ball all that summer here and there, winning more than we lost. As winter approached, hockey was the topic, and a rink was made right near the one we had the winter before.

We had a one-foot board around it. The winter before the walls were made of snow.

We decided to invade Kindersley again and again made the trip by team and sleigh. Kindersley had an open-air rink where the C.N.R. park is now. We had practically a new team, but still only six men, no subs. We played overtime and won. Every man played the full 60 minutes. The game is now played with lots of subs, which speeds it up. In the old days the teams used to get pretty tired toward the end of a game, as it was played two thirty-minute periods.

The railroad grade was built in 1912 and so were the towns ahead of steel. We had lots of ball in 1912 as Smiley and Loverna both had clubs, and several games were played and tournaments. We won our share of them. The winter of 1912 we went to Kindersley again to play hockey this time in a closed rink. They won this time as they had a lot of new players.

Ball again was the order of the day in 1913 but as I with Russell McGibbon and Clayton Smith, made a trip to the Peace River country with saddle and pack horses I haven't much dope on what went on that summer. That fall we made a rink in Dewar Lake with six-foot walls and a good dressing room. Really nice compared to what we had been used to having. We had a box social at Bonnie Burn school and raised enough money to buy green and white sweaters.

By 1914 we had a pretty good ball club at Hoosier and Dewar Lake had one too, so we had a lot of good ball then playing all the neighboring towns. During the First World War things slackened somewhat, but we were still playing hockey and baseball. We drove to Alsask the winter of 1914-15 and played hockey. It was 30 miles, quite a drive with horses. We beat Alsask but had a time doing it. There were a few fights and what not.

In 1917 we had a few ball games against the famous Sounding Creek club, and they were plenty tough. That year too, Hoosier had its first modern skating rink run by Clayton Smith and David MacFarlane. It was built on a slough east of town and had a high board fence and a good warm dressing room.

In 1918 I went to Peace River and lived there until 1923. During that time a baseball league was formed including Alsask, Loverna, Major, Flaxcombe, Marengo and Hoosier. This league functioned for four or five years. There was always a playoff I understand and some very good ball was played. Following 1923 there were for many years both baseball and hockey clubs at Hoosier and they took in the sports days in various places.

The fall of 1923 saw a new sport brought to Hoosier for young and old, the roaring game of curling. Hardly anyone around here had ever curled before so it was quite a thing for most of us even to get a stone straight down the ice. We had only one sheet of ice for many years but in 1950 we moved into our new rink with two sheets, in a modern building equipped at first with gas mantel lights which were later replaced by electric

[illegible] *R [illegible] R [illegible] D [illegible] have [illegible] 50 [illegible]*

On [illegible] E [illegible]

Chong Tutu taking home h[illegible] gr[illegible] [illegible] ox and [illegible] lights from a power plant installed in the rink building. We have had a variety of bonspiels down the years, including the annual, cash, knockout, ladies' and school 'spiels.

In 1936 a hockey league was formed, including Smiley, New Brigden, Sedalia and Hoosier. The league was successful, but the playoffs were never completed, as the roads became impassable. New Brigden and Sibbald, Alta., were always our toughest opposition in hockey but I think we beat them more times than they beat us.

As this is supposed to be a history of sports in the early days, I think I will call it quits now. As to sports taking place from 1940 on, nearly everyone will remember and be posted on it.

J. S. Dewar

A SOD ROOF FALLS IN

Early in the Spring of 1909 Stanley Doyle and Stanley Jickling came together to this new settlement, shortly afterwards named the Hoosier Valley. They had been to Battleford and filed on land side by side with only a road allowance between. One of the first things they did was to build a sod house on the edge of Jickling's land, but both of them lived in it.

When the school closed in June, Stanley Jickling's sister Edna, who taught in Saskatoon, came to spend the summer holidays with him. She came out to Wilkie by train and her brother met her there.

One dark rainy night (though little rain had actually fallen) the roof fell in on them. Stanley Doyle was sleeping next to the wall and not many sods fell on him, so he was able to get out. But "Jack" by his side was buried under a great weight of poles and sod. Edna, on the other side of the room, close to the opposite wall, was able to get out with Stan Doyle's help. They moved some sods from around Jack's face and head. Then, still in his night attire and bare feet—everything was buried under tons of sods—Stan dashed outside to get a horse and go for help. The horses had been hobbled close to the shack and ordinarily would have been right there, but the mosquitoes were fierce that night and the horses had moved a little and a little more, until they were quite a distance away, and in the blackness of the night Stan couldn't find them. He raced back to the shack to tell the others that he would have to try to follow the fire guard to Jack Mercer's on foot. Still in his night attire and bare feet, he ran a mile west and a half a mile north to Jack's tent. Jack was in bed ill with rheumatism but he sprang out of bed and ran all the way to Jicklings'.

Edna tells in her own words the ordeal she and her brother went through until the others came. It follows here:

I had been given the boys' bed in one corner and was able to sit up and stare at what had happened. Next I scrambled fast as possible out the little window on my side and ran around to the opposite window where the greatest settling had taken place.

In the darkness and sprinkling rain I could see one man moving

about and hear a muffled voice. With shame I recall how I wailed, "Oh! it is my Stan pinned under." Then Stan Doyle and I climbed frantically up the wall and moved cautiously down the cave-in and talking encouragingly to my Stanley all the while. By tugging with all his strength Stan Doyle was able to move a few sods from Jack's face, visible because of the whiteness against the black. The Russian wolf hound reached his paws almost to the wall top and whined fretfully, then he too was down the concave and pulling at a blanket.

Where does it pain the worst?

Across my middle a pole. A sobbing moan from Stan D. Oh! Jack! He placed his feet on the bedding under the pole and did his desperate best to lift sods away, but with all the weight on the reversed slope moving enough of them was hopeless. He said he would go for help, but how to find the way on open prairie, no moon, no stars. Even in daylight it was most confusing for as soon as you top one rise the whole view is changed, but in desperation he set off whistling for the hound to follow. I was left alone with my Stan literally under the sod, feeling as impotent as the bugs in the air.

I climbed down the incline carefully after finding a shovel, was afraid to put the sharp edge under the pole for fear of cutting his flesh so used the handle and pried with all my might. Soon I could feel the handle slipping on the woollen blanket and my strength slipping, too.

Stan would moan, Oh, pry it up, pry it up, and I would try again. The thought of a broken limb, hip or ribs twenty miles from a doctor made me weak with fear, but always I would take a fresh hold and pry some more. Strong man was suffering so much that all he could do was moan, "Oh! pry it up." I was afterwards ashamed of my lack of diplomacy when I asked Stan if he would be afraid to die. As if he had been stung with a wasp he snapped, No, but after a moment's reflection he said very low and uncertain, Oh, I don't know.

All this time a sprinkle of rain continued and myriads of mosquitoes swarmed about. I was very scantily clad, a rich banquet for the detested tormentors. In spite of that I again climbed the wall and brought back a bucket of water with which I bathed his dear forehead and gave him a little to drink.

At last a wagon could be heard faintly and then loudly rattling with men's voices calling encouragement. They had galloped over a mile over the rough prairies.

With a lantern and three fresh pairs of strong arms the men got the dear lad out by moving many upper sods first, being warned every minute where to not step lest another pole snap over his vital organs. Stan, with a man on each side, managed to make the incline and was lifted down from the wall.

I went off to shake and weep at a distance and get into some seemly clothing. The wolf hound pressed close to me, sitting on my feet and reaching with a long tongue to lick my face. So intent was he on his job that both heads came up together through the top of the dress. That gave me the chance to rub cheeks and blow in his ear, for the strain was somewhat relieved and I could laugh shakily.

They took the twins to a bachelor's shack not then in use and there they rested, keeping Stanely in bed for a few days.

Not knowing anything about the building of a sod shack, the boys had used a green upright post in the centre of the room not stout enough to support the ridge pole of the roof that reached from gable to gable and from which all the other poles extended to each wall of the room. The sods were no doubt thicker than necessary to keep out rain. Sods that have toughened since growth in the region began are exceedingly difficult to cut in proper thickness for a roof. So that was how it happened.

When they afterwards looked it over and considered whether a sod house could be built differently, whether the Nomadic people who gave up the wandering life of the ancient hunters and settled down long enough to grow cereals, could have had better construction, they decided they must have been much the same to have had enough warmth in winter. All agreed that pre-historic poles would not been brought scores of miles, but rather perhaps they would be built partly underground. Perhaps they then had the Florida climate that scientists in the Red Deer canyon spoke about and light matted roofing of grasses and palm leaves was sufficient.

This was written by Edna Jackling, who is now Mrs. Edna Blain of Saskatoon, Sask.

Then Jack Mercer writes about his arrival. He says: "And when I got there I thought it was all over with Jack. He was down there under all that soil and pinned by rafters, brush and sods which the roofs were made of, and we had to stand on top of him and the caved-in roof until we could get a hole through to the floor. The sod slabs were generally 2 feet x 1 foot and the cracks were filled with sand, dirt or gravel, whichever was the handiest—an awful mess. I jumped down in there and started throwing sod as fast as I could. Jack could still talk and told us where he was. I finally got his head clear and I'll say one thing for him—he had a keen sense of humour. First thing he said was, 'save the women and children'. He took it in good humour and we all laughed about it afterwards."

In the meantime, Stan Doyle was running south another mile to Russell McGibbons to get a team to move Jack after they got him out. D. M. Dewar had been helping Russel to build his barn and the two of them were sleeping in it. When Russel hooked up his team, Mr. Dewar got a pair of his trousers for Stan. There was much to be desired about the fit of those trousers for Stan was small and thin and Mr. Dewar was tall and broad. (Later this caused much merriment, but just then nobody thought about it.)

The three men jumped into the democrat and raced the team across the bumpy prairie on the school section to Jackling's house a little over a mile to the east. Jack Mercer was there and had removed some of the sods and now all working furiously together it didn't take long to fling off the rest of the sods and broken poles. Jack was badly bruised and hurt but no bones were broken. They carefully helped him into the democrat and all drove back to Russell's barn and slept there until morning.

Next day Stan Doyle rounded up his horses and drove Jack and his sister to Tom Carroll's new house, which was empty at the time. They stayed there for a few days—until Jack was up and around again.

They all had many a hearty laugh afterwards about the various funny things that happened that night.

In writing about it recently Stanley Jackling says, "I have read a lot about people being buried alive on construction jobs, or in the mines, etc. After that experience I can understand how it feels. If I had been alone I would never have been able to get out." Then he adds, "It seems to me that event (the roof falling in) was our first lesson in neighborliness. In those early pioneering days when any person was in trouble everyone came running to help. And I believe the prairie people's greatest reputation for kindness and neighborliness was recognized the world over."

SEQUEL TO "A SOD ROOF FALLS IN"

That dark night when the democrat was bumping along over the school section on the return trip to Russell's homestead he was sitting on the right edge of the seat driving his team. Unnoticed his wallet slipped from his pocket into the prairie grass. On reaching his barn he discovered that all his money was gone!

Next morning he saddled his riding horse and tried to follow his trail of the night before. There didn't seem to be much hope of finding the money, but he kept on searching, and after a while he saw a penny shining in the grass and got down to pick it up; then he saw another, and further on another and another. At length he came to his wallet with the rest of his money safe inside. He said that he then had more faith than ever in the old proverb, "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves."

A HOOSIER VALLEY CHARIVARI

By R. S. Jackling

On February 25, 1913, Marjory and I were married in Kindersley and about the first of March were home again. We had a young man looking after the place while we were away, Charles Sanford, nephew of Tom Goldsmith. We still have the steel of a carving set he gave us for a wedding present and also he was one of the first to enlist in the first war and was killed in action.

About three or four days after we got home I noticed a cow bell lying on the wall of the old sod barn. To my way of thinking, that meant only one thing, "a charivari," in the near future. A few nights later Charlie said he would take a stroll up to Doyles and after he left I went out to the barn and found the cow bell gone. Well, thought I to myself, this is the night. I didn't want to appear a bad sport. I didn't drink or smoke, but had brought home a box of cigars, "just in case," and Marjory had baked and cooked up a lot of food. While we were sitting around waiting for things to happen I began to wonder if we couldn't turn the trick, sort of change the characters. So I tell the wife, you put on my old fur coat and cap and I'll put on old things, too. Then we will go out to the old coal shack and when the gang comes past we will jump out the west window and creep up behind them. I don't believe they will notice us as they will be looking ahead. It was below zero. Very little snow but lots of glare ice. We didn't have long to wait. They stopped at the wire gate, where one of the fellows fell down, but soon as he was up and the gate let down away they went. Jack Mercer was acting sergeant. Halt now you fellows, he shouts. Forward march. Left, right, left, right, and while the orders were being given, Marj and I were right in with the gang and no one the wiser.

It was only a short way to the house and when they got there the Sarg gave the order "O.K. boys, give them the works!" and they sure did, with Marjory and I helping them. After about fifteen minutes the gang seemed to sense something was wrong. There were about 12 boys there, no girls. One of the fellows went up and looked in Marjory's face and then there was silence. They didn't know what to say.

Well, I said, come on in boys and we'll see what we can do about it. We sang and played the piano, had refreshments and they really went to town on the cigars. Stayed about two hours and the time passed quickly. One thing about that evening remains in my mind as if it were yesterday. Jack Vandervoort sitting on an empty apple box drinking coffee out of a gravy boat, chuckling, laughing and enjoying himself immensely. Here are some of the boys I remember being there that night: Bel Dance, Bill Chalmers, E. Raver, C. Sanford, Stan Doyle, E. Simpson, Jack Mercer, Herb Craven, J. Vandervoort and they were a grand bunch of guys.

Here are a few of the songs popular at that time:

Let me call you sweetheart, Shine on harvest moon, I want a girl just like the girl, Take me out to the ball game, Old folks at home, Seeing Nellie Home.

CROP AVERAGES DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS ON BEST SUMMERFALLOW

1909.—On breaking Mr. Dewar had wheat that yielded 40 bushels per acre. He hauled to Coleville to have it threshed.

1910.—Crops badly damaged by hail.

1911.—Heavy crop but badly frozen. Mostly used for feed.

1912.—A bumper crop. Flax on breaking yielded 35 bushels per acre. Wheat on summerfallow went 40 and 45.

1913.—An average crop.

1914.—Dry and very low yield.

1915.—Bumper crop. An average 40 bushels per acre. All beautiful No. 1 wheat. Flax average 15 and 18.

1916. Very wet season. A lot of [illegible] and frost. Heavy grain but poor grade.

1917.—Not much rain. Best grain about 17 bushels.

1918. Dry year. Wireworms bad. Rain enough later to make best fields about 18 bushels. Very early winter leaving some grain unthreshed.

1919. Dry year. Light yield.

1920.—Dry year. Light yield.

1921.—Dry year. Light yield.

1922. Dry year. Light yield.

1923.—A very good crop, especially flax. Wheat average yield and good grade.

1924.—Very dry. Crop mostly cut for feed.

1925.—Good crop and good grade.

1926.—Average crop.

1927.—A good heavy crop. Much rain in the spring.

1928.—Heavy crop, but late. 42 days threshing.

1929.—A dry year. Poor yield.

1930.—A fair crop. Snow came early.

1931.—A fairly good crop but soil drifting beginning.

1932.—Terrible dust storms. So much grain cut off by soil drifting but with rain coming late a fair crop.

1933.—Good year but prices at the lowest.

1934. Not so good. Soil drifting bad. Not even any feed for stock.

1935.—Worse. Everyone on relief.

1936.—Still soil drifting. A bad year for hail.

1937.—Worse. Men went to Alberta for harvest work.

1938.—Terrible dust storms but some rain came in June and we had a light crop.

1939. Still improving. Fair crop.

1940.—Good year. Best fields 40 bushels per acre. Very wet fall. Some grain left unharvested.

1941.—Weather dry. Serious sawfly damage. Wheat 8 bushels average all tough. Price 45½ cents bushel. Wet fall.

1942.—Nice spring. Lots of rain continuing through the fall. Wheat average 30 bushels, poor grade, best No. 3. Price 68 cents. Flax, 19 bushels, price $2.00.

1943. Poor year, some hail, wheat 10 bushels. Price 87½ cents, flax $2.28, barley 44½ cents, oats 37 cents.

1944.—Average year for rain. Wheat 25 bushels per acre. Price $1.06.

1945.—Fair year. Wheat yield 12 to 15 bushels. Price $1.06. Flax $2.55.

1946. A lot of rain all summer but wheat only averaged about 18 bushels. Price $1.04 to $1.14. Oats 45¼ cents. Barley 6[illegible] cents.

1947.—Dry most of the summer. Wet fall. Not much of a crop and some hail. Wheat average 15 bushels. Price No. 1 $1.17 bushel. Flax went about 7 bushels, price $4.77 bushel. Barley bushels per acre 20, price 76 cents.

1948.—Very dry year. Wheat average 7 to 10 bushels acre.

1949.—Fair year. Average wheat 16 to 25 bushels. Price of wheat $1.55 to $1.56. Barley 70 cents per bushel, oats 50¼ cents.

1950.—Wet spring and fair crop. Some frost and poor grade of wheat. Too much moisture content and most grain had to be dried. Some lay out all winter and was almost all lost from ducks.

1951.—Late wet spring and wet fall. Wheat average 25 bushels, what could be combined. Much had to lie out all winter.

1952.—Nice dry spring and the unusual spectacle of seeding and harvesting going on at the same time. Good grade of wheat. Yield up to 55 bushels. Price of wheat $1.17 a bushel, barley 90 cents. Good fall crop, too.

1953.—Good crop. Grain beginning to stockpile. Storage space a problem and quotas tightening.

1954.—Good heavy crop. A lot of fall rain, but late in October it dried up and all grain was harvested. Farmers using every available building for grain and plenty lying out all winter.

1955.—Good crop and good grade. Perfect harvest weather and almost all combining finished in September. Quotas lower than ever and a great shortage of box cars. Prices keeping up fairly well owing to our orderly system of marketing.

1956.—Not much hard bread wheat grown as the surplus is too great. Mostly durum, flax and barley. Early frost lowering the grade. Wheat, oats and flax slightly lower in price than last year. Barley is higher. Good average yield in spite of frost.

[illegible]

ROLL OF HONOUR

First Great War—1914-1918

J. Ernest Simpson
Reginald White (killed in action, 1917)
Lance Phillips (killed in action)
Jack Vandervoort
Thomas Akehurst
William Jenkins
George Clarke (killed in action)
Silas Cooper
Stanley Bowerman
Sam Holmbrooke
Ernest Humphrey
Charles Russell

Second Great War—1939-1945

Murray Dewar (killed in training 1943)
Henry Doyle
William Barr
Raymond Stevens
Henry Jenkins
Hugh Thompson
George Waldron
Murray Lowe
Bert Earnest
Sydney Jenkins
Willis Lees
Ross Minton
Lloyd Hubbs
Christina Gray
Alfred Gray
George Gray
Harold Ansbacher
T. S. Atkinson
L. B. Moshie
Albert Welsh
Earl Welsh
Conrad Everatt
F. Hankinson
Hugh Thompson
Ivan Russell
Stanley Bowerman

THE HOOSIER CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION

Formed on March 20, 1946 when 40 interested farmers gathered following a previous meeting at which the local Pool delegate gave a general outline of the workings of the Saskatchewan Co-operative Wholesale Society, the central organization and leader of most local co-ops.

Mr. Wm. F. Doyle, who took an active part in the organization, reported 47 members with $550.00 subscribed in share capital. As this amount was insufficient to cover expense, a canvass was made for loan capital of $900.00, which amount was raised almost at once.

The first board consisted of the following members: W. P. Doyle, president; J. B. Stewart, vice-president; J. F. Findlay, secretary. Directors were W. Tiedt, H. Kaufman, W. Barr, A. J. Fredeland and R. D. McGibbon.

The association since organization to end of 1956 has done approximately $500,000.00 in sales with savings of $40,000.00, with a membership of 116.—R. E. Doig, manager

FROM
PRAIRIE SOD
TO
GOLDEN ACRES

[illegible]

From Prairie Sod
To Golden Acres

From Prairie Sod To Golden Acres

Chronicles of
The Hoosier District

Compiled by
MRS. E. M. GOLDSMITH
and MRS. GRACE D. McGIBBON

This book is dedicated to the Pioneers of Hoosier district and the Homemakers Club, upon whose request it is being published. Their achievements, disappointments, joys and sorrows, are mingled forever with the good earth of Western Saskatchewan.

Written in the years 1955 and 1956.

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Preface

These are the gardens of the desert
These the unbroken fields
Boundless and beautiful
For which the speech of England
Has no name "The Prairies"

Lord Byron

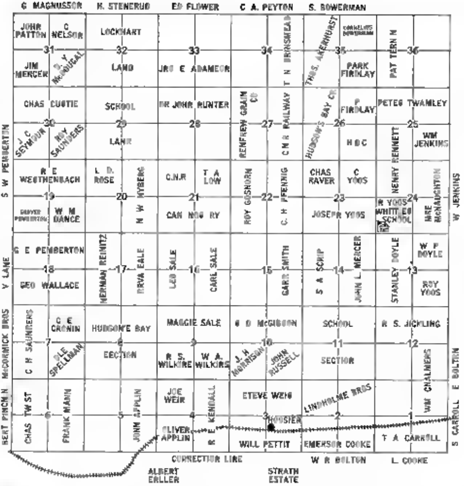
Nearly 50 years ago people from all parts of Canada and the U.S.A. came with their oxen, mules and horses to pioneer these "Prairies." By hard work and patient perseverance they transformed the prairie sod into one of the richest farming districts in Western Canada.

It has been said that no one person ever writes a book and that is very true of this publication. Sponsored by the Homemakers Club we have so many people to thank for assistance in the getting together of material. First of all I wish to thank Mrs. Grace McGibbon of Calgary who spent a great deal of time in compiling the "Folklore of Hoosier Valley" and in helping contact many who sent in Pioneer experiences. To Mrs. Joyce Barr and Mrs. Alice Peyton, who helped so much with the typing. To the many who answered letters and the numerous questions answered by our local people.

Anyone looking for a literary masterpiece will not find it here for the narrators are just plain country folk who wish to preserve the records of bygone times.

Those were days to be remembered
Remembered through all the years
For those were the days, the long, hard days
The days of the old "Pioneers."

MRS. E. M. GOLDSMITH
Convener, Club History


G MAGNUSSON
H. STENERUD
ED FLOWER
C A. PEYTON
S. BOWERMAN
JOHN PATTON
C NELSON
LOCKHART
CORNELIUS BOWERMAN
JIM MERCER
D. Y McDOUGAL
LAND
JRO E ADAMSON
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THOS. AKERHURST
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ROY SAUNDERS
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HENRY RENNETT
WM JENKINS
S W PEMBERTON
R E WESTHENBACH
L. D. ROSE
N W NYBERG
C.N.R
T A LOW
ROY GOSHORN
C. H PFENNIG
CHAS RAVER
C YOOS
MRS McNAUGHTON
W JENKINS
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GROVER PEMBERTON
W M DANCE
CAN NOR RY
JOSEPH YOOS
R YOOS
WHITE EG SCHOOL
G E PEMBERTON
HERMAN REINITZ
REVA SALE
LEO SALE
CARL SALE
CARR SMITH
S A SCRIP
JOHN L MERCER
STANLEY DOYLE
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V LANE
GEO WALLACE
ROY YOOS
McCORMICK BROS
C H SAUNDERS
C E CRONIN
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MAGGIE SALE
G D McGIBBON
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J. H MORRISON
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STEVE WEIR
LINDHOLME BROS
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HOOSIER
OLIVER APPLIN
WILL PETTIT
EMERSON COOKE
T A CARROLL
CORRECTION LINE
W R BOLTON
L COOKE
ALBERT ERLLER
STRATH ESTATE

TOWNSHIP 31, RANGE 27 WEST 3rd FIRST SETTLERS

SOUTH

Geography

The land is mostly flat prairie, slightly rolling in places and broken by a few wide shallow coulees. In one of these coulees lies Dewar Lake, about two miles south and east of the village of Dewar Lake. The lake is roughly the shape of an X, some four or five miles long and shallow, not exceeding 10 feet in depth. During the "dry thirties" the lake dried up completely.

The soil varies from a heavy sticky "gumbo" through chocolate loam to sandy loam, and in the extreme southwest of the district is quite sandy. Most of it is the chocolate loam which will raise good crops with a minimum amount of rainfall.

Precipitation varies from the extreme drought conditions of the 1930s to the unusually heavy amount of moisture of the early 1950s. June rains are the rule, noticeable by their absence in 1955. Fairly heavy snowfall is usual. The winter of 1954-55 was an exception, it being a completely open and very dry winter.

This is exclusively an agricultural district, the chief crops being wheat and coarse grains and flax. A fairly large number of cattle and hogs are also raised and there is an increasing amount of seed hay being raised, although most of the hay put up is still the native grasses, such as bluejoint and prairie wool.

EARLY SETTLERS OF HOOSIER DISTRICT

Adamson, Fred, came from Saskatoon and homesteaded in 1909. In 1925 he and his family moved north and now live in Meadow Lake. His homestead is now in the community pasture.

Akehurst, Thomas, came from Manitoba to Saskatoon where he worked in the fire department. Later he homesteaded north of Hoosier, enlisted and went overseas in the first war and continued farming after his return. In 1937 he moved to Lacombe, Alta., with his family where he still resides and continues his trade of carpentering. His homestead is now in the community pasture.

Ashbacher, Fred, born in Switzerland came here from Minnesota in 1910 where he farmed and did blacksmithing. He was very active in community affairs until his death in 1953.

Bennett, Harry, born at Fergus, Ont., moved west to Weyburn and then on to Hoosier where he homesteaded north of town in 1910. Has now retired and is living in Hoosier. Murray Lowe carries on his farming operations.

Brooks, Will, came from Wingham, Ont., to Saskatoon, then on to this district where he homesteaded in the Greene district in 1910. He farmed there until his death in 1954. His family then moved to Hoosier where his wife still resides.

Barr, Wesley, came in 1911 from Lenore, Man. He married Gertie Stephens, and they have farmed here ever since.

Belton, William H., came and homesteaded in 1911, brought his family in 1913 and farmed continually until his death in 1929. The farm is carried on by his son Elmer.

Bolton, Elmer E., came from Wolf Island and homesteaded in 1909. Farmed for some time and then moved back to Ont. for a few years. He then returned and is still farming with his son Reg.

Bolton, George, came from Kingston, Ont., in 1910. Farmed until 1920 when he returned to Ont. and is now living at Arnstein, Ont., where he has a general store.

Barry, William, moved in from Abernethy, Sask., in 1910, later married Irene Bond, one of the teachers in our school. Farmed here for some time and now lives at Tako, Sask.

Bolinbroke, William, one of the early settlers in the Pizarro School District southwest of town. He later married Hilda Hains of Marengo and still farms the same place.

Bolinbroke, Sam, brother of Will, came from Cupar and homesteaded near his brother. In 1945 he turned his farm over to his brother and bought land near Kindersley where he still lives.

Bowerman, Cornelius, came from Beverton, Ont., a dentist by profession, homesteaded on Sec. 35-32-27 W3. He could recall the time when teeth were extracted for 25 cents each. He was the first teacher at Prairiedale and moved to Lashburn after his wife died in 1918, where he lived with his daughter until his own death.

Bramley, William, came from Tate, Sask. and homesteaded in the district south of Hoosier, where he farmed until his death in 1950. His son carries on the farm and his wife lives in Flaxcombe.

Cooke, Emerson, came with his family from Lachute, Que., in 1911. Farmed just east of town until 1944, when he moved to Saskatoon and passed away in Vancouver in 1950. His farm has been purchased by Lawrence Schmalzbauer.

Carroll, Harry, homesteaded in 1907, coming in from Floral, Sask., married Myrtle Bolton, and in 1929 the family moved to Saskatoon, then in 1948 to Calgary, where Mr. Carroll still lives. His farm is now owned by Cliff Kornelson.

Carroll, Stanley, also came from Floral, was married to Lena Bolton. He farmed and bought grain at Dewar Lake, and moved to Saskatoon in 1935, then to Calgary in 1946. His farm is now worked by Mike Feist.

Carroll, Austin, homesteaded in 1907, went east and was married in 1916. He farmed until 193[illegible], when he and his family moved to Guelph, Ont. His farm is now owned by Jess Hawkins.

Cooke, Leonard, homesteaded in 1910 and brought his family out in 1913. He died in 1929 and after a number of years his wife and family moved to Ontario where they still live.

Cronin, Emmitt, came from Regina and homesteaded in 1912. He was first to buy grain in Hoosier. In 1923 he married Zira Johnstone, one of our teachers, and two years later they moved to Regina district where he continued to buy grain. Now he has retired to Port Coquitlam, B.C.

Doyle, Stanley, came from Elora, Ont., in 1909 to his homestead north of Hoosier. He farmed until 1943 when on account of poor health he retired to Victoria, B.C. and died there in 1954. His farm is now operated by Ewald Weisbrod.

Doyle, Will, moved from Elora, Ont., and farmed east of town until 1946, when he retired to Calgary where he still lives. His farm is now owned by Bill Kornelson.

David, Ferdinand, came from Wolseley with his family and farmed north of Hoosier until 1925, when they moved into town. After a number of years they moved to Cold Lake, Alta., later moving to Dinsmore, where their son was in business. Mrs. David died in 1954 and Mr. David then moved back to Cold Lake, where he is now living with his daughter.

Davies, Jack, came from Wales and homesteaded north of town. He still lives on his farm although he does not work the land. The Dommett brothers farm it for him.

Davies, Hugh, brother of Jack, farmed on the next quarter to Jack, Both Davies came to the district in 1911 Hugh moved to Marwayne Alta where he lived until his death in 1946

Doig Paul came to his homestead from Lachute Que in 1910 He retired to Hoosier and died in 1939 His son Henry carries on farming operations

M[illegible] and [illegible] Paul Doig [illegible] Hanna [illegible] held on Dec 28 [illegible] the picture was taken [illegible] late on the occasion of a granddaughter's wedding The little boy is a grandson Bobby Doig

Doig Henry came and homesteaded in 1910 In 1913 he married Lizzie Clark and they still reside on their farm and operate it themselves.

Doig Robert came with the Doig family in 1910 and took a homestead in 1914 His land is now in the Community pasture and Bob is manager of the Co-op Association in town

Dewar Dan one of the first settlers filing on his homestead in 1907 He came from Lachute Que The town of Dewar Lake is named after him. Mr and Mrs Dewar retired to the east in 1925 and are both dead now Cyril Wright now farms the land.

Dewar Roy son of Dan Dewar also one of the first settlers farmed in the district until his death in 1928 His wife and son now live in Calgary The village of Dewar Lake is on his homestead

Dewar Stewart homesteaded as a young man in 1907 his land being straight east of Dewar Lake He married Doris Taylor and still farms his own land with the help of his son He is also shipper for the Co-op Livestock Pool

Dorsey Charles moved into the Pizaro district in 1913 from Rocanville He farmed until 1946 when he retired to Calgary and died there in 1952 His son Everett carries on the farm work

Dorsey Bob, also came from Rocanville and homesteaded, later buying grain for the Pool In this business he was moved to Laporte He is now deceased and his widow lives in Kindersley

Emmanuel John one of the early settlers in the Pizaro district He was of Scandinavian birth He married Ethel Blan but owing to her ill health they moved to Calgary Both are now deceased

Finlay Park came from Ottawa Ont homesteaded north of town married Francis Welch later gave up farming and went into grain buying He moved to Saskatoon when he was made supervisor and died in 1949

ALBERT F. FULLER [illegible] Hussar, Sask. [illegible] his 90th birthday Mr. Fuller [illegible] 1910 in Hussar where he ha[illegible] in Calgary with his son and daug[illegible] 3927 1st St. S.W. He is very active [illegible] helping his son build a rumpus room. He also has a daughter Mrs. Alex Thompson of Hussar, [illegible] grand children and eight great grandchildren

Foster William filed on his homestead in 1907 then moved up from Abernethy in 1915 and began farming here His son Walter remained here but died in 1928 Mr Foster carried on the farming with a manager until his death in 1938 It is now owned by Mr E Weisbrod

Fuller Albert moved into the district with his wife and family in

1910 from Lachute, Que. He farmed here all his life. During the last few years he lived in Calgary during the winter and at the farm during the summer. He died in 1952 at the age of 91. His son Gordon carries on his business here.

Flower, E. D., came from Ireland as a young man, homesteaded in the Hoosier district and farmed continuously until his health forced him to give up active work. He was for a time in a government nursing home, rented his land and is now a resident in the Sunset Lodge in Kindersley. He was for 35 years secretary-treasurer of the Bapaume School District.

Fogarty, William, located his homestead southwest of Hoosier in 1910 and farmed successfully there until 1915, when he moved to Calgary and a few years later to Vancouver, where he and his wife still reside.

Goldsmith, Tom, located on his land in 1910 and moved in with his family in 1911. He is now retired and living in Hoosier. His son William is on the home farm.

Gear, William, homesteaded and was a successful farmer until 1932 when he sold out and with his family went back to Newmarket, Ontario. The Murry Lowe family now farm his land.

Gothorn, Roy, came from Huntington, Ind., in 1910, went back but returned later after the death of Dr. Hunter, his father-in-law. In 1949 he sold out and again returned to Huntington, where he still resides.

Hunter, Dr., came and located north of Hoosier in 1910 from Huntington, Ind. He was the only doctor in the community in those days and many a mile he travelled with horse and buggy to bring help to the sick. He continued to farm until his death in 1927 but his wife carried on with the farm for many years, then moved to Huntington where she still lives.

Hubbs, Alden, filed on a purchased homestead in Regina in 1906. In the summer of 1907 he, along with his brother Charlie and Tom Peebles, came in by way of North Battleford and did their homestead duties.

Hubbs, Charlie, moved to his homestead with his family in 1910. Later on he rented his farm and moved to Saskatoon to work in an implement business, then returned to Hoosier as a grain buyer. In 1951 he and his wife moved to Medicine Hat where he died suddenly in 1954. His land is now farmed by E. D. Goldsmith.

Jickling, Stanley, came in 1909. He married Marjorie Pemberton and farmed here until 1936 when he and family moved to Maidstone and later to Victoria where they still live.

Kendall, Russell, came with W. Perrin from Weyburn and located his homestead ¾ miles west of town. He farmed until 1946 and due to Mrs. Kendall's failing health retired to Lacombe, Alta., where they lived until their deaths. His land is now farmed by Bill Barr.

Mann, Frank, came here from Markles, Ind., in 1911, homesteaded north of town and in 1922 he and his family moved to Fort Wayne, Ind.

McGibbon, Russell, drove in with the D. M. Dewar family from Saskatoon in 1908. He located on his land north of Hoosier where he farmed until 1945 when, owing to poor health, he sold his farm to Bob Kornelson and retired to Calgary, where he still lives.

Mosier, Wallace, moved here from Wolf Island, Ont., with his family in the spring of 1913 and is still farming with the help of his son George.

MacNaughton, Mrs., came in the spring of 1911, a widow with three children. She is now living in Alberni, B.C.

McFarlane, George, homesteaded here in 1910, coming from Lachute with his two children, Jessie and Mary. He farmed for many years, later moving to Hoosier where he lived until his death in 1955.

Meacham, Bill, homesteaded in 1910 coming from Linwood, Ont. He married Marion Forbes and they still farm the homestead and as a sideline have a nice orchard of plums, cherries, apples, crabapples and small fruits.

McFarlane, David, came west from Lachute in 1911 and farmed until 1934 when he went to Neilberg. Later he went to Prince George, where he died in 1946. His farm is now owned by Gordon Fuller.

Peebles, Tom, first man to enter for a homestead. That was in 1907 and moved on to his land in 1912 to live permanently. Here he farmed until his death in 1942. His son Donald now operates the farm.

Pettit, William, came from Weyburn in 1909 and homesteaded just west of what is now Hoosier. In 1949 he moved to Newington, Ont., where he still resides. His homestead is now owned by Howard Hawkins.

Peyton, Charlie, from Ireland, came to the district in 1910 from Langham and homesteaded north of town. He carried on farming and ranching until 1937 when he retired to Victoria where he still resides (1956) at the age of 94.

Pinchen, Herb, born in England, homesteaded in the Pizaro district and married Mildred McKenzie. He farmed until his death in 1953 and his wife and son still carry on the farm.

Plenning, Charles, came from Minnesota in 1911 and farmed just north of town. He was active in forming the school district of Whittier and was one of the first trustees. He moved with his family to Virginia, Minnesota in 1915 where he lived until his death.

Reid, William, came from Ontario with the first settlers. As a young man he was very active in all sports and served on the council for many years. He is still actively engaged in farming with the help of his son Douglas.

Roberts, James, homesteaded in 1910 coming from Lanark, Ont. He farmed here until his death in 1924. Now his farm is owned by his son Kenneth.

Reimer, Herman, came from Germany when a young man and homesteaded in the Hoosier Valley. He remained until his family was grown and then he moved away. Having been ordained as a Lutheran minister he has returned to that calling. His farm is now worked by J. Hawkins.

Simpson, Ernest, one of the first settlers in the Dewar Lake district coming from Lachute with the Dan Dewar family. He homesteaded half way between Dewar Lake and Hoosier and married Mrs Roy Dewar They later moved to Calgary where he died Mrs Simpson still lives in Calgary Their farm is now being worked by Grant Evans

Trask Hedley came west from Alma Ont to the Regina district. Then in 1911 he homesteaded east of where Pizarro School now is Here he farmed for many years later moving to Hoosier He was at one time councillor church steward, Secretary of the Co-op Elevator Co Owing to ill health he moved to a nursing home at Duval where he lived until he died in 1953 and was brought back to Hoosier for burial

Sale Mrs M came in 1909 with 2 sons Leo and Ralph from Huntington Ind She returned to Indiana in 1947 and died there in 1953

Sale, Orva from Huntington in 1909 first Secretary of Antelope Park Municipality He moved back to the States in 1914 and still lives there

Sale Carl, oldest son of Mrs. Maggie Sale came in 1909 He died in Hoosier in 1922 and his wife carried on the farm until 1928 when she and the children returned to Indiana.

Shier Richard came from McLennan Ont. in 1910 He sold his homestead to Bert Wells but bought other land on which he still lives His sister Myrtle, lives with him

Stevens, Harold came from Kenton Man in 1911 married Ellen Doig in 1917 and moved to Kitscoty in 1935 where they still live

Sale Leo came from Huntington Ind with his mother and brothers homesteaded and farmed until his death in 1930

Sullivan John moved into the Magna Bonum district with his family in 1911, farmed there until he retired to Kindersley where he died in 1954 Mrs Sullivan still lives in Kindersley and their son, Melvin carries on the farm.

Thompson Ab. both he and his brother Alex, moved here from Peterborough Ont. Married Jeannette McFarlane and farmed south west of town until his death in 1942 His wife and sons still live on the farm

Thompson Alex, born in Peterborough and moved here from Abernethy in 1911 He married Beatrice Fuller in 1915 and lived on his homestead southwest of town until his death in 1944 His farm is still carried on by his daughter Dora and son in law Ross Moulton

Tisdale David took a homestead in the Pizarro district in 1911 In 1945 he retired to Saskatoon Mrs Tisdale passed away in 1953 and now Dave lives with his son in Prince Albert

Tisdale Albert came as a young married man in 1911 farmed until his death in 1939 His wife and son then retired to Wingham, Ont. His farm is now operated by Roy Warrington.

Tisdale Walter one of the early homesteaders farmed for many years, then retired to Kindersley where he went into the garage business. All three Tisdale brothers came from Walmash Ont

Wells Lambert came from Chilliwack B.C and homesteaded in the district east of Hoosier He married Miss Klinzing of Flaxcombe in 1916 and still farms his farm with the help of his son Arthur

Walker Britton, came when a young man and homesteaded on the outskirts of what is now the village of Hoosier. After farming for a number of years he moved to Stranraer and now has retired to Saskatoon. His farm is now owned by G. Fuller.

Werthenbach R. F. came in 1915 and homesteaded west of the village of Hoosier. He took over our general store from Emil Dubourg and greatly enlarged the business. His wife with the help of their son-in-law Jack Krauss carried on the business after his death in 1939. His land is now used as a pasture by Lawrence Schmalzhauer.

Yoos Joseph came with his family from Markle, Ind. in 1909. He farmed here until 1937 when he retired to Olds, Alta. where he died in 1950. His homestead is now owned by Lloyd Barr.

The following are those who homesteaded here but merely to prove up their homesteads and did not remain long: John Applin, Ben Alberts, Robert Bamlett, Julius Borg, Fred Beals, Stanley Bowerman, T. H. Brimsmead, Charles Curtis, John Craigie, Miles Cook, Alex Coburn, Cephus Cooper, Frank Cathcart, William Chalmers, Thomas Carrol, Josie Cook, Chas. Copeland, Clarence Dorsey, Emil Dubourg, H. Demar, Will Dance, Charlie Draper, Dan Drysdale, George Drew, Mrs. Frampton, William Graham, A. M. Fagan, Fred Hammer, Fred Hope, Frank Haight, Fred Jones, William Jenkins, Nelson Lindholm, Ed Lindholm, Victor Lane, Janet Muirhead, Jack McEcheran, H. McLeod, Peter McEcheran, Sam McIlwaine, William Mowrey, W. J. McCormick, Sam McCormick, George Morgan, Harry Neiberg, John Nesbitt, C. E. Neff, E. Nightengale, Guy Pemberton, S. Pemberton, Hugh Rogers, Pete Rathwell, John Richmond, Roy Rose, Scottie Rose, O. Rassmussen, Chas Raver, Clayton Smith, S. E. Seymor, Gard Smith, Ernest Smith, Frank Saunders, Roy Saunders, George Sproule, Henry Till, John Tiger, Pat Ternan, Pete Tramley, Charles Twist, Stephen Viers, R. D. Ward, Stephen Wier.

F[illegible] ha[illegible] H[illegible] C[illegible] Steve Weir
La[illegible] Sa[illegible] Leo on [illegible] short [illegible]

EARLY PIONEERS

Cameron, James, came from Chilliwack in 1914, a carpenter by trade. He worked for a number of years in the district and helped build our first Methodist Church and Equity Hall. Later he bought land north of town and farmed there until 1955 when he rented to his son-in-law, George Yuel, and retired to Kindersley.

Hawkins, Jesse, came from Hamilton, Ont., and bought land in the Hoosier district. He extended his farming operations and now lives on the T. A. Carrol place, served a long time on the school board and church boards and is Wheat Pool delegate for District 11 now.

Hubbs, Clifford, came as a school boy in 1912 and had his early education at Magna Bonum and Hoosier Schools. He showed good musical talent, playing both violin and piano, first in the local orchestra and then in Saskatoon. He was launching out as a composer of some ability when war broke out and he enlisted in the armed forces. Two of his compositions are "Way Down Deep in My Heart" and "A Hut in Waikiki." These were sung many times over the air and recorded. He now lives with his family at Toronto, Ont.

Horley, Leslie, came in 1916 and rented land until 1938 when he moved with his family to Tatsfield, Sask. He was one of the best ball players on the team organized in 1918 which carried on for many years. They took many prizes in the league games. Both Mr. and Mrs. Horley were active in community affairs, worked hard for the Agricultural Society and were good helpers in all church affairs.

Jenkins, Leslie, came as a school boy with his parents in 1916. He graduated from Hoosier High School and then attended Saskatchewan University where he won a number of scholarships. During the time spent in Hoosier he was church organist and Sunday School secretary, also carried on faithfully the duties of church janitor for the magnificent sum of $50.00 a year which later in relief years was reduced to $25.00. He now works in the civil service, Ottawa, as assistant technician in the Botany and Plant Pathology Division, Department of Agriculture.

Maris, Thomas, came originally from England to Lenore, Man., then to Hoosier in 1926. He set up a harness repair shop, later adding gas and oil to his business. He led a very fine choir in the United Church and took a very active part in the social life of the community as a singer and comedian. He later moved to Marengo where he carried on his business for eight years, but due to failing health moved back to Hoosier. He died in 1959. Mrs. Maris still lives here near her daughter, Mrs. E. D. Goldsmith.

Blythe, Thomas, came from Owen Sound, Ont., in 1912 and homesteaded north of Hoosier. He is a bricklayer by trade and did much work along that line throughout the district. One incident in the life of Tom Blythe which shows the calibre of the early pioneer is: In the terrible blizzard on the 11th of December, 1926, which many old-timers remember well, Mr. Blythe, who had taken a load of wheat to Fusilier that morning and was coming home with a load of coal when the storm caught him. He became lost and the horses, a four horse team, played out, so he unhooked them and kept walking around the sleigh all night to keep from freezing. When daylight came he found his way home and his horses later came home too. Mr and Mrs Blythe are now retired and live in Owen Sound, Ont. Mr Blythe still does the odd job at his trade and Mrs Blythe is very active in Homemakers and Women's Institutes.

A LAND EXPEDITION

Strange as it may seem, we find in collecting the Hoosier facts and figures that it is now exactly fifty years since the first land was purchased in the Milton and Antelope Park Municipalities. Some real estate men went from the city of Regina to Abernethy, Sask. and sold land to John Gillespie, William Foster and John Burton. It was to locate his purchased section that Mr Foster set out, with two of his neighbors who planned on seeking homesteads.

Knowing them to be pioneers we can safely surmise that they rose before the sun on the morning of May 12th, 1906. Mr Foster's fellow companions were Mr Hugh McKay and Mr Alden Hubbs. The democrat and a two wheeled cart were packed with oats for the horses and tent, blankets and food for themselves.

The horses were, one a peppy black owned by Mr Hubbs and two of Mr Foster's, Billy Pony and Kit. (Billy Pony features highly in most of Mr Foster's pioneer history.)

After the first uneventful day, Markinch was reached in the evening. Saturday too, passed without mishap, and at a place fifteen miles west of Strasbourg they stopped for the night. Having hobbled their horses they sought out a place to sleep. Much to their dismay they returned to find the horses—gone. Naturally they were very displeased and irritated at the delay it would cause, but nevertheless proceeded in search of them.

Search as they might, no horses were discovered that night. The next day Mr Hubbs walked the fifteen miles back to Strasbourg and went on to Markinch on horseback. At Jake Miller's, a farmer in the Markinch district, he found the horses on Monday morning. The horses had come back fifty miles and their legs were skinned from the hobbles which they had finally broken. Mr Hubbs rejoined his fellow travellers Tuesday morning.

On Wednesday they started out again and that evening they stopped on the west side of Long Lake. Their tent was only 12 by 12, but they always kept the horses in it after they ran away.

Next morning, finding they must cross the inlet of Long Lake, they stretched the tent poles across, took the cart across on this and jumped the ponies over. They camped that night and went on to a place west of where Simpson now is the next day, where they spent the night.

Friday evening found them fifteen miles west of where Hanley now is, and on Saturday they crossed the South Saskatchewan river on a ferry which was later moved to Outlook. Sunday was spent in resting for both men and horses A part of the day was devoted to their faithful worship of He who guides all travellers—someone carried a Bible

Monday's rising sun saw them well on their way again and fifty more miles were covered that day

Rain on Tuesday forced them to turn into a place near where Rosetown is now situated Here they borrowed some settler's dishes from which to eat their meals and after dinner went on to North Eagle Creek Here they unloaded all their provisions throwing stones into the creek to enable them to cross without breaking the whipple trees Mr Hubbs slipped into the creek and had Mr McKay to thank for coming to his aid. He came up spluttering but did not delay the expedition even long enough to dry his clothes—just walked to get them dry They reached the home of Mr Foster's cousin Robert Foster that night remaining here for two nights and a day

Thursday and Friday they went on and Saturday 11 a.m found them at Township 97 Range 30 The horses were tied in the tent and the three men started out walking after an early dinner

They walked hard all afternoon taking in a general survey of the land They probably would never had found the tent again that night if they had not put a pole on the highest knoll near it

Their twenty mile tramp had not been very gratifying as all they had seen were six antelope and three wild horses running towards an alkali lake —they finally found the corner stakes of the section and had no trouble in locating the land so were very glad to reach the tent just at dark The following day Sunday was spent as the former one

Monday morning saw them headed for home, but unfortunately on the wrong track—one made by the Railroad surveyors As they went on they met two men who told them they were on a road between Battleford and Red Deer They camped that night in the vicinity of where Kerrobert now stands

On Tuesday they reached South Battleford, then a very small town where they procured a supply of oats and provisions. Wednesday found them driving down the south side of the North Saskatchewan river to Saskatoon then a fair sized town They remained here all night, crossing with the ferry next morning

On Thursday the party followed the C N R track to Lumsden Friday from Lumsden to Loon Creek Fort Qu Appelle and home on the 12th of June

In Mr Foster's own words—words typical of a man whose blood possessed quite a little of the Wanderlust but who really loves his home— We were none the worse for our outing on the contrary we gained much knowledge and needless to say we were heartily welcomed back and indeed very glad to get there

RUSSELL D. McGIBBON

Russell Douglas McGibbon, younger son of Peter Robert McGibbon and Margaret (MacArthur) McGibbon, was born at Lachute, Que., April 1st, 1888. His father owned and operated a sawmill there and had extensive timber limits in Argenteuil County. Later he was twice elected to represent Argenteuil Liberals in the Dominion Parliament.

Early in 1907, Russell and his friend, Edward MacRae, came west and worked on a farm at Sintaluta, Sask. That fall they worked in the harvest fields at Tyvan. Then they went to northeastern Saskatchewan and worked at a lumber camp at Crooked River for the winter months.

In the spring of 1908 he met the D. M. Dewar family in Saskatoon and drove with them to Dewar Lake, about 160 miles. The trip was long and fairly slow. The wagons were heavily loaded and pulled mainly by horses, but one wagon was pulled by a team of oxen.

Russell McGibbon and his children in 195[illegible]. Maude, age 15½ years, Gregor, age 11 years, Joan, age 9 years.

Russell saw land that he liked in a valley west of Dewar Lake. This valley later was called Hoosier Valley. Accompanied by Stewart Dewar, he drove about 90 miles north following the old "Red River Cart Trail" which ran east of his land to North Battleford to file on the land he had chosen. This land was the north half of 10-31-27 W3rd.

That fall, 1908, Donald, George and Hugh Barclay, Russell McGibbon, Ernest Simpson and Roy Dewar drove to Dundurn, 90 miles east of Saskatoon, to work in the harvest fields. While working there they slept in straw stacks, wheat bins and granaries. After freeze-up that fall, Stewart Dewar, Ernest Simpson and Russell McGibbon drove over 70 miles to Empress, Alta., for a load of wood and coal.

Russell then went East for the winter months, returning early in the spring of 1909 with a car of settler's effects, (horses, lumber, oats, some machinery, etc.) The lumber he used that summer for his buildings, he had bought it at his father's sawmill in Lachute. He put up his barn first with D. M. Dewar helping him to frame it. Later building a small one-room frame house with sod on the outside. But before putting up any buildings, he had broken some land and seeded oats for feed for his horses. That summer he also put up hay from the slough west of his land.

In 1910, Russell bought 4 oxen and used them to break more land. Each year he grew oats for feed, threshing some as well. He did not ship any. He either sold it locally or traded it for work done or for some article bought. (Hills brothers at Prairiedale had a threshing outfit before there were any in the Hoosier Valley) In 1911, he had a wonderful crop of flax. An early frost destroyed it though when cut and stacked, it made choice feed.

The year 1912 was the best flax year in the history of the district. Flax seeded on Russell's new breaking, so rough that you could scarcely drive over it in a wagon, yielded 35 bushels to the acre. The railroad had reached Kindersley in 1909 and Margeno in 1910. So the fall of 1912 and the following spring, Russell hauled his flax to Marengo, eleven miles away. This was the first grain that he had shipped out of the district. The price was $1.00 per bushel.

In 1913 the railroad came through from Biggar. A townsite was bought and named Fee, after one of the railroad men. This name was later changed to Hoosier. An elevator was built that summer by Emmett Cronin and partner Pierce. When fall came Russell loaded his flax "over the platform." He sold oats to the railroad crews who were working west of Greene and kept the rest for feed and seed. He bought some cattle that fall in Winnipeg. 1914 was quite a dry year, crops yielded about 8 bushels per acre. In 1915 there was a 40 bushel crop. The year 1916 was very wet but about half of the crops in the district were completely hailed out. On one occasion it hailed for three consecutive days. In 1917 there was practically no rain at all. What crops there were, grew on moisture conserved by the summerfallow. So when 1918 came, prairie grass was scarce and stacked feed scarcer. Russell rented his land and he, Stewart Dewar and Clayton Smith shipped their cattle and horses to Peace River. There he rented land at Bear Lake and later northwest of Fairview. He grew oats for feed while there, too. He also hauled some to Peace River, 35 miles away, to sell it. He would make the trip to town one day, returning home the next. He stayed in the Peace River country until the summer of 1922. He then shipped his cattle to Major, Sask., and drove them slowly southward to his land at Hoosier. In the fall of 1923 he shipped most of his cattle to Winnipeg and sold them but kept his horses to work the land. Crops were very good that year.

In 1928 he bought a house and moved it to his farm, enlarging it and finishing it inside. On December 29th, he married Grace D. Bradford of Chatham, Que., (near Lachute). They had three children—Maude Isabel born January 24 1925 Gregor Donald born September 25 1927 Joan Margaret born May 25 1934 All three children attended the Hoosier Consolidated School and the Hoosier United Church and his wife helped in the Church work.

The year 1924 was quite dry but 1925 was better 1926 an average crop and in 1927 there was a lovely crop Each year Russell had broken more of his land until by 1928 there was no more prairie sod except around the buildings

That year the school section across the road was put up for sale and Russell bought the north half of it (N ½ of 11 31 27) He soon had it all under cultivation as by then he had a tractor The year 1929 was quite dry but in 1930 he had a lovely crop of flax on the school section In 1933 there were good crops too Then followed four years of poor crops each a little worse than the last ending with 1937 worst of all During those years there were bad wind storms that filled the air with dust and blew the seed from the ground or cut off great patches of growing grain which then had to be re-seeded Hail storms were frequent and bad In 1936 and 1937 the weather was so dry and hot that the highest yield of wheat was 8 bushels per acre on summerfallow and the stubble yielded 2 bushels if cut at all. There were grasshoppers beet web worms cutworms carragana beetles to be contended with in those years and in the good years that followed No two years were alike These bad years were called "The Hungry Thirties" Eggs dropped to six cents per dozen wheat to 19 cents per bushel and fowl sold at 40 cents apiece Families moved away but those who remained were afterwards rewarded with such wonderful crops that in about three years all debts were paid up also tax arrears and people were able to buy much needed new machinery and cars The people themselves, emerged with a vast new fund of practical knowledge which though not written down will still benefit others through example and conversation

In 1940 crops yielded 40 bushels per acre and the years following were good Prices were extra good because once again war had broken out

Then great grief came to our household on the prairie for Maude McGibbon died April 24th 1942 during the flu epidemic That fall Russell and family went to Calgary for the winter months returning to the land when spring came In the fall of 1944 Russell and family again went to Calgary intending to stay for the winter only but Russell had taken ill before leaving the farm and when spring came he was unable to carry on so on April 25th 1945 he sold his farm stock and machinery and returned to Calgary where he still resides

Like most pioneers Russell did not do anything spectacular nevertheless he contributed greatly to this young and growing West He converted 640 acres of stubborn prairie sod into a good farm with trees planted well dug reservoirs made a good house also plenty of granaries and farm buildings built or bought. He also left a garden with fruit trees berries and currants growing in it In the early days Russell played on the first baseball team in the district, and on the first hockey team and helped with the roping at stampedes

He became a member of the Wheat Pool as soon as it was organized in Hoosier in 1924 and was at one time a Director of it He was one of the first members of the Hoosier Co-op and was a shareholder

Gregor McGibbon finished high school in Calgary June 1946 winning a scholarship He attended the University of Alberta graduating in Engineering Physics, in 1950 He is working for General Electric in Toronto Joan graduated from high school in Calgary in June 1953 and last year attended the University of British Columbia

R. F WERTHENBACH

The spring of 1914 R F Werthenbach settled in the Hoosier Sask district as General Merchant,

Coming from Mankato Minnesota the spring of 1912 R F Werthenbach who had been city manager of one of the seven city lumber yards for about 4 years was offered a position in Canada as auditor of a line of lumber yards for the North American Lumber and Supply Co

After working at this for about two years he left his home in Biggar Sask to go to a little place called Fee Sask later named Hoosier So, the spring of 1914 Werthy for that is what his friends called him began to build his own first business place and to put up a building of his own to start a general store While this was being done he rented an old building and put in a stock of groceries.

Werthys first clerk was Britton Walker and he offered his home a two-roomed shack to Werthy for himself and family and Britton slept in the store but ate at Werthys home So, May 15 Werthys family arrived coming up on the mixed train from Biggar on the new railroad track which had just been finished as far as Loverna, our town on the west Werthys family consisted of his wife and his 10 year-old daughter Dorothy who became 11 on the 19th of May she passed her 7th grade in school that June and was ready for her eighth grade then the son Frederick was nine years old the January before there was also the baby Marjorie five months old who was known as Joy They lived in the Britton Walker shack while the store was being finished then moved above the store which was 24 feet by 40 feet giving them a nice home. The first Sunday School was held in the building before the shingles were on and continued for about 18 months. A meeting was then called and a Church arranged for which was built in 1915 The hall also went up that year

Before this about the first year three men Paul Doig Thomas Goldsmith and R F Werthenbach went to Regina to arrange for a Consolidated School comprising 50 sections of land They were told that they could go home and the papers would follow but these three men told the men there in Regina they were in no hurry and would wait and take the papers with them so they came home with the papers allowing them to go ahead with the arrangements for the Consolidated School The site was chosen and the building erected which proved to be a blessing to hundreds of children

In 1916 an addition was built on the store the same size as the first building 94 feet by 40 feet This was used for a Post Office room too, which was there for about 25 years. The stock of boots and shoes crockery dry goods men's furnishings men's gloves etc was enlarged in the new building Werthy also handled coal a lumber yard and later machinery in 1921 and another building was added the same size

An Agricultural Society was formed and building went up R F Werthenbach was the Secretary The Church building was soon enlarged and put on a cement foundation with a full basement A furnace was installed and a hollow wire lighting system was used Class rooms were provided for the Sunday School to accommodate all ages As time went on no place was provided to bury our loved ones and the long trip had to be made to Loverna or Marengo so it was decided to buy four acres of land west of town from William Pettit Some of the lots had been staked out when in May 1939 R. F Werthenbach was called Home He was the first to be laid in the new cemetary which was fenced and gates put up and was named Hoosier Cemetery and the name in wood letters put up above the gates The cemetery was plowed for trees and they were planted but not all lived as dry years came

Twenty five years service Werthy gave to the Hoosier district being Reeve and Cousellor many years and trying to help in many ways acting as Superintendent of Sunday School Bible Class teacher and Young People's teacher

Our son Frederick graduated from the Edmonton Alberta, University and became a Doctor in 1930 with a Scholarship in Surgery Dorothy having taught school and then gradnating before her brother and receiving her B.A with Honors in 1927 Joy also entered the University when she was 17 and had three years of Home Economics but did not graduate as she was married when 21 The entire family was hard working and loved to give service as no one will deny J W Krauss who married Joy in 1934 came into the business as full partner with R F Werthenbach just before their marriage leaving the Royal Bank of Canada where he had worked for about 8 years. Afterwards he bought the business and is still managing it and the business continues to be known as Werthenbach and Krause

MRS. W McNAUGHTON

(Now Mrs. Garthwaite Living on Vancouver Island)

We arrived in Kindersley in the early winter of 1911 and left on the first train to Harwell (now Flaxcombe) the nearest point to 94-31 27 our homestead in Hoosier Valley 18 miles northwest. We stayed at Harwell and bought lumber and provisions for the winter Mr Chas Copeland built our home at his and it was moved onto the edge of the east half of 24-31 27

On that trip to Harwell Dr and Mrs Tattersall and Enid were on the train as well as many others who were later to be our neighbors

When the train ran off the track the first time Mrs Tattersall grabbed Enid and made for the door but the conductor told her there was no danger that it was just a case of the railroad ties spreading so when it happened three times we were used to it In fact some of the men got off to watch them put the engine back again We landed safely at Harwell We were fortunate to be able to stay at Mr Tree's restaurant The three children were very tired so slept well even if we had to sleep all in one bed

While in Harwell we attended Sunday School The Superintendent was Mr Harvey and the teacher Mr Down That was the last Church we were in until the Hoosier Church was built years later but we had services in many homes The first winter in the Valley we did not meet many people but mail was brought by neighbors once a week The mail was hauled by Stan Carroll (and several others, including Yoos and Hunter's) from Harwell to Mr D M Dewar's home at Dewar Lake then brought to Stanley Doyle's for the people in our neighborhood and then on to Mr Joseph Yoos for the folks farther north and west I think Mr Yoos was later sub-postmaster until the Hoosier office was opened when the railroad came through

In the year 1912 we held church at Mr and Mrs Chas. Plennig's and Mr and Mrs Gard Smith's as they had an organ and piano later at Stan Jickling's and Elmer Bolton's I think our first minister was the Rev Marn, coming from Tennyson south of Dewar Lake The people turned out well to the services and the people from Indiana were wonderful singers Never was there any trouble to get someone to play and sing in the early days in fact a wonderful friendly feeling prevailed

The weather seemed just right too There wasn't a tree near but those wild roses were so fragrant and the Lake was such a joy to the children Wild fowl could be heard day and night This lake was and is yet called McNaughton's Lake.

The time came when a school was needed so I wrote Regina to get instructions, eventually came posting notices etc to call a public meeting, which was held at Mr Jack Mercer's home The school had to have a name so each one sent in a name I chose "Whittier" in honor of the poet who wrote "The Red River Voyager" and that was the name chosen for the school The school was built on the corner of land owned by Hank Yoos being centrally located. We thought it a good size but it was soon too small We only had one teacher Mrs Mabel Pemberton a splendid teacher

Church was also held at this school Rev Mitchell being the first preacher Mr Joe Yoos was Superintendent of the Sunday School for years and Mr Werthenbach taught the Bible class from 1915

Each winter in the early years, those who could afford it went home to the United States or Ontario, but they generously left a donation for the Christmas tree one man gave $25.00 another $10.00 also a box of oranges and apples were given I was appointed to get gifts for each child. I bought books clothbound (19 cents each) such as Longfellow's Poems Little Women etc. The treats were looked after by Mr Gard Smith and Mr Chas Phenning—they got boxes of chocolates etc etc with a wonderful concert, the evening was a happy one This was the Christmas concert and was held in Chas Phenning's home That was the first time I had met the Young family and they helped entertain How so many could get into one small house is hard to know After Santa had given all from his large bag he asked in such a satisfied voice Has anything been forgotten?" and my little girl said My sewing box They looked in every pocket and turned the bag inside out but they couldn't find it but Santa promised it next year as often in those early days things were substituted Afterwards folks said that was one of the most enjoyable Christmas trees ever held in the Valley

Someone said the early day reports would not be complete without a report on our water problems.

My well was witched by Elmer Bolton, which was the first time I had seen that awesome work performed There was not a man present who did not hold his breath while Elmer walked around with the willow wand in his hands then he stopped, and there they started to dig and at 15 feet struck a stone Water flowed in at one side of it You could wash the bottom of that well like a cement floor That well cost $19.15 bucket pulley rope pail and digging It was never dry in the years we were there Some will tell you it was alkali but we thought it good cold water

The first year the well was dug the weather was mild and the well never froze but the second year freezing was heavy even before the snow came. I put Jean down in a bucket to chop the ice then a blizzard came The snow made the rope slippery and as I pulled Jean up I couldn't get her to the top so she could get hold of the edge I don't know how long we were trying I was frantic and also played out when we heard the boys so we called to them The blizzard was so thick we couldn't see the house and I had told the boys not to come out but we were glad to see them and the extra strength did the trick Jean had kept so cool saying "I'm O.K. take your time!" Needless to say a ladder was put down that day and next year a pump was installed

I don't think the homestead days would be complete without a word about Barney the old pacer and the old phaeton I got from Orva Sale Barney was much loved by all You couldn't see the children's heads from the back as they went all Many times the three children came home on his back with Laddie at his side and no matter how stormy it was Barney brought them safely home

THOMAS GOLDSMITH

Thomas Goldsmith was born in Stratford, Ont in 1881 and was brought to Wapella Sask. when 2 years old From Medicine Hat in 1899 he enlisted for service in the Boer War, Baden Powell Division and served in South Africa until the war ended. After coming back, he homesteaded at Lang, Sask., finally selling out and moving to Abernethy, Sask. There he was married to Maud Rodgers of Souris, Man. Being given half a section of land by the Dominion Government for service in South Africa and the opportunity of buying another half "South African Scrip," we took advantage of the offer and in 1911 moved to S½ Sec. 12, T. 30, R. 28 and Sec. 18, T. 30, R. 27, P.O. Marengo.

In 1914, Tom bought a section of land just south of the new village of Hoosier, 33-30-27. He broke it all that season and had a bumper crop of flax in 1915. In the spring of 1917, we moved into this place to live, renting our other section to Lyle and Carman Horley, who moved in from Ontario. In 1920, he bought the section known as the Dave Peat place, 35-30-27, and later on one section more.

We have had some very tough luck—the hungry 30's that set us back so much. All our neighbors were in the same boat and misery likes company. We finally weathered the storm and gradually with old mother nature deciding to be kind again and prices coming up, life began to be quite liveable.

Our five children are all grown long ago. Our two boys are working the land and we are living in the little town of Hoosier. We have tried city life but it has no appeal, so here we are and intend to be among our old friends and neighbors, along with all the newer generation coming on.

THE JOHN RICHMOND FAMILY

The John Richmonds were married in 1909 and moved to Winnipeg in 1910, where they stayed with Mrs. Richmond's sister for a time. During that winter, John went west to Saskatoon and filed on a homestead, S.E. ¼ of 16-30-28, quite close to where Pizarro school now stands. That school district was formed in 1912 and 13 and the building was erected by Dave Tisdale and Ed. Robinson. The name "Pizarro" was proposed by Paul Doig, who was one of the first trustees.

After filing on the land, he went east and brought out a carload of settler's effects. Then in May, 1911, along with Mrs. Richmond, Sr., they came west to the homestead. The railroad at that time had no ballast, just rails laid on the ties and bolted down. John would not let his family come from Kindersley by train as he thought it too dangerous, so he met them there with team and democrat. Mrs. Richmond says that was the most unforgettable trip she ever made. Forty miles over rough prairie trails with Ernest, the oldest boy, a baby in arms. Nothing to see but sagebrush and the mosquitoes nearly eating us alive. Poor baby! His eyes were swollen shut and his little face so burnt with the sun and wind. They spent a week with friends in Marengo while Mr. Richmond took out lumber and built a shack. They moved out a little too soon as the floor was not laid, so while the family waited around, John and Walter Tisdale laid half the floor enough to set up the stove and put in a few things The main part of their furniture was stored in Albert Tisdale's barn

Mrs Richmond went back to Ontario the winter of 1912 and stayed there until after her second boy Clifford was born John when not doing his homestead duties spent his time at carpenter work and driving surveyor's around They both spent the summer of 1913 in Saskatoon as a building boom was on then and a good carpenter could keep busy all the time Mr and Mrs Richmond were good community workers He helped organize the "Local Grain Growers and one time there were one hundred members. The Association got a Co-operative elevator built at the siding of Greene and a loading platform They also dealt in coal a great convenience to farmers in the winter time Their meetings were all conducted in a parliamentary way Many resolutions were sent in to Head Office to be further dealt with at the Annual Conventions Later the elevator was taken over by the Wheat Pool and as many of the early settlers moved out the society dwindled and finally died With it went much of the "social life as the Local put on dances social evenings and debates.

The school was centre for all activities and in 1920 it was enlarged with a well finished basement After that Pizarro always had a famous annual fowl supper followed by a master entertainment Mrs Richmond says of all the places she has lived none have had the talent found in that little country community She herself always took a leading part—Playing the organ for Church services a good elocutionist and debater lending a hand in putting on the different social affairs

The Richmonds recall quite vividly the stretch of years when the land was dry and people also They dug seven wells and then only had a scant supply of water making it necessary to draw from a ravine for their stock

In 1925 they sold out to Jake Sonmore and moved to Young Sask. Later they moved to Lac Du Bonnet Man where they have lived for sixteen years It is a popular summer resort sixty five miles northeast of Winnipeg on the banks of the river There are six large power plants within a radius of eighty miles and from here the city of Winnipeg gets all its power

John has been doing well in the building trade there along with his son Ernest, with whom they live. Their family of six children are all married and all have children of their own They send back greetings to all oldtimers in Pizarro district

CHARLES P JENKINS

Charles P Jenkins came to Hoosier from Fort William Ont in June 1916 and opened a blacksmith shop, which he still operates There had been a blacksmith here before he came (Ole Spellman a brother in law of Steve Weir's) but he had moved away There was a pile of plough shares waiting to be sharpened before Mr Jenkins got his tools unpacked

1916 was a very wet year and the sloughs were full of water Dave McFarlane and Clayton Smith kept the ice cleared off, on the slough east of town and the boys played hockey there all winter

Mr Jenkins family came out at Christmas 1916 and lived with Mrs Jenkins brother Dick Shier until the spring of 1917 when the old Whittier school was moved into town and they lived in this until August 1917, when they built the house they still live in though the family is scattered

School was held in the Hall 1917 with Jean Taylor as principal, while a new school (which later burned down) was being built

The town well was dug that summer the Homemaker's helping to pay for the work

Hoosier Consolidated School District was formed in 1916 or 1917

THE PEYTON FAMILY

Mr C A Peyton came to Canada from Ireland in 1882 when 19 years old and settled near Russell Man He stayed a few years at his farm near Russell then moved to Dauphin His mother came to Canada in 1885 after the death of his father

The [illegible] on [illegible] years of age now living in Victoria B.C and still taking his daily walk

He was married in 1898 to Clara Frances Moore daughter of Dr Moore She had come west to live with her brothers at Morden

They moved to Langham Sask., in 1905 Here Mr Peyton left his wife and two children Mabel and Frederick and went to work on a surveying party in the Peace River country They had lost one child Phillip before leaving the Dauphin district He worked with the surveying party for two seasons then ran a hardware store in Langham and an elevator at Fielding

In March 1910 he came to the Hoosier district with Fred Adamson and settled in the Hoosier Valley Mrs Peyton and the two children followed in 1914 In 1916, Mrs Peyton passed away and was buried in

Edmonton in the Moore family plot. Mr. Peyton remained on his farm north of town with the two children.

In 1922 Mabel married Felix David and they farmed in the Prairiedale district for about three years, then moved to the States where they have made their home since. At present they are living in San Antonio, Texas.

Frederick, or as he is more commonly known, Fritz, stayed at home with his father and helped run the farm, until they abandoned farming and began ranching. This was about 1924. They carried on this ranching program until 1937 when Mr. Peyton retired and moved to Victoria where he still makes his home.

Fritz, besides ranching, was very interested in horses and soon had a very fine string of bucking horses which he trailed to different places putting on stampedes. His partner in this enterprise for a number of years was Mr. M. R. Klaibert, then of Fusilier, and now living in Maple Creek.

Fritz married Alice Wickham in 1942 and they now have three children, Donna, Marion and Irene.

In 1950 the land leased by Fritz Peyton was turned into a Community Pasture and Mr. Peyton became the manager. He disposed of his own stock and devoted his entire time to the business of the Community Pasture. The last of his bucking horses were sold to the Calgary Stampede Committee.

STANLEY DOYLE

In 1908 Stanley Doyle came west on the harvest excursion to Portage la Prairie, Man., to neighbors who had come from his home town of Elora, Ont. After harvest he went to Regina to see his brother, the Rev. John Doyle. There he met R. S. Jickling, who was boarding at his brother's and working in a hardware store. The two Stanleys planned to meet early in the spring and go in search of homesteads in Saskatchewan. Stan Doyle then went back home to Ontario for the winter.

When the spring of 1909 came they met as planned and took train for North Battleford. They drove north from there—the farther north they went the more snow and trees they saw—so they turned around and started south, eventually arriving in the new settlement later named Hoosier. They decided to file on land at this place. On the way back from filing on the land at North Battleford, they stopped at Scott for their supplies and settlers' effects.

In 1909 Stanley Doyle came west from Elora, Ont., to make a home in Saskatchewan—the land of Promise. He arrived in Scott and had his car of settler's effects unloaded and started the trek south with horses and wagons. He journeyed to within 3½ miles of what is now the town of Hoosier. Mr. R. S. Jickling was a near neighbor and as their land adjoined they worked and bunked together in a sod shack built on Stanley's land.

While they were scouting around for a suitable location they camped in a tent on a sloping spot of the nearby school section. They unpacked a

few supplies and dishes and in the absence of any modern conveniences, left the things on the ground. During the night a thunder storm came up—the heavens opened and it poured as only it can pour when it rains in Saskatchewan. Soon quite a stream came rushing through the tent and in the midst was their salt and pepper shakers doing a giddy whirl on their way out.

For a number of years they lived in the sod house. If the roof leaked—they just moved over. If the wind blew dust into their victuals, well it did not matter—it only provided grit for the days ahead. Lesser men than these early homesteaders would have sought easier lives. These were men of vision and determination. Hospitality was at its best. Every man was your neighbor—a strong feeling of companionship and oneness existed as one big family. To those of us who came later it seemed nothing less than a miracle that men and women could and would endure life as it was in those first days—with a great hope for the future. They built better than they knew.

As the prairies began to produce the golden grain, new and better homes were built. In 1913 Mr. Stan Jickling was married to Miss Marjory Pemberton and moved into their frame home just a half mile from Stan Doyle's new home. In 1915 Stanley also joined the ranks of the benedicts. That same year the prairies produced what men called a bumper crop. Everyone was happy at the thought of being able to pay off some of their indebtedness with a few dollars to bank. Also—maybe it could be said—the seed was sown here for the fateful lean years which followed. As the oxen had to give place to the horse earlier so now the auto, the truck and the tractor began their encroachment until today the horse has been relegated to the fox farm.

Life was good and not too complex. For the most part the people were happy. The latch string was always on the outside. In the long winters the lamp always glowed in the window to guide any wayfarer to warmth and shelter if needed. Life was serious but it also had its moments of merriment. When there seemed to be no bright side, they polished up the dark side. These early settlers were good story tellers and many hours were spent exchanging yarns and telling jokes.

In later years Stanley served on the Hoosier School Board, was on the Board of Stewards of the church, was interested in agricultural fairs, exhibiting purebred Shorthorn cattle which was his specialty. He was also a member of the municipal council for several years.

This home was blessed with three children, Mary Margaret, Henry John and Virginia Louise. They were all able to get their education including Grade XII in Hoosier due to the vision and foresight of able school trustees and most competent teachers.

In 1942 Stanley's health began to fail. He was advised by a Montreal brain surgeon to leave the cold climate of the prairies for a milder one. In 1945 we sold our home and went to Victoria, B.C. Once again old friends were united as we made a brief stay with the Jicklings. In the spring of

1944 Stanley passed away at the age of 59 His body was brought back to the prairies he loved so much for burial in God's Acre in Hoosier

—Written by Mrs Stanley Doyle (formerly Emma Yoos)

A PEEP INTO THE EARLY PIONEER LIFE OF THE YOOS FAMILY

In 1909 Mr Yoos made a scouting trip to the Canadian West from the State of Indiana, U.S.A. He arrived at the town of Scott and from there travelled south in search of a suitable location for a farm home After filing on a quarter he returned to U.S.A and again in 1910 came back to put up sod buildings in preparation for moving the family and some stock.

In 1911 he moved his family—consisting of his wife and four boys Roy Dee Dale and Fred—together with household effects and a genial pair of mules to a place about 180 miles west and south of Saskatoon In the early days the place was called Fee later changed to Hoosier due to the fact a goodly number of people from the Hoosier State had migrated there

Mr Yoos realizing the benefits to a large family of growing boys—of the clean farm life—sought to take advantage of the low priced land being advertised and offered to anyone willing to meet the homestead requirements The Canadian West was the immigrant's haven

Having arrived there were many obstacles to overcome A house to live in—water for man and beast Shelter for cattle and many other details had to be worked out There were moments of homesickness—longing for old friends and the way of life they had left behind However nothing daunted and having set their "hand to the plough they would not turn back For a house and barn sods were used and for a number of years served admirably as a home for the family and stock

Early in the process of breaking up the virgin prairie oxen were used They were slow and sturdy strong and stubborn and at times most unpredictable One never knew whether they would gee or haw" or just plain retire to the nearest slough—still one cannot feature life in the early days without oxen What a happy day when in 1914 Mr Yoos acquired a horse—now Dee could plow with three oxen and one horse—and that meant a great step forward. There were times when the mosquitoes were so numerous that the poor beasts became frantic and on such occasions the weary plowman was liable to get a lightning express ride to the barn or other shelter all arriving at the same time and all trying to be the first in The pet pooch was a familiar sight—sometimes following in the furrow with an eager eye on the ever present gophers or at times riding the plow on Dee's lap with an air of "Monarch of all he surveyed."

In 1913 a frame house was built also more substantial shelter for the stock The land yielded a limited increase and life was good While no one got rich no one suffered privations nor hunger as by this time towns were springing up and transportation was no problem like in the beginning.

As the years rolled by and the frontiers were being pushed back men of every walk of life came west Much tension was relieved when the doctors began arriving and hospitals though small were being erected. Schools were opened and church and Sunday schools were organized. The first church services were held in the various homes. A one roomed school was built on a piece of land about one mile from Mr Yoos home. Here church services and Sunday school were conducted. Evidently the pupils were pretty much the same calibre then as now. Fred came home from Sunday school one morning and announced he was in a class of boys and the preacher was their tamer. No doubt more truth than fiction.

Mr Yoos together with his entire family attended church service regularly. He taught a Bible class for a number of years and was keenly interested in everything for the good of the community.

In sports all the boys took active part.

In the early days, the post office was in Mr Yoos home. He carried mail via horses and democrat from Flaxcombe about 15 miles southeast of Hoosier.

The years of drought took heavy toll of the residents of Hoosier and in 1937 Mr Yoos and two of his sons and families moved to Olds, Alta. Mr Yoos retired. Roy launched out in cattle buying and Fred continued farming. Misfortune followed Fred and soon after their arrival in Olds his wife died of severe burns received from an explosion while lighting the fire.

In 1950 Mr Yoos died at the age of 87. In 1954 Mrs. Yoos passed away at the age of 86. Both were laid to rest in Olds cemetery.

—Written by Mrs. Stanley Doyle (formerly Emma M Yoos)

DR. AND MRS HUNTER—1910

We shipped a carload of our effects from Huntingdon, Ind., to Kindersley which was the end of steel and our nearest station. From there we trailed our effects to the homestead near what is now Hoosier.

Jack Mercer had a house on his homestead and we lived there until we had a house built.

Dr Hunter was the only doctor available in those days and a drive of 40 miles to see the sick was all in a day's work. Sometimes he did not make it in a day.

Dr Hunter went to Scott and bought two cows. He built a barn the first thing for their shelter and that was the beginning. He put in oats for feed for the cows and mules. Didn't do too bad for the first crop and added more each year.

We all lived through it and maybe it made us a little better able to cope with life later on.

Dr Hunter died in 1925. Mrs Hunter lived on the farm until with her daughter Chloe and her husband Roy Goshorn when she moved back to Huntingdon where she still resides.

FIRST YEARS ON THE PRAIRIES—CLAYTON SMITH

I set out for Dewar Lake in 1910 from Cordova, Alaska (I don't think there was any hamlet of Hoosier then). I came to Kindersley which was the end of steel at that time. My brother, Arnold, came early in the spring of the same year. I arrived at Kindersley in August and started to walk to Dewar Lake, which at that time had a store and a post office. It was a walk of about 40 miles and after walking 20 miles I saw a homesteader's shack with a windmill pumping water beside it. Down in the pasture I could see a fellow working so I went to talk to him. He had another windmill stretched out on the ground and asked him if the wind had blown it down. "No," he said, "there is only wind enough for one windmill." That kept me laughing for the next 20 miles.

I found my brother. He had filed on his homestead that spring, but I did not file on mine until the next spring.

That fall Mr. Fuller and Garden, Jack Noyes, Bill Gaston, my brother and I went out threshing together. We drove to Scott, about 80 miles away. We worked 18 hours a day and slept in the hay stack. We didn't get enough to eat either.

After threshing Bill Gaston and I drove to Prince Albert, over 100 miles, and worked in the bush all winter. That completed my first year in the district.

BAPAUME PARK—ED FLOWER

The district north of Hoosier, now known as Bapaume Park, was settled in 1910 and 1911. Among the first settlers were F. A. Peyton and Fred Adamson, followed by Reg White, Ed Flower and the Davies Brothers. The first settlers had to start out from Kindersley. Next year the Goose Lake line went west and Marengo became the nearest railway point 16 to 18 miles away, which even in those days was a tough trip with oxen to haul your grain and bring back your winter supplies. To get our mail we had to go two miles southeast of where Dewar Lake now is at the old Dewar place, but later the mail was brought nearer to the old Joe Yoos place where Hoosier now is.

Finally the railroad came through from Biggar to Loverna and our local station was known as Fee, later to be named Hoosier as a compliment to our neighbors from Indiana, U.S.A.

Things went along for the next few years with the usual events happening around the bachelors shacks and a lot of sow belly and flap jacks were consumed. Then came the war and the big crops of 1915 as quite a few of the boys had quite a few acres broken by this time, and with the best crop ever in these parts the boys thought they were well away.

Oxen began to disappear and horses take their place. This condition lasted for a few years until it was considered a necessity to have a good driving team and a top buggy (the same as a car is today) if they had an eye for the ladies.

About that time Reg White, one of the first settlers, was killed in France.

In 1917 a big demand was made for a school in the district and after quite a bit of argument a school district was formed. Ed Flower was

elected first trustee and secretary-treasurer (which office he held for 35 years). A school was then built, Fritz Peyton hauling most of the lumber to build it. The first teacher was Miss Churchill, who stayed at Peytons and who with Miss Tap (Mable) Peyton was the cause of many trails converging on the Peyton home.

Soon after Prairiedale School was built and was often visited on dance nights, and the recent storms of this past winter (1955-6) brought to mind one of those days. It came up during a dance in Prairiedale and the bunch from Bapaume, which included the new school marm, Tap and Fritz Peyton, Jack Schram and myself and a few others. We had just got a short distance on our way home, about 4 a.m., when the wind changed and a real blizzard began to blow. Jack Schram tried to keep the lantern lit and had his hands badly frozen. No one had sufficient clothing on for such a storm. I tried to drive the team, but with the storm and wind changing it was impossible to keep our bearings straight. However, after a lot of floundering around we got to Pat Ternens about daylight, where we rested and got something hot to eat. The horses were practically played out.

There were a lot of comical happenings, too, from time to time.

Fred Ashbacher was very active in all the local activities during his life here and was always ready with a helping hand.

Jack Davies represented the township on the local council for a number of years and one of his best jokes was about an incident at a party at his place one evening. Some one challenged anyone to drink him under the table. Jack induced one of our younger old timers to take up the challenge, indicating that there was a pot of cold tea that could be diluted to the proper color of wine. It worked and the challenger went down singing the "Star Spangled Banner," but the notes were badly mixed. The wine was too much, but the tea drinker was still fine.

Now practically all the old homesteaders have passed away or left the district and a new generation is taking over. Our oldest old timer who homesteaded in this district, Mr. C. A. Peyton, is still alive and is living in Victoria, B.C.

CHRONICLES OF HOOSIER DISTRICT

In the year 1908 my brother Stanley and I were the only two of a family of nine still living at home with our parents on a farm near Elora, Ont., in the County of Wellington.

In those years there were glowing reports of the Canadian West with its vast areas of productive land—parts of which were being opened up for homesteading, whereby a young man could secure a quarter section of land by paying $10 to the government, settling on the land and building a habitable house, which did not have to be very large, and breaking at least 10 acres of land each year for three years and cropping same. At the end of three years—if all regulations were carried out to the satisfaction of the government—the homesteader could apply for patent or title to the land.

In the summer of 1908 my brother Stanley decided to see this new country so took advantage of going west on one of the harvest excursions. The fare was $10 single fare to the West and providing you worked a certain time your employer would sign a statement that you had done this, which entitled you to a free passage home. The train accommodation on these excursions were not what you would call deluxe—or anything near it—just slat board seats, where one slept, ate your lunch and which you usually brought with you.

My brother Stanley went West in that year 1908 and stopped off at Brandon, Man. and worked there for a few weeks. He then went on to Regina to visit our brother—Rev. John A. Doyle—who was a Methodist minister there. It was there that he met Stanley Jickling who was working in a hardware store in Regina and living and boarding at my brother John's. The two Stanleys decided to go homesteading together the following spring, so my brother Stanley left again for the West early in the spring of 1909—meeting Stanley Jickling at Regina and travelling north to Battleford and still farther north from there looking for suitable land. 1909 was a late spring and the farther north they went the snow got deeper and deeper and the country more wooded. This did not look good to them so they struck back south and finally located land near where Hoosier now is.

As Stanley had gone west, and I was the only one left at home it seemed best that I should remain at home on the farm in Ontario with our parents who were getting on in years. This I did working at home with father for a short time. Then I rented the farm continuing with this arrangement for two years. During the second year my health was not good and—continuing so—it seemed impracticable for me to continue to carry on with the strenuous labor required on an Ontario farm. We decided that my folks should sell out and move into town and that I go west and locate a homestead near where Stanley was then living. He picked out the best he could locate for me and early in the year of 1911 I took my first trip west as far as Saskatoon—to file on the land he had chosen. Then in the spring of 1911 I left Ontario with a car of settlers effects including one cow and five or six horses. The car was billed to Fuller, Sask.—afterward called Margeno—which was the nearest unloading point to Hoosier.

As there were many people settling in the west—coming from the eastern provinces in those years—there were whole trainloads of cars of settlers effects or cars filled with stock. I remember that after we left our home town of Elora more and more cars were added as we went along till finally—when we were approaching Northern Ontario—our train consisted of 120 cars with two big freight engines trying to pull them. They were making such poor time they cut the train in half with still two engines on each section. It took about two weeks to make the trip all the way from the east—some days or nights we would sit for hours without turning a wheel at divisional points. Finally one night a little after dark we arrived at Kindersley and it being a divisional point the word was that we would be there all night. The next morning we left for Marengo—and what a trip! It took nearly all day to make this last lap—31 miles. The roadbed was soft and oozy so that some places they were not making over three miles an hour. We finally arrived in Marengo in the late afternoon. The next move was to get word to Stanley that I had arrived so that he could help haul my stuff to my new home. I did a little enquiring around and soon met Henry Doig, who was in town at the time, and with the customary Doig kindness and generosity I was invited to ride with him as far as his place. This I did, leading one of my horses behind the rig. I stopped with them overnight and early the next morning left for Stanley's ranch. The next two days we spent hauling my stuff out across the open prairie, with very few buildings in sight and, of course, no graded roads.

Previous to my arrival Stanley Jickling and Brother Stanley had batched it together, but from then on Stanley Jickling lived on his own land.

Soon after I arrived my brother and I went into partnership. We each had 640 acres of land, consisting of homestead and pre-emption and half section South African Scrip. We invested in more machinery and several oxen to get on with the work of breaking more land. We hired two men and got considerable more land broken that year of 1911, and ready to be seeded the spring of 1912. The 1912 crop was real good—especially the flax, which went nearly 30 bushels to the acre. The wheat, but not the flax, grown in 1912 was hauled to Marengo and most of it was loaded over the platform, being shovelled into the box cars by hand. During the year of 1912 the C.N.R. from Biggar to Loverna was being built, and by June of 1913 had reached as far as Hoosier, but at that time there was not even a loading platform built.

With regard to the 1912 flax, I well remember how the flax had been stored in two new granaries and closed up tight to keep all rain and outside moisture from it. When we opened it up in June we found that instead of sinking in it up to the knees as one usually does in dry flax, we could walk around on it as on a board floor. It evidently was not thoroughly dry when we threshed and had started to heat. We at first expected that the whole lot was spoiled and a total loss, however, upon investigation we found that only the few top inches were crusted and below that for one or two feet the flax was quite hot. By removing this top part and spreading it out to dry and cool off, there was not a great loss after all.

In the year 1910 the Municipality of Antelope Park was organized and established with its duly appointed reeve, councillors and secretary-treasurer. The Hamlet of Hoosier, which later came into being, is near the southeast corner of the municipality. The first reeve was Mr. George Glover of Loverna post office. My brother Stanley was councillor of the Hoosier Division. Orva Sale, who was the first secretary-treasurer of the municipality, came from the U.S., but did not stay more than about three years in Canada. It was largely through his suggestion and influence that the district was called "Hoosier Valley" and afterward "Hoosier." Mr. Harding was the next secretary-treasurer and this office he held for a number of years, and homesteaded midway between Hoosier and Loverna.

It was rather unusual for a woman to go homesteading but they did have this privilege if they chose to do so. Mrs. McNaughton who is now Mrs Garthwaite of Alberni B.C. was one of these few brave and venturesome women. She came to the district with three small children in the spring of 1912 having filed on the east half of 24-31-27 just north of our land.

The years of 1911 1912 and 1913 brought many new settlers to the district some with children of school age. About 1912 or 1913 a school was built named "Whittier" on the southwest corner of 24-31-27 3½ miles northeast of the townsite of Hoosier. The teacher of this school was Mrs Guy Pemberton whose home was about six miles west of the school.

The summer of 1912 saw the first Sunday School and Church services started. These were held at Gard Smith's shack. He was a married man from the States and was homesteading the east half of 15-31-27. This land eventually became the property of Jim Cameron. Mr. Jos. Yoos was the first superintendent of the Sunday School. The minister was a Methodist student supplied in the summer time and he also preached at Bonny Burn school house northeast of Dewar Lake. When the Whittier School was built church services and Sunday School were held in it. About this time Hoosier Valley District (as it was then called) together with Tennyson and Flaxcombe were organized as one circuit one minister serving the three appointments along with a steward and secretary treasurer for each appointment. I was elected to these two offices for our district and a few years later as Sunday School superintendent which offices I continued to hold for some years. After some time Tennyson and Flaxcombe were dropped from this circuit and Marengo and Greene added in their place these three points being responsible for the minister's salary.

Previous to 1911 the first settlers got their mail at Coleville. Then in 1911 we got our mail at Flaxcombe for a while. Some months later we got it at Dewars, about a mile or so southeast of Dewar Lake. Later on Mr Jos Yoos had the post office at his place. The post office was now called "Hoosier Valley Post Office". Later when regular trains were travelling from Biggar to Loverna the post office was moved to Hoosier. Mr. Bill Wilkins being the first postmaster there. As the village of Marengo was first called "Fuller" so Flaxcombe was first called "Harwell" and Hoosier was first called "Fee".

Soon after the railway was in Hoosier began taking on the appearance of a small progressive town. Among the first buildings were a livery barn and small store. The railway station was erected then later Mr Cronan arrived from the States and had his own elevator built which was a great boon to the early settlers. A blacksmith shop was opened for business.

About this time Mr. Werthenbach with his wife and family came from Biggar where he had been managing a lumber yard. He built and established an aggressive general store business and being a progressive business man was a great asset to the development of the district. He was reeve for some years.

A lumber yard was built. When Chas. Jenkins arrived in the district he became our reliable and efficient blacksmith.

During these early years the church was built, and later on the Hoosier Consolidated School was erected. At first this school accommodated all the children of the district but when the population increased, the old Whittier School building was brought into town and used as a room for the primary grades.

In 1914 Stanley and I had a good-sized house built on his land and in 1915 the barn was built. The barn remained until October 1949 when it was burned—together with a lot of feed and grain. During the fall of 1914 we had several heavy rains and 1915 was a wet year—with the result there was a bumper crop. During harvest time we had six carpenters building the barn and six hired men besides Stanley and myself. It fell to my lot to do the cooking for everyone.

In the winter of 1915-1916 Stanley went east and was married to Emma Yoos. They arrived back in the spring of 1916 and our days of batching were over. By this time Billy Geer had arrived in the district from Newmarket, Ont. He rented Section 18-31-26 (from us). He was married about a year later. For some years he worked Section 18 and also Section 17-31-26 (which he bought). As Mrs' Geer did not have too good health in the west they went back east to Newmarket in the early 30's where he carried on a progressive business.

In the year 1916 we wished to procure a better grade of cattle than we had and found that the Dominion Government was offering to pay to a bona fide western farmer his travelling expenses east to bring back a car of purebred cattle providing they were first T.B. tested. They also paid the freight charges on the cattle. This opportunity look good to us and we decided to take advantage of it. By this time Stanley and Emma's first child had arrived so I was delegated to go east for the carload of cattle. It was on this trip that I first met Miss Alice Matheson who was afterward to become my wife. Miss Matheson had come west from Prince Edward Island in 1910 to teach. As there was a great shortage of teachers she taught for a few weeks in the new Mount Royal School in Calgary until she obtained a school in the Wetaskiwin district. She taught there for two years, and then went to Edmonton where she worked in a bank until December 1918, when we were married.

Previous to our marriage—in the summer of 1918—I bought Section 14-31-27 from Jack Mercer and his brother Jim making this our home until 1921. We then moved to the north half of Section 2 on land formerly homesteaded by the Lindholm Brothers. While we lived on Section 14 we had two children—Margaret and Enid—and during the years from 1924 to 1933 our other five children were born namely Velma, Corinne, Wilfrid, Harvey and Miriam. The north half of Section 2 remained our home until we moved to Calgary in 1945.

One of the progressive moves of the district which was started in 1924, was the organizing and securing of membership to the Saskatchewan

Wheat Pool. I was happy to have an active part in this. The first year 85% or so of the farmers joined, and in a very few years nearly 100%. Mr. William Shaw of Fusilier was the first delegate from our district, and a very efficient one. This position he held for many years. Mr. Lew Elliott of Smiley was one of the first—if not the first—director serving our district and he also served with efficiency and keen interest for many years. The writer of this was the first chairman elected for our local Wheat Pool Committee, continuing in this capacity until shortly before moving away.

The Hoosier Co-operative Society—in which most of the farmers of Hoosier and surrounding areas took shares and became members of—was formed about 1938, and was of real financial benefit. Robert Doig was hired as manager and still retains this position. It fell to my lot to take an active part in organizing this society, and was elected president. J. Park Findlay was secretary. These positions we both retained until leaving the district. Mr. Findlay was for many years in charge of the Wheat Pool elevator at Hoosier as agent. For several terms he was reeve of Antelope Park Municipality. He willingly gave his service and time to many worthy projects.

During the dry years of the 30s—in which 1937 was the climax—nearly every one was on government relief, and feed for stock had become such a minus quantity that the government stepped in and bought up any cattle that still remained—and which any one wished to get rid of—at a price of from one to two or three cents live weight. Little did any of us realize then that—at this date of November, 1955—there would be in this same district such a surplus of grain, amounting to many thousands of bushels on some farms—not being sold mainly because of a succession of good crops. Neither in those dry years did any one think that, before many years, there would be gas and oil wells drilled and in production.

Upon request of Mrs. T. Goldsmith the above was written by Wm. P. Doyle, 944 Sixth Avenue N.E., Calgary, Alberta, November 29, 1955.

W. J. GEER—A LATE SETTLER

I went west in the spring of 1915 with a carload of settlers' effects for Dr. Lockhart whose land adjoined Dr. Hunter's to the north. We landed in Hoosier on April 17, 1915, about 8 p.m., after 36 hours on the freight from Biggar to Hoosier. All told, it took ten days from Toronto to Hoosier. I well remember just east of Dodsland, we started crossing what appeared to be a lake with the track not showing at all in some places. We men with settlers' cars were riding in the caboose at the back of the train which had about 40 freight cars. The train moved cautiously and all seemed to be going well and at some places the wheels of the box cars were completely under water. Near the western end of this body of water was a graded road which the rail track crossed over. The engine and about 30 cars passed over this grade which seemed to hold firm, while on either side the grade was becoming softer and sinking more in the mud. What happened is hard to say, but the coupling between two cars disconnected, allowing the main body of the train to proceed with the caboose and nine cars floating back the opposite way to about the centre of the body of water. The engine then had to proceed to Dodsland, put the cars attached on a siding and come back for the balance of the train. This took over five hours before finally getting us away from the water.

When we arrived at Hoosier, Dr. Lockhart, who arrived there on the train before ours, had several homesteaders on hand, among them being Fred Adamson and his brother Bill, Gus Magnusen, Russ Kendell and several others whose names I cannot remember. They surely gave me a real welcome and all pitched in getting the horses out and the wagons loaded. It was dark when we headed north with six loaded wagons and the six horses not harnessed. I could never forget that trip as we had no idea where we were going. This road north had been graded but we seemed to be off it more than on as there were so many sloughs large around. It was 2 a.m. before we got to bed that morning and Fred Adamson, at whose shack we were to stay for a few days, had us out of bed at 5 a.m.

The next two or three weeks were taken up with hauling the balance of goods from cars, hauling lumber and building a small house.

I was absolutely green as to pioneering and one thing that shocked me was having to go two or three miles and cut a load of prairie wool for the horses to feed on. This would take one whole day, but I found the horses did very well on this feed. We cleared some very stony land and I had always imagined there would be no stones on the prairies. All told we broke 350 acres for the doctor and with 2 4-horse outfits we disked and floated and prepared this land for the 1916 crop. The doctor then sold this to Fred Adamson. I received $50.00 per month, but learned much in western ways.

I thought that country was the Garden of Eden as wheat drilled in on stubble yielded 40 bushels per acre and new breaking went 50. I hired with Fred Adamson for stooking. Going wages were $3.00 per day, but Fred said if I'd start at 6 a.m. and stooked until dark he would pay me $3.50, which I did. He ran two outfits of horses on one binder and I never did keep up to it. I went threshing with Dr. Hunter for the same wages and the same hours and just could not believe wheat would roll out like it did. He had a portable machine with a twelve-horse power engine to drive it and straw carrier. We had to move it with horses. We finished threshing about November 1, then started to haul the wheat to the elevator. It was really cold, but with the road frozen as hard as pavement we could sure draw good loads. This was my first experience in handling a four-horse tandem on the grain tank.

It was while drawing grain that I was approached by Doyle Bros., Bill and Stan, at that time one of the largest farms in the district, who asked if I would be interested in leasing some of their land on a crop-share basis. On looking the property over I thought it might be too heavy as it was mostly gumbo soil. The homesteaders led me to believe chocolate loam land was superior to gumbo, which in later years proved much different.

I came back to Ontario late in December 1915 and was only home a couple of weeks when I knew I would not be satisfied in the East so wrote Doyle Bros that I would take their land

I landed in Hoosier in April 1916, with a carload of settlers effects put a stove in a granary and lived in this shack for a couple of years. This was on Section 18-31-27 1916 as the old-timers well remember was another wet year and I thought I was going to be a millionaire However on August 21 about 6:30 a real hail storm came and the beautiful fields of grain wheat mostly ready to cut, were left with not a head standing The grain was not entirely threshed out of the heads and as the straw was so long it did not pound it into the ground but just broke it down We were able to take about a three-foot cut with an eight foot binder and did salvage some of the grain but had to pay $25.00 per hour for threshing so the costs amounted to more than was received for what was salvaged No insurance that year This hail was not general in the district. It started in at Stan Doyle s went east about three and one half miles and about two miles wide but it covered all our ground

I sold my horses that fall and came back East I was married in February 1917 bringing my bride back in the spring It was very dry all spring and crop prospects were not so good On July 11 hail struck again followed by a heavy rain The grain was just heading and was pretty well cut off However the growth was fast and we were able to get 2000 bushels of wheat and a lot of good oat sheaves for feed 1918 1919 1920 and 1921 were very dry years and I remember we had to use weed seeds for fuel for two winters—NO MONEY!

In the winter of 1921 there were four or five herds of cattle affected by mange with the result the veterinary Department of Health inspector quarantined the cattle in the immediate district with the result that all cattle within a radius of ten miles had to be dipped most of the herds twice This meant over 3000 cattle had to be lowered in the vat. This made much hard tiresome work taking almost a month to do, but there was no further mange reported in the district

During these dry years there were several outbreaks of grasshoppers throughout the province but they were not serious in the Prairiedale district until 1922 That year we had to mix several tons of poison and spread in the affected areas This sure killed them where poison was spread and fortunately they never took to the air in swarms and came into the district

Nineteen twenty-three was one of our best years and our first crop in seven years From then on we did not have to use weed seeds for fuel 1924 was another very dry year 1925 and 1926 only fair Then in 1927 28 we had really heavy crops again 1929 was just fair and 1930 another large crop but very unprofitable

We used our first combine in 1927 and it proved a great labour saver and helped solve some of the labour troubles not having to feed so much help especially in bad weather

I have no record of when the Hoosier Valley Agricultural Society was

formed but do remember that Mr W Foster living about six miles south west of town was the first president He died during his first year I was then appointed in his place and filled the honorary office for about six years. W Perrin and W P Doyle were secretaries and I think the Society was quite a value to the district.

The largest auction sale I ever attended was held on the Big Four Farms between Dewar Lake and Flaxcombe Two auctioneers started selling at 10 a m and ran until 10 p m There were four Big Four gas tractors early models that sold for scrap bringing only $25 00 and $35 00 each Each weighed about fourteen tons There were five of the very large steam engines probably costing when new at that time $7 000 00 to $8 000 00 each which sold for $150 00 The very large grain threshers brought about $100 00 and there were eight of these There were rows upon rows of thirty to thirty five in each row of binders seeders discs, harrows plows all fairly heavy machinery and all types of tools There were one hundred and fifty horses seventy five mules, harness for these and wagon loads of horse collars I never knew how many sections the Big Four farmed somewhere between thirty and forty I believe They never drew grain to the elevators during threshing putting it into round steel granaries Then they would come in processions of eight to ten tank wagons with four and six horse or mule tandem teams making two trips per day which was quite a sight in the fall of the year

We had five girls born while living at Hoosier but one was taken from us in 1926 with bronchial pneumonia when she was three and one-half months old. Three girls attended school at Hoosier and were taught by Mrs. Waldon and Mr and Mrs Tibbett The girls considered that no teachers could be as nice as theirs and also thought a lot of Mr Yoos who drove the school van They also looked forward to attending Sunday school and church and it had to be terribly cold if we could talk them from getting out the team and bundling them in blankets for the six mile trip in the sleigh those cold mornings

The happiest years of our lives were spent in the Hoosier district Our closest neighbor was one mile but it would be impossible to find finer people than Elmore Bolton Stan and Mrs Doyle and so many others whom we can never forget.

We left the Hoosier district in the spring of 1931 thinking that when the girls had their education they might be scattered almost any place in the Dominion and if we lived in Ontario they might be closer to us

W J GEER

JOHN L MERCER

Dear Mrs. McGibbon

This is my story

In response to your recent letter for some reminiscences of the old days on the homestead in Hoosier Valley—I will be glad to add what I can to your very interesting venture

"Them were the days—when anything could happen June 1 1909 when I first saw my homestead I sat down and cried A prairie fire had swept the country clean of grass a few days before I arrived and it looked pretty bleak to me—but I'm getting ahead of my story

Perhaps I should start at the beginning I was raised on a farm in B C and I liked farming and stock but since there were ten other brothers and sisters I moved out at the ripe old age of thirteen on the toe of one of my brother's boots For several years I worked in lumber camps mines and on ranches in the Cariboo country I guess I was 20 when I found myself mixing mortar for sixteen plasterers in Vancouver We were building the Loo Building It was hard to find a job in the city and harder to hold it—usually several men standing around rustling for work

One day the Boss hired an old gentleman by the name of George Bailey to move platforms in the rooms for the plasterers. George was a nice old fellow from the prairies near Inapell He had a lame back, and confided to me he was too proud to send home for money for his fare home He was broke and the job was killing him So I'd hurry up with my plaster go up on the elevator and move a lot of the heavy planks for him He told me wonderful tales about the prairies and how easy it was to get a homestead and pre-empt on He had three boys and he was going that fall to find them all a homestead and if I wanted to come out he would give me a job on his threshing outfit at $9.00 a day and found and he would find me a good homestead too While he was getting the boys theirs I could hardly wait, and a few days after he left I took off too and landed in Inapell one morning Got the directions and walked carrying a huge grip seven and a half miles to his ranch arriving about 2 o'clock and asked for Mr Bailey There were two girls trying to ride a calf in the yard, and they giggled and laughed so much I had a hard time finding out where George was. But I finally gathered he was down on his wheat ranch near Sedley just 35 miles across the prairie They gave me directions I had lost my wits I guess for I did not introduce myself and I started off for Sedley After several miles here came the two girls in an old buggy laying the whip on the old mare They pulled up giggling and laughing again and asked if I were Johnnie Mercer When I agreed I was they wanted me to go back for the night I guessed their mother had figured out who I was and sent them after me But I was anxious to get to work and decided to go on so they gave me a lift for about ten miles When it began to get dark they turned me loose and went back

I will never forget that night The road was straight—no turns for thirty miles and led right into the town of Sedley they said All the way through a Doukhobors settlement—"No speak a da English" About ten o'clock it started to rain and I decided to seek lodging and something to eat I'd had nothing since morning—not even a drink of water I saw a light and went up to the door but they were unable to understand me and seemed to be afraid of me When they slammed the door on me I figured they didn't want to have anything more to do with me so I went on The land was of a very tenacious composition being as I heard after wards, called gumbo. Since it was sprinkling rain I am sure any Hoosierite will know what I was up against. About this time too, it seemed there was something in the soles of my shoes—like a lump of something boring into my feet. Upon examination I found I had worn holes in the soles and mud would form a ball there, so I took my shoes off and kept going. It was an improvement but had its drawbacks, too.

Finally I saw the lights of the town. I did not know then, but learned afterward you could see a town in that country for twenty miles or more sometimes. But it wasn't that far—only about eight or so.

The town, of course, was on a railroad and the road hit it at such an angle that as I got right close to it I thought I was going to miss it. This I was determined was not going to happen to me, so I took a short cut straight for the lights, across a field. Boy, it was dark—and about 2 A.M. All of a sudden I stumbled over a bank and into water. I had no idea whether I was in a river, a lake or what. I was already down so I started to try and swim. I am a good swimmer, but it proved to be only a barren pit alongside the railroad. I hit the other bank on all fours and was so panicked went up the bank a little too fast, not realizing there was a railroad to cross too, so I tripped over the rails and into another barren pit full of water. I lost my old grip in the water, there wasn't much in it anyhow, and the lights in the one hotel of the town were before me.

I guess I was a sight to see when I went into the rotunda. Some men were playing poker. When I asked for the manager he looked me over with a jaundiced eye and went on playing poker. Finally I told him I had walked from Inappell that day and had nothing to eat since 7 in the morning the day before. That I had had money to pay for a room and a meal. So he jumped up and for a moment I thought he was going to throw me out. But instead he let me register and then took me back to the kitchen, lit a fire, went into the bar and brought me a pint of brandy, told me to help myself—do me good—while he cooked me six eggs and a good big slice of ham. He was very kind to me, told me I could have my belly full if I wanted it. I slept for eighteen hours and when I got up my clothes had been washed and dried and were hanging neatly on a chair near the bed.

Next day or so I contacted George and worked for him until the threshing was finished. It was 16 degrees below zero the last day and we slept in a barn the last few nights.

But the cold spell let up, until George decided to go a couple of hundred miles out west and locate the homestead—in a buggy. We were to put up the expense money—four of us. I had about $150.00 for my work coming to me, but I never saw any of it. As George explained afterwards, that was just about enough to cover my part of the expense. He didn't find any land that suited him.

That winter I was very fortunate in landing a job with a big wheat farmer at $10.00 a month, hauling and shipping wheat with four horse teams. A very funny thing happened while I was working for him We were in town one evening curling and he introduced me to the banker The banker was telling him about his flag pole on the bank building It seems that when the wind blew and that was mostly all the time this flag pole would moan and groan all night long and his wife could not sleep—it made her very nervous. They lived up over the bank and he couldn't get anyone to risk his neck to get up there or he would like to cut it down So my boss says here is a chap who will do it He said he would pay me well if I would Next morning he helped me out the upstairs window about 20 feet above the frozen ground and around a cornice that made it pretty ticklish and I thought I was a goner once or twice but I made it. When I got up there I found it was 6 inches at the bottom and about 20 feet high I sawed it off and laid it down gently He was on the ground and everybody in town was out watching me I told him I'd try and pitch it as far as I could so he said go ahead I only hope you can get down safely He was more scared than I as he began to realize his responsibility should I get hurt. I decided to throw the heavy end downward and heave the lighter end outward into the street I guess I didn't give it enough heave for it toppled back and fell through the big plate glass window As he was helping me back in the window I apologized him he said Never mind the window I just hope I can get you down safely When I got down he asked me to come into his office and said How much do I owe you?" As nonchalantly as I could I said Well how would $25.00 catch you?" He gave it to me I felt that a bank was a handy thing to have around and right there I opened my first bank account I felt I owed him all my business He was so nice

The next spring I went to see a brother living in Regina and he financed me for an outfit and sent me to Saskatoon to meet our uncle Tom Carroll Said uncle had some land way out west somewhere and perhaps he knew of a good piece of land I found uncle to be a very wise old Irishman and it just so happened that he knew of a very good section he very nearly took himself but he took 3 other sections for himself and boys just a few miles away from the one he recommended for me My brother had bought a South African Scrip—giving me another 320 acres in addition to the homestead and pre-emption

Some time along in April 1909 I went to Scott and filed on Section 14 31 27 W of 3rd which Uncle Tom had seen and recommended This brother's name was Jim He came to Saskatoon to help me outfit We went down to the stockyards where they sold alleged oxen and we picked out four They turned out to be just four wild steers We took them out a few miles from the city to Uncle's farm at Floral and there we broke them—a little Uncle gave me a wagon said it was old but would do to sit in the sun and would get me there we hoped His grandfather in Ireland owned it at one time I believe It had one and a quarter inch tires on it—all loose We built a four foot box on it then we got it loaded with double furrow plow 1 disc harrow one drag harrow a few hundred pounds of coal, as Uncle said so I'd have some fuel when I landed to get started on. He said there was lots of wood around Dewar Lake; when I got time I could just go down and cut it. He was slightly mistaken about that, as the largest little red willows, and few at that, were about the size of a lead pencil. There was two sacks of potatoes, a couple of sacks of oat seed and a sack of flax seed I was to take along for Mr. Dewar for seed. Altogether I had about two tons on that old wagon and a bunch of green steers for oxen.

Jim was getting a great charge out of all the fuss and excitement of getting me ready for the great adventure to a new home I'd never seen. But I had great faith in Uncle's judgment and never doubted but that in a very few years I'd be a millionaire at least. I had land and oxen—and spring was in the air.

I struck up a partnership for the 165 or so miles I had to go—with another homesteader, a preacher as it turned out, and while he was a pretty good travelling companion, still there were times when I felt it was a mistake travelling with a preacher when you were driving a bunch of green oxen. I always felt that had he not been along I could have told those oxen a lot more than I did—out of respect for the cloth!

I was 31 days making that trip over the Old Bone trail. I was lost entirely for five days once—never saw a soul. The preacher had turned off near Rosetown. I came to a homesteader's shack and he was as glad to see me as I was to see him. Invited me to stay overnight. Slept on the ground but he meant well anyhow. I remember I had shot a goose a few days before. He didn't have much grub, he said, so I offered up the goose. We were going to roast it. His stove was full of cracks. It wasn't a very late model, and he was burning horse chips. I guess we cooked that goose, or tried to, for several hours but we couldn't get up much heat. Finally we decided that raw meat was really good for one anyhow, so we ate every bit of it. I'll never forget how tough it was.

He told me how to get back on the Bone Trail again. Next stop was Buffalo Coulee and the Barclay brothers were homesteading there. I stopped over night there. They were so Scotch I could barely understand them.

I recall getting up about daylight and there was a bunch of antelope standing off a few yards from the door. So one of the brothers hauled out an old Snider rifle and began blazing away. The antelope just stood there. Finally George called to his brother to "bring the bayonet. I'm going to charge." Well, they got clear away.

They said the alkali was wet and bad in the Coulee crossing, so they helped me over, one on each side, whipping the oxen. We barely made it as those narrow tires cut in so easily.

Next stop was the Dewar Ranch. Mr. Dewar was cutting one of the boy's hair. Jack Noyes was there. I stopped there all day and night. Ernie Simpson was also there. I left them the seed Uncle Tom had sent out, but still it did not lighten my load enough to get through the next coulee. Ernie went with me as he did not think I could make it. Sure enough, I got stuck, good—even though the oxen could scarcely get to shore. I was there another day or two getting my wagon unloaded and then re-loaded again and across that coulee. But finally we did, and they pointed out the homeseekers faint trail and told me to follow that about four or five miles and I would come to my stake corner. The trail led over the Big hill on Section 6, as it was afterwards named. And here a disaster took place that would have probably stopped me altogether had it happened a hundred miles farther back.

Since we used no breeching on the ox harness and no brakes on the old wagon, they ran away with me down that hill. The old wagon, like the one hoss shay, started to disintegrate. First I saw a steel rim going down the hill along side of me, and then another, and finally the wheels caved in, and I landed pretty close to where Stan Jickling later built his home.

Well, my unloading troubles were over anyhow. All I had to do was gather up the pieces, find my corner about a quarter of a mile further on and pick out a building site, and I was in business.

Uncle Tom had told me that the first thing I should do when I landed was to fire-guard my section. This proved to be unnecessary, as a fire had cleaned the country a day or so before. The section did not look very good to me, all black and little or no grass for my oxen. I was feeling mighty low and I actually cried, as I thought I had a very poor section. It wasn't level as I had pictured it, but still it wasn't very hilly either. There appeared to be about a hundred acres of lake—snow water—right in the middle of it, but since I had placed my scrip on 320 acres of it I knew I had to make the best of it. So I pitched my little A tent—too small for stove or anything but my bed.

Next day the Hoosiers arrived, that is the vanguard of them: Wilkins, Carl and Leo Sale, and Gard Smith. They pitched their 16x16 tent a mile west of me on Section 15, and proceeded to get into a wrangle among themselves over the division of groceries. Smith was kicked out, with nothing, so he informed me, and wanted to sling in with me. By this time I had already realized that my own supplies were not adequate for the long summer ahead. He claimed he owned a quarter of the groceries in their camp and the tent. So I went over with him to their camp and explained to them that they must give Smith his share of things, and since we were all going to have to live as neighbors for a good many years to come, this was no way to start out. They agreed. I made them, or had them all shake hands and give Smith his share amicably. As far as I know they never quarreled again, and we had many good times together.

Later, just a few days or weeks, Stanley Doyle (Will Doyle came later) and Jickling came in, and very soon the little valley was almost crowded. A family on every section or so, or maybe I should say a bachelor. There were very few women those first few years.

We all built sod houses, two foot walls, and tons of sod on the roofs of the larger ones. The only redeeming feature about them was that they were shelter, and were warm in winter, cool in summer, and they were home. Mine was 10'x10' inside. I used to boast that I could sit at my table and cook a meal and reach everything in the house without moving.

Many funny things happened in the neighborhood in those early years—and also near tragedies. The ones that stand out in my memory were of course the ones I was more or less concerned with myself.

I do not recall a fatal illness, nor accident in those first few years. I do recall, however, the roof of Jickling's sod house falling in after a heavy rain, and Stanley Doyle coming after me to help dig him out in the middle of a very dark night. I never could understand why he did not dig him out himself (but anyway he had no lantern) and when I got there I thought it was all over with Jack. He was down there under all that sod and pinned by rafters, brush and sod which the roofs were made of, and we had to stand on top of him and the caved roof until we could get a hole through to the floor. The sod shakes were generally two feet by one foot and the cracks filled with sand, dirt or gravel, whichever was handiest—an awful mess! We jumped down in there and started throwing sod as fast as we could. Jack could still talk and told us where he was. We finally got his head clear, and I'll say one thing for him—he had a keen sense of humor. First thing he said was, "save the women and children." I don't remember anyone else being under there. He had been more or less protected, as he was next to the wall, pinned down by slanting rafters. He took it in good humor, and we all laughed about it afterwards.

Then there was the time that Lance Phillips, a husky young Englishman who was wintering with me, decided to go to a dance just over 1½ miles away. He was only 17 and he, too, had a keen sense of humor. He delighted in telling us homesteaders about his experiences in England and exaggerated local incidents, always winding up by being the hero.

Well, he started out at noon for the dance, on foot. There was some snow and it was about 15 below zero, which we homesteaders would consider a mild spell. He got there all right. A storm developed that night, but Lance did not come home next day, so late in the afternoon we started a search, but by dark the storm was still raging and we gave him up as lost. He had left the party about 3 a.m. We hunted the next day, all day. No Lance. None of the neighbors had seen him.

On the third day he came walking in, with a big smile, and said nonchalantly, "well, I see you still have the same old dog." He declared he had been out in the storm all the time—but I learned afterward he had been nice and cozy all the while in a homesteader's shack about 15 miles from nowhere.

One evening Albert Fuller and I were passing Russell McGibbon's shack when we saw he was home. He had been East, I think, for the winter. So we stopped to say hello! He invited us to stay for supper—which he was preparing—so we did just that. I do not recall what the menu consisted of but Russell said "I'll go draw some water from the well and make some coffee." The well was pretty low and Russell came back with a little muddy water and made coffee which was very good too The cups were very large and Albert was talking away as usual and stirring his coffee Russell offered him a refill Albert said Just a minute—something in this cup down there and by George if he didn't dig up a little frog But it was darn good coffee anyway I'm sure Russell will remember that incident (He does and it did happen!)

I guess one could write a book if he tried to recount the many interesting and good times we all had together but since I am not a writer I fear it may bore the reader as it is

As to our family you so kindly inquired about We had seven children four girls, three boys. Margaret the oldest girl passed away at the age of ten from blood poison The rest are all married and have families, and are doing very well in their chosen professions. My dear wife Ada passed away in 1951 from a heart ailment

I have remarried, a very fine person, about my own age a southerner

I am mining here in Arizona and doing fairly well I have sold several mines in the last few years.

I trust this is something along the lines you had in mind

Yours very truly

J L. MERCER

THE PFENNIG MULES

We went to the homestead from Kindersley in 1910 I was 1½ years old Team of oxen and saddle horse tied on behind Farmed a few years with oxen Used to turn them loose for about two and a half hours at noon then work late "Billy" the saddle horse had to be hobbled, even then he could make pretty good time at getting away Once Dad hunted him on foot went to Marengo and almost to Flaxcombe before catching up on him That took three days. Our first house was made of sod and one part of it remained long after the frame one was built Dad bought six mules from the railroad construction company Barney was a big gray and we used him to haul water on the stoneboat from Jack Mercer's Later lightning struck the barn and as he stood beside the wall was the one to get killed Bess had fallen through the bridge before Dad bought them and had bad ankles I used to ride her after the cows and remember she was quite bull headed Had two black ones Jack and Riley—both mean Riley had only one eye Some mule skinner from the railroad had knocked the left one out He would finish drinking rear up wheel around to the right and go to his stall at a fast trot. You had better not be in his way Jack would get a sore neck shoulders never bothered but a little knot on top would really make him mad "Very temperamental and we didn't work him then Times when nothing was wrong he'd get an idea he didn't want to be harnessed or hitched up He would butt you into the wall like a bull squeeze you into the manger with his shoulder bite strike kick and also strike with his tail

One morning Bill Graham (who worked for my father for several

Summers was putting on his collar when he reached up with his left hind foot, caught Bill's overall bib and left him standing in his underwear Funny mule though if my mother came near he would stop fighting as long as she was there They were a hard bunch to handle and I must hand it to my Dad for doing that We also had a big team of bays Hank and Jim weight around 1700 lbs each Hank took a 21" collar Have watched Dad pull a big separator out of its chuck holes many times with them He bought 100 bushels of oats from Charlie Curtis once when very few people had any feed Dad put me on one wagon with the big team and he went ahead with another Hank would almost jump out of his skin if grain was thrown on his back so getting near home the mules were pretty tired and I threw some grain on their backs They jumped and snorted but wouldn't move another step until every kernel was eaten.

Real dry one year Water receded in a lake north of us until there was nothing but mud and alkali around the outside First time I ever knew a mule to get in the wrong place but Riley must have been dying for water He got half way over changed his mind turned around but too late I saw him when coming home with the cows Dad and I took the big team stoneboat blankets rope block and tackle We worked till after midnight and finally got him on the stoneboat, but poor Riley died just as we started home It was north of Tommy Akehurst's place a short distance from Fred Adamson's pasture fence

On the good side of the ledger I remember the wheat crop in 1915 that brushed the brim of Dad's hat. The community dances that usually lasted all night on account of the roads Can't remember of my Dad ever wearing anything on his hands except a pair of leather gloves with the fingers out He never drank anything but cold water two quarts at a meal Maybe that was why he could stand so much cold We used to get supplies at Marengo Generally stopped both ways at Ab Thompson's

Never felt so bad in my life as when we left there Everything was sold at auction and taken away Next morning the big team of mules were back grazing in a slough near the house Pete Trawmley took our dog and next day he was found half way home between Yoos and Henry Bennett's dragging a fence post

Can't explain the feeling I had when returning last summer after 53 years Guess way down deep in my heart it will always be the real home

Jay Pfennig Castro Valley
California

REMINISCENCES OF A HOOSIER GRAIN BUYER

I have been asked to write up some outstanding incidents of early "Hoosier history To me this recalls the year 1915 The year of the bumper crop

It was July 1st, 1913 that I arrived in Hoosier The old "Grand Trunk had laid steel as far west as Loverna and the first five cars of freight to come over the new road were lumber for the construction of my privately owned elevator

The 1913 crop was a light one and 1914 a complete failure The 1915 crop year came with a late cold spring and it looked as if the district was in for another failure I recall attending an Agricultural fair in the Hooster lumber yard on the first of July when we had to wear sheepskin coats to keep warm. Returning home that night I found ice on the horse trough. The entire crop was frozen to the ground and it was the general opinion that the crop was gone However the weather moderated and the welcome rains arrived and lasted for a period of two weeks Crops revived and continued favorable for the filling and ripening of the grain At harvest time wheat was standing shoulder high Yielded 35 to 45 bushels per acre weighed from 60 to 64 lbs per bushel and sold for 80c per bushel Flax averaged 15 bushels per acre and sold at $1 80 a bushel

Mr Tom Goldsmith had purchased a section of raw land in 1914 just adjacent to the town He broke 600 acres that summer but due to crop failures was financially unable to cultivate the land properly He did manage to have it single disked Then in the spring of 1915 he put those 600 acres of rough plowing into flax that too was frozen down but the crop came on again and yielded 15 bushels per acre when harvested At the selling price of $1 80 a bushel it amounted approximately to $17 000 00 After the crop was all in, Tom came with the bundle of storage tickets and asked to have them converted to one cash ticket for his entire crop According to my system of book keeping I had to place all the storage ticket numbers on the back of this one cash ticket and as each load had averaged 60 bushels I told Tom there was not room it was simply impossible to do so. Tom said sharpen your pencil and make room I want to show this ticket to my wife so with great care I managed to get the numbers on the one ticket

I was dealing with the "Union Bank" at Loverna while Tom dealt with the Northern Crown" at Marengo To avoid a $20 00 exchange item I was to get the funds at Loverna and cash the ticket at Hooster Tom would then take the money to Marengo bank.

When I went to Loverna bank the money was paid to me in ten dollar bills When I saw the big bundle it made I realized something bigger than a wallet was needed to carry it away Going over to Perry and Knott's store I secured a gunny sack and it served the purpose very well In record time my little old Ford took me to Tom's farm five miles south of town, I was anxious to get rid of that money Tom met me at the gate and said Do you know this is Saturday afternoon and the bank at Marengo is closed so I can't take the money till Monday morning" I said You are taking it right now I'm through" With that I threw the bag of money at his feet and walked back to the car Tom simply turned and walked into the barn without looking back

I watched him and then decided to pick it up and hold it until Monday morning At that time I did not have a safe so took the money to my room above the office and proceeded to hide it. First pulled the stove pipe out of the chimney and deposited $5 000 there. Another $5 000 went under the mattress and the rest behind the felt paper covering the walls. Then having secured a revolver from the section boss, I prepared to guard the money. During the night it poured rain so I had to remove the money from the chimney and find another hiding place under the wall paper. Didn't sleep a wink that night and next day had meals sent over from the restaurant as I did not wish to leave the place until the money was out of my hands. Sunday was a long day and again had little sleep. Early Monday I was out to Tom's place and this time he was ready to accept his $17 000.00. Seventeen bundles and each one containing one hundred ten dollar bills. He counted it out and it proved correct. Tom now pushed the money back into the gunny sack and left hurriedly for Marengo. Much relieved I returned to the elevator.

Emmett Cronan

THE PETTIT FAMILY

Will Pettit and Russell Kendell after renting land in the South Weyburn district for three years thought it a good time in 1909 to seek a homestead. Having obtained maps showing the greater areas of unoccupied land they decided to look over an area in west central Saskatchewan.

The projected Goose Lake Line from Saskatoon went out as far as Zealandia and from there they went in by team and democrat loaded with tent and supplies for man and beast over 100 miles west and south through the Eagle Hills in sparcely settled country. One morning will always be remembered when on waking up and looking out of the tent no horses were to be seen tied to the democrat wheels only two broken halter shanks in sight and sixty miles from anywhere and on foot. Coyotes smelling the

First construction [illegible] on [illegible] C.T.P. [illegible] between Biggar and Loverna to work in this district. Steve West and the Sale brothers. This picture was taken on Bill Pettit's homestead.

bacon frying in the pan must have returned scared the horses and that was it. Brennan our driver thought they would not go too far started on the back tracks and about 11 o'clock returned with the team for which we rendered proper thanks. At Cole's stopping place in what is now

A [illegible] at work 12 ho[illegible] On S. West 3-31-27 W of 3rd ½ mile [illegible] of [illegible] of Hoose[illegible] 19[illegible]

Netherhill we had our first view of real gumbo. One of the older girls was busy with a hoe scraping the kitchen floor around the door where the mud was a good half inch deep, and it was still raining. Then on through the Merrington settlement where Kendell renewed acquaintance with the Bakers and Hahns from around Collingwood. On south of the Buffalo coulee (Sixty Mile Lake) and up to Dan Dewar's place on the west side of the lake now named after him. There we met the first settlers in that area. Dan and his two sons Roy and Stewart. After getting the low-down on possibilities from them we trailed further on into Township 31 Range 27 West of 3rd and made second choice of the south half of 3 and the east half of 4 joyfully returning towards Saskatoon to file on our claims. With no further discomfort other than being sucked dry by myriads of mosquitoes we arrived in Zealandia on a memorable day July 1 1909. The new hotel had just been opened with full liquor license. Three days of celebration had been planned. We arrived on the second day. A special train was run out there from Saskatoon to make sure things went off with a bang. Sixty-five percent of the town's residents during those three days were really joyful and every bed at the hotel or rooming house contained at least one occupant who had passed out. Kendall and I slept in separate beds in the laundry or "hog pen" as it was then named each with one of these happy souls.

In 1910 we returned by train to Kindersley bringing in a carload of seeding and haying machinery built two shacks and a barn and fire-guarded the homesteads By that time Carl Sale and his Uncle Orva had put up two sod shacks and began to break up some land, one driving the four oxen and the other holding the plow The inside of what was to be Mrs Maggie Sales house was a sight to see The fresh laid sods had grown green grass on the inside of the place and hung on the walls, yellow-green three inches thick and it was damp! Kendell and I decided to sleep in our tent outside but in the middle of the night the four oxen thought our tent was a good place to wipe off the mosquitoes and not waiting to be trampled to death in the mad rushes we fled into the house We moved up permanently in March of 1911 settled in and broke up 15 acres which we sowed to oats for feed All we got from that was green sheaves with which we wintered two cows and fattened two Berkshire pigs and they did well on it Later in the summer we broke up 75 acres on the two places.

In 1912 I sowed my 40 acres to oats and barley and Kendell put in 35 acres of flax My 40 acres yielded 45 bushels to the acre which were threshed by Jack Mercer at seven cents a bushel I hauled most of them to Marengo 10 miles away and sold them for 14 cents a bushel I held a third of them over till spring and got 19 cents a bushel Kendell threshed his flax in mid December 1105 bushels of frosted flax from 35 acres We cut it with an 8 foot Massey Harris binder which could only handle four feet

I was married on December 24 that same year to Annie Hawton of Collingwood In 1913 the location of the Grand Trunk Railway was definitely settled to run through my land on the mile and my pre-empt on was fixed as the townsite for which the townsite company paid $3600 00 and Emil Dresbourg a homesteader on the N E 31 30 27 w3rd moved his house over and squatted as the first store on the townsite

In the summer and fall of 1913 the rail line was put through (photos enclosed taken on my land) and in February 1914 my wife and I went to England for the summer When we returned in October of that year Mr R F Werthenbach had built his new store and residence and Bill Wilkins had built a small house and operated the post office

Having sold the townsite I had the first choice of the name for the place Stratton being the birthplace of my father in England I made the suggestion that the town be so called but since there was already another post office of the same name the G T P named the place Fee after one of their officials The local residents did not like that name so suggested that it be named Hoosier since a post office had been operated in the valley to the north for some three years the boys taking turns riding 22 miles on "Pinto" to Coleville to get the mail bags "Pinto" was an Indian pony owned by the Sale boys. Pierce and Cronan built the first elevator in 1915 and it is from the window in the cupola that the 1916 photo of Hoosier was taken during the fall fair sponsored by the Homemakers Club The church and consolidated school were started in the summer and fall of 1916

THE PEMBERTON FAMILY

My father came to Hoosier Valley district in 1912, on the 12th of May and both my brothers, Grover and Guy came with him. All took up homesteads. In the year 1920 Grover returned to Gary, Ind. where he is still living.

My older brother Guy stayed on in Loverna for a few years and then he too, returned to Michigan where he died in 1950. His widow now lives in Kalamazoo with their son. She was the first teacher at Whittier School.

My mother established the first millinery and clothing store in Loverna and my father was notary public until their return to the U.S.A.

My father passed on in 1932 at Vandalia and mother lived on for fifteen years.

Marjory Pemberton, now Mrs. Jickling, Victoria, B.C.

R. S. JICKLING

My western life began in the city of Regina, coming from the city of St. Mary's in Ontario. I was living with the Rev. John Doyle who said he had a brother in the east who planned on coming west to take up land and perhaps we could get together on it. We did just that and travelled west to Battleford where the land office was located at that time. We registered our claims on the 1st of May, 1909 and came to the homesteads by way of Wilkie arriving on the 28th of May. The Yoos's, Gard Smith, Sales and Wilkins got in just a week ahead of us.

Stan Doyle and I first built a sod shack each, then went to the South Saskatchewan River for wood and poles, following the old "Fort Benton, Montana, Battleford" trail. One day about the end of June two fellows came along in a buggy and asked for a drink of water. I said they were welcome to what I drank, "slough water strained through cheesecloth," but if they went on three miles they would come to a good well that was owned by Mrs. Maggie Sale, the first well dug in the district. These two men were Kendall and Pettit.

In 1910 I had typhoid fever, the result of drinking slough water, no doubt.

Life was grim in many ways, and when we first came there were buffalo skeletons scattered over the prairie.

Stan Doyle took an active interest in municipal affairs and set about to form a municipality. He was the one who suggested the name "Antelope Park" and it was organized in the fall of 1911. He was one of the first councillors and Orva Sale was the first secretary.

Mrs. Jickling was the first music teacher in the district. Some of her first pupils were Dorothy Werthenbach, Leslie Jenkins, Myrtle and Iola Cooke, Phyllis Neff and Enid Tattershall.

In 1911 Canada voted on "Reciprocity" so Stan Doyle, Jack Mercer and myself drove over to Dewar's where the polling booth was to be. Arriving there we found they had not been supplied with a ballot box, so our trip was for nothing.

TOM BLYTHE

Tom Blythe came west in the spring of 1909 from Bruce County Ontario, to Saskatoon where a building boom was on. He worked at his trade of plasterer and bricklayer that summer but as the farm had a great attraction for him he filed on a homestead as then the Goose Lake Line had been thrown open to settlers.

There was a great rush of people to the land office in Saskatoon. Some would sit on the steps all night so as to be first there in the morning and Tom was one who did that. He did not get in to see his quarter until the fall of that year when he came bringing a carpenter to help build a small shack.

After leaving the train at Kindersley Tom who had a bicycle wheeled out over the rough prairie road but the carpenter walked the fifty mile trip. A neighbor Fred Adamson, was hired to draw the lumber and it cost more to get it conveyed than the whole cost of material. However the 14'x16' house was finished and Tom returned east where we were married December 24 returning to Saskatchewan and the homestead in February 1910. We were held in Kindersley by a three-day blizzard and afterwards we hired a man to drive us out. Such a long cold fifty-mile drive but our hearts were light and our hopes high.

Later I began to realize we were really out on the lonely prairie. Tom had to get another settler to return to Kindersley for our luggage. They left early in the morning and did not return until 1:30 a.m.

That day a man walked past our place. He had murdered a woman and her daughter who lived near Unity. This man had been in a gambling game in which another man lost all his money and then put up his daughter. This murderer won the bet and coming on morning under the influence of liquor he went to the girl's home to claim her. The mother and daughter were alone and when they both resisted him, he flew into a rage and shot them both. Two Mounties trailed and caught up with him having a drink of water at the pump at Bob McConnell's livery barn Marengo. He was arrested and taken to Alsask to await his trial on a murder charge.

That spring the railroad went west through Marengo and a small hamlet sprang up. Tom got the job of plastering the Royal Bank and I had to stay alone through the week. Sometimes people would drop in as I baked bread for the bachelors. They gave me a bag of flour for baking a bag into bread. Flour was $1.90 a sack. Sometimes I stayed nights with a neighbor lady Mrs Anderson who lived a mile away. One evening, leaving home a little later the weather turned bad cloudy and drizzling rain. I became completely lost and wandered for four hours running into sloughs and brush. I was almost completely exhausted from fright and the long hard walking over prairie when I spied a faint light and sure enough it was her place—1:30 in the morning and the lamp burned down to the last drop of coal oil she had.

We had many trying experiences in those early years. When Whittier

School was built, Tom had the contract, so he hired a team of oxen to draw the lumber from Marengo. We left at six o'clock in the morning only to find on arrival it was July 1, a holiday, so we started back at 4 p.m. without any lumber. We got as far as Goshorn's Coulee and the oxen wouldn't go any farther. It was raining and the mosquitoes were terrible so Tom unhitched the oxen and let them go. We sat in the wagon until 4 a.m. when it was quite light and then Tom rounded up the oxen who hadn't travelled far, hitched up and we reached home at 6 a.m. As we didn't get the lumber the trip had to be repeated.

We had very severe winters in those days with terrible blizzards. One in particular was hard to forget. It was a nice morning so Tom decided he would go to Dewar Lake for the mail as he was expecting an important letter. He walked there but no mail so he turned back and walked on to Loverna. Coming home a blizzard came up and he became lost, but after many hours he arrived at a homesteader's shack just four miles from home and 18 miles from Loverna. The man urged him to stay but he pushed on and arrived home at 2 a.m., having covered about 50 miles. Next morning another homesteader noticed tracks of a man a few feet from an open well 18 feet deep with 4 feet of water. Surely providence was taking care of him.

Another neighbor went to draw water for his oxen from a hand dug well with windlass and pail. The pail came off and fell in the well so he decided to go hand-over hand down the well and get it. The well had over six feet of water in it and he was a big man, weighing over 200 pounds. He got down all right but could not climb the rope back up. The oxen milling around for water knocked the lid down and there he was trapped in the well. He kept calling for help and luckily a man passing, seeing the oxen and hearing a noise, went and lifted the lid. He had to get help and by that time the poor man was completely exhausted. After getting him out, they revived him with brandy and hot drinks but he never quite recovered from the shock and died soon after. He was 72 years of age.

In the spring of 1915 there was a bad prairie fire. A homesteader was burning a fire guard around his shack and a high wind came up sweeping the fire over the whole prairie to the C.P.R. track at Fusilier. All our winter's feed was burned as was that of many others. We had a cow for which we paid $100, a lot of money in those days. People then had to draw feed over 20 miles but even so we were very thankful no lives were lost.

We had no place to worship until a Rev. Mr. Robinson from Loverna started holding services in the homesteaders' shacks and this went on for a number of years. Likewise there were no schools until Whittier was built. Then came Bapaume, Rock Plains and Trafford Park. Whittier's first teacher was a Mrs. Guy Pemberton.

Prices were low for most staple groceries—flour $1.90 per cwt., eggs 10c dozen, meat 10c pound, tea 25c pound, sugar 5c pound, baking powder 15c pound. Wheat was $1.10 a bushel, oats 50c. Cattle were high—$100 for a good cow, oxen $150 a team. A good horse brought as high as $500.

WESLEY BARR

I have been asked to write something about my experiences since I came to this country and I am willing to do the best I can with the understanding that if you can use part of it or not, its perfectly all right with me. I came to this part of Saskatchewan in 1910 in company with Harold Steven, Joe Cowie and Bill Meacham. We came as far as Rosetown and had to wait there for a couple of days for a train to be made up to go to Kindersley, which was the end of the line and was under construction. We were 22 hours getting to Kindersley from Rosetown on account of the mud and water. I might say that this was in March, so it was a real early spring. We hired a driver team and a democrat and went out and looked at the land we still have. I might say in regard to that trip, we paid $6.00 a day for the outfit and the driver walked his horses every foot of the way, which didn't go down very good with persons of Scottish descent. We stayed over night at Mr. Shirk's, who, I think, was the first reeve of Milton, then went back to Kindersley and on to Saskatoon where we filed on our land and returned to Manitoba for the summer. On our trip north from Mr. Shirk's there were no buildings or people.

Harold Steven and I came back to the district in the fall of 1910 and found quite a change. The railway had been built on through to Alsask and when we arrived at Marengo, which was then called Jonesville, we found it quite a place. There were three lumber yards. We hired a team and wagon, loaded our lumber on it and started out in a general direction for our land and landed up at Mr. Frank Haight's, who directed us on to our homesteads. I might say here that Frank Haight and Mrs. Haight were our life-savers that first winter as they always had a welcome for a stray homesteader. Frank hauled our coal and provisions and helped us all out in every way he could.

When we arrived at our location we unloaded the lumber and erected a shelter for the night. I mind to this day a remark made by the driver before he started back to Marengo. He looked around our land—there was just a spear of grass here and there and some sage brush. He said, "Well boys, I feel sorry for you. I am afraid you will never raise anything on this land."

One of the first things we had to do the next day was find some water. That was the first time I saw Tom Peebles. We walked up on a hill and looked around. There were only two buildings in sight, one to the north which we found out later belonged to C. Smith. We decided to go west where the other building was. We found Tom eating his dinner and we had to sit down and have some with him. The only thing, as I mind it now, on the table was half a layer cake with icing on it. Mrs. Hubbs had baked it before she and Charlie had left for Indian Head. Tom was leaving that afternoon for Abernethy by team and wagon.

When we finally got settled a little and got our shacks up, we found we had some neighbors: Freddy Jones, Bill Meacham, Joe Cowie, Dick Shier, Bert Wells, Bill Reid, and two other men whose names I can't recall.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sullivan also lived in here that winter but I didn't know them till later. Harold Steven and I played the fiddle and when that got around, we were in demand for the dances. We met Ellen Doig when we went to Muirheads to play for a dance there later on in the winter. We also met people from all over the country at that dance. Some of them came 15 and 20 miles. We also played for the dance at the opening of the Marengo Hotel. It was quite an affair—big turkey supper and all the trimmings. Hoppe built the hotel and Mrs. Maggie Sale was the cook. Right after the opening we had our most unpleasant experience of the winter. During the worst blizzard of the winter we ran out of grub except for meat—try living on roast beef with no salt or anything else! So it went but we had a pretty good time. We were always visiting back and forth. None of us got sick or lost in a blizzard although we had one or two narrow escapes. We learned to bake. I was the best on bread while Steven was real good at baking biscuits. After our first failure, we could even cook rice!

When spring came it came early. We used to walk down to Marengo every day. It was a rip-roaring town—carloads of settlers' effects, big steam tractors, oxen and horse outfits, as good as a circus every day. Our time on our homesteads was up on the 20th of April and we started for Kindersley. We got to Flaxcombe but there was no train so we kept on walking. This was the only time I ever walked to Kindersley and I am glad to say the last.

We came back again in the fall of 1911 and found a vast change. It was a dry spring with a heavy rain in June and the crops were late and got frozen. However, we got a job threshing as soon as we arrived on an outfit owned by Hill Bros. from Prattredale. There was not very much land in crop but we threshed at Peebles, Hubbs, Goldsmiths, Wilkins and Ben Alberts. It got so cold and so much snow we had to quit threshing for that year. 1912 was the big flax year, yields up to 35 bushels per acre. I worked for Frank Haight for a while in 1912, helped him put in his crop. He had my land rented. 10 acres.

I would like to say something about wages in those days. It was an early spring and I got a job cleaning seed before I went to work for Haight. I cleaned all the seed for over 600 acres by myself with a small mill, no engineer in those days, the wages $1.00 per day. I got top wages for seeding, $40.00 per month.

Steven and I proved up our homesteads in 1913 and started farming for ourselves in 1914, shipping our outfits from Manitoba. I was married in 1916 and Steven in 1917. As the rest of our history is well known in the district, I guess that is all I can say.

THE CHURCH

The first few years church was held in the homes of the pioneer settlers and then as the school houses were built moved to the school houses. Hoosier Church was built in 1916.

South Hoosier residents held church in the homes back and forth with the Pizarro or Greene districts until 1914 when Werthenbach, having built his store that year commenced having services in the store for both North and South Hoosier residents. The North Hoosier residents held church in the homes until Whittier School was built and then had moved in to the school

Mrs Thos Goldsmith residing on S W 18 30 27 and Mrs. Wm Fogaty were two of the leading residents to hold church services in their homes Mrs Fogaty often keeping the minister overnight

While north of town the stopping place for the minister was at Mr C Bolton s

Everyone went to church from the youngest to the oldest and the ladies took turns in having the service in their homes which also meant entertaining the minister to dinner

Mr and Mrs P Mosher and Mrs L B Peele Only members of our first Church still living here

In the South Hoosier district we find services being held during 1911 and 1912 by a Rev Mr Sharpley who was stationed in Alsask and served Marengo South Hoosier and Greene and Alsask Then a young fellow by the name of Gill came out and just got in two services was taken suddenly ill and died in Alsask with a ruptured appendix

The church stewards decided to try to make arrangements with Loverna that their minister serve us so we find that Mr Carson filled the appointment in 1913 and 1914 He was followed by Mr Harrison who served during the summer months of 1914 In the quarterly board minutes we find Hoosier and Greene buying a horse for Mr Harrison to ride

Then in the November quarterly board meeting we find that a Rev Wm Keall conducted and signed the minutes and that Rev Maines had accompanied the Hoosier Board members to the meeting Thus South and

North Hoosier commenced holding services in Hoosier together under Rev Mames

List of ministers who served Hoosier

North Hoosier—

Rev Mr Gillis—1911—in the homes
Rev Mr Engels—1912—in the homes.
Rev Mr Carlyle—1913—in the homes
Rev Mr Mitchell—1914—Whittier School

South Hoosier—

Rev Mr Sharpley—1911 and 1912—in the homes
Rev Mr Carson—1913 and 1914
Rev Wm. Keall—1914—in Pizarro School
Rev Wm Mames—from November 1 1914-1915—in the store
Rev Mr Challis—1916—in the church
Mr Harris—1917—in the church
Mr Crach—1918—in the church
Rev Alf Johnson—1918 to 1920—Hoosier's first resident minister

During this time Marengo Hoosier and Greene became the field served by one man thus we had the joint church boards buying Mr Roberts cottage to be used as a parsonage in Marengo and Rev Earl Walker residing in Marengo served 1920 to 1923 Then Rev Mr Seymour 1923 to 1926.

Rev [illegible] Pastor [illegible] Teacher
Excelsior Class Hoosier Sunday School 1925.

In 1926 we attained church union and Rev and Mrs Waugh were in charge during 1926 1929 He was a retired missionary They could tell us many interesting stories of their years spent in Africa

Then Rev Wm Banks came in 1929 and was with us until 1935 During these years we were joined with Loverna and a manse was bought and maintained in Loverna

Rev Wm Card—1935-1938—lived in Loverna
Rev Mr Fraser—1938-1939—lived in Loverna
Rev Mr Rowley—1939-1944—lived in Loverna.
Rev Mr Johnson—1944-1945—lived in Loverna
Rev Mr Holtzman—1945-1946—lived in Loverna
Rev Mr Milroy—1946-1948—lived in Loverna
Rev J Ferry—1948-1949—lived in Flaxcombe
Mr D Summers—finished 1949—summer student
Mr A Logan—1950—summer student—Flaxcombe
Mr S Clarke—1951—summer student—Loverna
Mr James McFayden—1952—student—Loverna
Mr Richard Hetherington—1953-54—student—Loverna
Mr R Haddock—1955—student—Loverna
Mr Lawrence Barrs—1956—student—Loverna

During this time active ladies aid societies had been organized and did much work and service in the communities and Hoosier Sunday School was always a strong and well attended organization. For many years we had Mrs Stanley Doyle in our midst and she had taken a course in missionary work and so we had her leadership to fall back upon and thus we younger ones were really brought up to carry the Sunday School along regardless of whether we were able to continue regular church services or not. So all through the late years that we have been depending upon student ministers the Sunday School flourished, the last few years it has been under the leadership of Mr and Mrs Jack Krauss.

One of the most interesting parts of the Jubilee Sunday program was the reading of the list of original church members in 1915 which reads as follows

1 Mr Joseph Yoos
2 Mrs Joseph Yoos
3 Mr Roy Yoos
4 Mr Dee Yoos
5 Mrs Margaret Sale
6 Mr Carl Sale
7 Mrs Carl Sale
8 Mrs T B Peebles
9 Mrs Chas. Pfennig
10 Mrs W A Wilkins
11 Mr Harold Wilkins
12 Mrs W H Bolton
13 Mrs S Carroll
14 Mr Wallace Mosser
15 Mrs Wallace Mosser
16 Mrs. M McNaughton
17 Mr Stanley Jickling
18 Mrs. Stanley Jickling

Minister—William J Maines.

MAGNA BONUM SCHOOL

First to be built within the area covered by this history Jim McKeown was the contractor and it was completed in the summer of 1911 Opened in January 1912 with Minnie Doig as first teacher She later resigned and married Morley Yeomans of Marengo She was succeeded by Bertha Colbanson of Merid Mr Trainer Mr Johnstone Miss McLean Pearl Shaw Irene Bond and Mabel Foster

The first trustees were Frank Haight Jim McKeown and Peter Ruth well First pupils were Glen Dorothy and Freda Wilkins Jim Sullivan Clara Alberts, Gladys and Don Haight Hugh Boyd, Merle McKeown and Ralph Doig

Later the school district was incorporated with Marengo and the children were taken in by bus

Sent in by Miss Gertie Wilson Loverna

PIZARRO SCHOOL

I was the first teacher hired at Pizarro School which was opened January 21 1914 Owing to sickness, I had not the pleasure of fulfilling the first part of my contract, so the school board hired Alex Lande to substitute until I was able to take over April 1 At that time the school board consisted of David Tisdale John Richmond Paul Doig and secretary Hugh McNaughton

Among the earlier pupils were Ralph Doig now grain buyer at Cut Knife Sask Annie Brooks (Mrs Ewing teacher Alsask) Flossie Loucks (Mrs. Dan Warrington, Loverna) Roy Tisdale (doctor in Prince Albert) Victor Volk (Loverna general merchant) Kenneth Warrington Clifford Cathcart, Winnie Brooks (Mrs R. E Doig Hoosier) Lyle and Vera Fagan who walked six miles to school Willie and Rachel Muirhead Peter McNaughton Ernest Richmond Wilbert Volk Bert Cathcart Ora Warrington (now Mrs J Gerritsen) Jessie and Mary McFarlane who were driven by their grandmother Mrs. McFarlane with pony and buggy

There was no good roads association in operation in the early days of Pizarro The slough immediately north of the school made part of the road impassable at times It is on record that once teacher had to wade into the slough and by sheer muscle pulled a little girl out of the mud who in trying to short cut had managed to become mired leaving her shoes and rubbers in four different places Apparently ours wasn't the only slough on the road allowances of the inspectorate Our school inspector H A Everts, Macklin reported that one day on his rounds he became bogged down with team and buggy in a similar slough He walked to a farmer's field where a threshing outfit was at work to get someone to pull him out and was questioned as to whether he was a collector If he had been they intended to leave him stuck but since he wasn't one they pulled him out free

The school was also used for church services to which the entire population of the district contributed and among the faces regularly seen there were The John Nesbitt family Bill and Sam Bolinbroke John Emanuel W H Dorseys Charlie Dorseys Mr and Mrs Henry Brown and Joe Hyslop, the Paul Doig family the Muirheads Bill Brooks family Ted Trusk Harry Kitson Frank Saunders Tisdales Richmonds McFarlanes, Tom Goldsmiths and of course some that at the moment I can't recall

The annual Pizarro Picnic was an event fully attended and enjoyed by all

Very few of the people who were a part of Pizarro in my time are there now. Many are dead. Many others have moved elsewhere. I look back to those three years with a feeling of nostalgia. We made such good times among ourselves. In looking back over the early school days at Pizarro I find myself making comparisons with later circumstances as to janitor's pay. In the summer of 1914 no person could be found so the trustees asked teacher and pupils if they would "bridge the gap" by taking over the sweeping and dusting at regular wages of two dollars a month. We were delighted at this chance to become millionaires. All wished to participate so a schedule was drawn up to provide turns for everyone, teacher included. I always took the Friday night cleaning on account of Sunday service, the pupils all being small, even the little five-year one taking her turn. There was an allowance of five cents for each sweeping and a further allowance of five cents for dusting the following morning. "Teacher" did her turn gratis. If some one forgot to dust that five cents wasn't paid. Each Friday was pay day.

We carried on thus for three summers and in that time compiled quite a fund of nickels that were left over at the end of the month. With them we bought two of our favorite prints "The Mill" and "The Angelus" which Dave Tisdale framed for us free, we providing the material. We were very pleased with ourselves and thought those pictures added elegance to our school room.

Janitor's wages have risen since then.

APPENDIX

Pizarro School was built in the summer of 1913 by Dave Tisdale and Ed. Robinson. It carried on very successfully for twenty years when, owing to the sudden death of Will Brooks, and his family moving to Hoosier, the school was left without enough pupils to keep up average attendance so had to be closed and has never since re-opened. The district now comes in the "larger school unit."

The following teachers taught throughout those 20 years: Alex Linde, Gertie Wilson, Miss Peterson, Miss Gibson, Roy Tisdale, Annie Brooks, W. Kernectical and Ethel Page.

HOOSIER SCHOOL

A number of families had moved to Hoosier Valley with school age children. Read Mrs. McNaughton's "Pioneer Experiences" and find out how Whittier School District came to be formed. It was built in the summer of 1913, Harry Stenstrud being the carpenter. Mr. Wm. Bolton was overseer and Thomas Blythe did the plastering.

The first trustees were: Charles Pfennig, C. E. Neff and Gard Smith. First secretary was Orva Sale and when he returned to Indiana was replaced by Stanley Jickling.

The school opened in 1913 and continued until 1916 with Mrs. Mabel Pemberton as teacher.

The first pupils attending this school were Tory, Albert and Everett

Neff, Ralph Sale, Kenneth, Jean and Blair McNaughton, May Young, Dorothy and Fritz Werthenbach, Jerry and Myrtle Cook, and there might have been a few more, Jay and Gladys Phennig.

[illegible] Burned in 1930

With the growing number of children and some being of high school age a consolidated district was formed in 1915. In 1916 school was moved from Whittier into the newly built hall in Hoosier and a high school teacher was engaged, Mrs. Pemberton continuing on as "Primary."

The consolidated school was built in the summer of 1917. A good brick two-storey building, two large classrooms with chemistry, office and cloakrooms. Whittier school was moved in and used for primary classes. At one time there was an enrolment of 190 pupils and from the consolidated school at Hoosier came young people who went out into all walks of life. Many teachers, nurses and stenographers among the girls, two now are missionaries on the foreign field, one girl a medical doctor with a practice in Saskatoon. One young man is now a minister also serving on the foreign field. One became a doctor who won a scholarship in surgery at Edmonton University. Many are engaged in business in the different cities and towns across Canada. Of course the majority have remained on farms better for having a high school education. No more is a farmer a mere tiller of the soil but must also be businessman, mechanic, veterinary, biologist and general handyman all rolled into one.

From some cause unknown our fine school was burned to the ground one night in March 1930 and again classes were carried on in the "Homemakers Hall." That summer another more commodious school was built containing four classrooms all on the ground floor. As well a finished basement with plenty of recreation room space and tables, chairs etc. for school lunches. Thanks to prompt action from the school district and good workmen the building was ready to resume school by September 1.

Due to the drought years and various other reasons so many people moved away. The coming of power farming and the land being handled by fewer people, also the larger school unit taking from our high school our school enrolment has gradually dwindled until it now stands at 46 Since 1944 it has only been necessary to hire two teachers.

During the 43 years our school has been in operation only five secretaries have served on the board Orva Sale Stanley Jickling W H Pettit Thomas Akhurst and Mrs Phyllis Goldsmith Both Mr Akhurst and Mrs Goldsmith served long terms Our present secretary Mrs Goldsmith has been in office 19 years.

As a little record for our community I will list below the teachers of our school from the year 1913 until 1956

Whittier school opened in 1913 and Mrs Mable Pemberton was teacher

Hoosier Consolidated School was opened in 1917 and the following is the list of teachers from records available

Miss May Meadows Miss Irene Bond Miss Eva Bradford Miss Russell Zira Johnstone Miss Beryl Saunders, Dukeshire, Mr Walden Miss Arnett, Miss I Bond Mrs Walden, Miss Doan Louise Hovdey Dorothy Werthenbach Mr T Heppell Mrs Tibbitt Mr Tibbitt, Miss Ueland Miss I Pascoe Miss D Cooke Miss Couch Miss E Seman, Miss A Earle Miss Bedford Miss Rodney Mr Van Ness Miss Potter Miss Blair Miss Remington Miss Miller Mr Gould Miss Blair Miss Blackstock Mr Hamilton Miss Bailey Miss Neuert Miss Parker Miss Johnson, Miss Hooge Mr Baikie Miss Savage Miss Ferrat, Miss Burchby Miss Sawatsky Mr Hamilton Miss Hugg Mr Mang Miss Boychuk Miss Winter Miss Collins Miss Fullerton Mr Markowsky Mrs. Bethel Miss Lincoln Miss Smith Miss Kowey Mr Gray Mrs Johnson Miss Peterson, Miss Sucee.

Many of these teachers remained for 2 or 3 years To date 1957 Mr Gray has been principal for 4 years and Miss Sucee is the present primary teacher There are 4 rooms in the school Some years they were all occupied but the last few years only 2 rooms have been used

Records of the trustees prior to 1929 were destroyed by fire so the following are from 1929 on as accurate as can be from information available

S Jickling W Barr S Doyle from 1929 to 1933 This completed 15 years of service to the school board by Mr Jickling 1933 S Doyle H G Fuller E Cooke 1934 and 1937 G Fuller W Pettit E Bolton 1937 1941 G Fuller T Goldsmith J Hawkins In 1937 T Akehurst resigned as secretary and Mrs. F D Goldsmith was hired 1942 and 1943 Hawkins T Goldsmith J Cameron. 1943 1949 J Cameron, J Hawkins J S Dewar 1950 J Cameron S Dewar R Kornelson 1951 J Cameron J Hawkins R Kornelson 1952 and 1953 R. Kornelson R. Bolton J Hawkins. 1954 and 1955 R. Bolton R Kornelson R Sale 1956 (at time of going to press) R Bolton R Sale I Russell

Mr J Hawkins served on the school board for 16 years, 8 of that time as chairman Mr R Kornelson served as chairman for 6 years To date Mrs Phyllis Goldsmith is still secretary

Mr. Walden was principal for seven years, from 1921 until 1928. He was a veteran of the First Great War. Mr. B. Tibbitt also served seven years, from 1929 to 1936. He has since been principal of Kindersley school for twenty years.

HISTORY OF HOMEMAKERS CLUBS FROM 1914-1942

Our club was organized in the depot by Grace M. David, July 17, 1914, with 15 ladies as charter members. Mrs. F. F. Cooke presided at the polls and Mrs. J. R. Hunter was elected president, while Mrs. R. Werthenbach was chosen secretary-treasurer.

On August 14 the first regular meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Werthenbach and 27 ladies became members. The following year, 1915, we had our first Horticultural Fair and for five years it was a yearly event. At a special meeting of the club on December 1, 1915, the most important feature discussed was the building of a hall.

Emerson Cooke and Jim Cameron drew a plan to give an estimate of the cost, so the club decided to see how much could be raised by soliciting. A large sum was realized and the Grain Growers were to help with the building. Mrs. Cooke was appointed secretary-treasurer of the building of the hall and $87, which included money received from quilts, and one autographed quilt especially, which was bought by Tom Goldsmith, was handed to her in order to begin our big undertaking. At the March meeting in 1916 the word "Equity" was chosen as a name for the hall. Mrs. Wilkins, then president, and Mrs. Peebles were chosen to consult the Grain Growers in regards to a piano for the hall, but through the kindness of Mr. Pettit to bring his piano and play for $5 instead of $9.50 we decided

A few of the exhibits at the Horticultural fair put on by the Homemakers' Club in August 1916. Mrs. Bertha Wilkin, lady in charge of that department. The admission was 10c. Hot dinner and supper was served for 35c and 25. A big dance in the hall at night. Good music and supper all for 50c a couple. A baby show was also held with prizes given for most perfect child. First prize was taken by Lawrence Schmalebner, now one of our prominent farmers. Second went to Eileen Peebles, now (Mrs. Parr) operating a dress shop at Stettler, Alta.

to wait till later The Grain Growers sent our president a letter regarding the use of the hall for school purposes while the Consolidated School was being built This was granted. In June the five gallon ice-cream freezer was purchased for $22 50 the rent being $2 00 to any one using it. This was our first year of sending a delegate to the Provincial convention in Saskatoon which usually lasted four days In December the new president Mrs Peebles attended a meeting of the joint managing committee to insure the hall for $800 costs amounting to $29 60 During Christmas holidays the building was lined up inside to make it more comfortable for school purposes.

In 1917 the piano was purchased.

In 1919 twenty five dollars was donated towards keeping a Belgian family during the war On receiving notice this year that the lot was to be bought, where the hall stands a number of the members each paid $2 00 Other means such as an oyster supper selling quilts and the members took 10c each to see how they could increase it to swell the funds One lady charged for cutting her husband's hair About this time the Grain Growers disbanded so the title was received through the Homemakers, and through the advice of Miss DeLury director of Women's Work at Saskatoon University at this time Three women were chosen as trustees for the lot, namely Mrs C Hubbs, Mrs T Goldsmith and Mrs C Sales Later Mrs H Doig was elected to replace Mrs Sales who moved to the States

No doubt many of our members do not know or have forgotten that we as a club have a $16 50 interest in the town well as the use of the drilling machine to this amount was donated to the club by Mr Paul Doig Another grateful donation was from Mr Cronan for coal used by the club during the winters of 1917 18-19 This same year 1919 the piano stool value $5 70 and two chairs $7 70 for musicians were bought. The kitchen stove for $20 00 was a great addition in 1920 also the hall was paid for An Agricultural Society was granted a charter with 155 members through the efforts of the Homemakers working with the Council

In 1921 notice was given the club that a license of $1 00 had to be bought if the hall was used for concerts, dances and social gatherings Shingles replaced the rubberoid roofing on the hall The Club was asked to co-operate with the government in the building of the Sanatorium in Saskatoon, so $50 was sent Miss DeLury for this project

Up to now reports from individual clubs had been sent to the Provincial Convention in Saskatoon but owing to the expansion of club work a plan was introduced whereby the province was divided into districts Conventions are now held annually within these districts

In 1923 a baby clinic was held The Agricultural Society had had free use of the hall to the value of what our taxes would be

In 1924 we celebrated our 10th anniversary by having a banquet

In 1925 a large box of clothing and four dollars was sent to the Star Christmas Fund.

In 1926 the hall was donated to Mrs. David for a music recital the proceeds to go toward a church organ. There was a mother and daughter banquet as well as a father and sons banquet. The district convention was held in our hall and a picture taken of all present. Twenty-five dollars was donated by the club to the Ladies Aid to assist the church basement fund. During the next three years we helped with the Loverna Cemetery by donating $35.00.

In 1928 the front addition was placed on the hall and the following year the building was painted and insured for $1200.

In 1930 the old school burned so the hall was rented for the High School pupils for $90 a month. We received notice we must pay taxes as the Agricultural Society now had their own building and had no further need to rent the hall.

In 1931 the members presented Mrs. W. Shier with a chair on her 75th birthday.

In 1932 a donation of $10 to one member in poor health and another donation of $15 to assist in time of sickness was gratefully received.

During 1933 to assist the president in her work the club was divided into groups of five who were responsible for two months in financing as well as entertaining.

A library was started during the winter of 1934 and it was also decided to purchase a chair for all in the district when they attained their 75th birthday. Mr. P. Doig received his.

In 1935 the first golden wedding in the district was celebrated, that of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Doig. The hall was nicely decorated in mauve and yellow and everyone had a good time. They will be remembered as early pioneers of Hoosier, Sask. This same year Mr. A. E. Fuller another pioneer attained his 7[illegible]th birthday and another very important event at this time was the club's twenty-first birthday. Mrs. Margaret Sale and Mrs. C. Hubbs made a large fruit cake for this occasion, it being a year that Mrs. Hubbs was president. A lengthy programme was prepared including the club's history up to this time. This was read by Mrs. Hunter. The audience was welcomed by singing

How do you do friends and neighbors,
        How do you do.
How do you do friends and neighbors
        How are you
Oh we're glad to see you here
For it fills us all with good cheer
How do you do friends and neighbors
        How do you do

Chorus

How do you do how do you do
How do you doodle doodle doodle doodle do,
We have asked you here for pleasure
May you have it beyond measure
How do you doodle doodle doodle doodle do.

In 1937 an exchange of Christmas gifts between club members was instigated. Fifty dollars was paid on the school piano.

In 1938 foundation was put under the hall and we formed a link with the Women's Institute at Westerfield, Ipswich, Eng.

In 1939 on our 25th anniversary we held it in the form of a children's Sports Day.

In 1940 we joined with other clubs in making Miss Effie Copeland of Dewar Lake a life member of the H.M.C.

In 1947 the brick chimney was an addition to the hall.

Throughout the years donations were given to Red Cross, T.B. Fund, Salvation Army, etc. Farewell gifts for residents leaving the district. Free use of the hall to school teachers for concerts, proceeds of which went towards putting up swings and basket ball fixtures, for Christmas entertainments, fowl suppers, receptions for brides, demonstration of sewing, nutrition and millinery. Banquets for Homemakers, their husbands and families.

Our local talent was often used in putting on three-act plays, debates and many variety programs. With people flocking in from so many parts of Canada, U.S.A. and overseas we had much musical ability and as all our entertainment had to be of our own making we gladly made use of all this talent. Our early pioneers will remember how Mr. Pettit and Cliff Hubbs (piano) with Ralph Sale (violin) would play for our dances. Saxophone, banjo and drums were unknown in rural districts. Later on came the Jickling Orchestra. We had many fine singers among them. Joe Hyslop who could always make the rafters ring with his rendition of all the favorite Harry Lauder songs. Bill Bramley was a fine bass singer and his songs of the sea were enjoyed by everyone. Tommy Maris with his musical tenor could keep the whole hall in gales of laughter when he sang such songs as "I'm Henry the Eighth I am, I am," "You'd Better Pull Down the Blind," "With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm," all given in true vaudeville style. Through all these entertainments the Homemakers were able to pay off the hall debt and for all the furnishings and also gave generously to many worthy causes.

Through the war years every young man who volunteered for active service was given a "social evening" in the hall and on behalf of the district was presented with a signet ring.

During the last ten years our membership has been steadily dwindling.

In 1955 we turned our hall over to the newly formed "Community Club" who now take care of the building and carry on the different social activities along with our different youth groups. The Literary Society in our school under the leadership of principal Ken Gray have bought and paid for a fine projector and we now enjoy weekly picture shows in the hall. The 4H Calf Club is a real live organization with twenty-two members and more coming in next year.

The Boy Scouts and Girl Guides with the help of good leaders are a credit to our town. No problem of "Juvenile Delinquency" here.

With the completion of this book, "Our Last Project," we make a final bow to the Heoner Community, trusting those who come after will carry on with the same stout hearts and willing hands as did the old pioneers who changed this valley from prairie sod to golden acres.

A TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN

When history is being written, all the headlines are about men. Women are not mentioned in the sacred pages at all unless they do something very unusual or unless they are queens. Men make history but women come in softly and bring stability — homes, schools, churches, hospitals — these give safety to body, mind and spirit. They lend graciousness and charm and have an appreciation of the finer things of life.

Although not much is written about them, let us remember and be grateful for the women of the pioneering days. Theirs was a life of great courage, faith, endurance and self-sacrifice.

OUR EARLY PIONEER WOMEN

We could not call this history complete without some record of our first pioneer women. Those of middle age who came with their families from the crowded eastern farms to this community where land was plentiful and cheap.

The first two that arrived were Mrs. Dan Dewar and Mrs. Maggie Sale. That was in the year 1909. They both cheerfully took up the rugged pioneer life, living in sod shacks, snowed in for weeks on end during the winter and tormented by mosquitoes and flies in the summer time. Through it all their doors were always open to the many new settlers teeming in and no one was ever refused a meal or bed no matter how crowded the quarters.

Mrs. Dewar was one of the first women to get a Sunday School established and then bringing in a student minister who "boarded around" mostly with Elmer Bolton and took as his salary what was left over from the Sunday School collections.

Mrs. Sales, without any professional training, was a good practical nurse and attended all her neighbors in sickness. She also had the gift of a very fine alto voice and later on when a choir was formed in our "United Church," was one of the leading singer's. She returned to Indiana to spend her declining years with a sister.

Mrs. Paul Doig came with her husband and family in the spring of 1910. Mr. Doig being a carpenter built a small but comfortable frame house and this for quite a number of years accommodated the family of six, Henry, Minnie, Margaret, Ellen, Robert and Ralph. Mrs. Doig was never known to voice any regrets at leaving her large comfortable home in the east and truly entered into the spirit of the west, her family being one of the happiest and most harmonious in the district. How the neighbors enjoyed gathering there on Sunday afternoons and in the winter evenings to drop in to plenty of gaiety and good old fashioned hospitality.

Mrs. Daig was also a good practical nurse and always ready to attend any sick neighbor, no matter when the call came, day or night. This was not always easy, as a doctor wasn't always available, and only the home remedies to work with. Her calm and efficient manner was always a comfort to those she so kindly worked among. Later on after the forming of Ladies Aid and Homemaker's societies she was an active member of both. She spent her declining years in the Hoosier district among her children and grandchildren and passed away peacefully in 1944.

Mrs. Albert Fuller came to our district in the year 1911. Left crippled by Arthritis, she was forced to spend the twenty-one years of her life with us in a wheel chair. She was a very patient and cheerful invalid, helping with many household duties from her wheelchair. Although handicapped physically she had a very active mind, spending much time in reading and later on took a lot of pleasure from the radio. A member of the Presbyterian Church, she always took a great interest in all departments of its work, especially among the young people. Never able to attend a church service, nevertheless her Christian character reached out to every part of the community and to quote the words of Rev. J. W. Sceviour in his farewell sermon, year 1926: "Her life has been a constant inspiration to me during the four years of my ministry and her memory will be one of the happiest I take away."

She passed away in March, 1932 at her own home, aged 71 years, leaving her husband, son and daughter, and grandchildren. Daughter Beatrice now lives in Saskatoon and son, Gordon, in Calgary.

Mrs. William Bolton was another middle aged woman who came early to the Hoosier district along with her husband, two daughters, Lena and Myrtle, two sons, Elmer and George. For many years she kept house for Elmer and raised her young grandson, Reginald, who was left motherless when a baby.

A most energetic woman, she soon became interested in community affairs and organized our first Ladies Aid Society, of which she was president for a number of years. She had a fine soprano voice and before a choir was formed always led the singing for church services.

When a call went out for workers at the time of the first great war and a Red Cross Society was formed, Mrs. Bolton was one of the best helpers, knitting, sewing, packing bundles for overseas and helping with different projects to raise money. Her death came suddenly in the year 1924, leaving a vacancy in that home impossible to fill by anyone else.

These women have all passed from our midst, but memories of them are still here. They helped to establish a community and a way of life, to which we following, often pay loving tribute.

OUR MARKETING SYSTEM

With the settling of the land, and some grain being harvested in 1912 a way of getting it marketed had to be found. The first elevator was built in 1912 at Marengo and was called the "Will Grant No. 12". It handled all the grain grown as cultivated acreage was still small. The first grain buyer was Oscar Rasmusson. He later moved to "Greene" and took charge of the Federal elevator that was built in 1913. In 1914 an elevator was built in Hoosier by two private men, Pierce and Cronin. As 1914 was a very hot, dry summer, very little business was done by any of the three elevators.

In 1915, with a bumper crop of 35 and 40 bushels per acre of wheat and 25 bushels of flax, a branch of the Co-operative elevator Co. was formed at "Greene" and an elevator was built. The first agent was a homesteader by the name of Bob Gibson. He was followed by Oliver Fredell and Hugh Rodgers. When poor crops came in the 30's the Federal was closed, but the Pool continues on, having taken over the Co-op line elevators in 1925. The present agent is Jack McCush.

In 1916 the Northern elevator was built in Hoosier and ready to handle the grain crop, a heavy one, but of poor quality, due to rust and an early frost. The following men acted as agents in the Northern up to when it was bought by the Pool: Steve Wert, Thomas Akehurst, Glen Cram, Charles Hubbs, Douglas Doig, Bill Barr and Reg. Bolton.

It was bought up by the Pool in 1949 and in 1952 was moved and the two joined together.

The Sask. Wheat Pool was organized in 1924 and in 1925 bought the privately owned elevator of Pierce and Cronin. First grain buyer under the new management was Oscar Hanson. He was soon followed by Park Findlay, who served the community faithfully until 1944, when he was promoted to the position of District Supervisor for the Co-op livestock pool and moved to Saskatoon.

Gordon McMahon then was our agent for a number of years, followed by Kenneth Thompson, who is in his fifth year at this point.

We have overcome many obstacles in the marketing of our grain. Up to 1920 it was stored in granaries at threshing time and hauled by team in the winter months when the farmers had plenty of leisure time. Then in the twenties with the rapid expansion of farming, grain began to be taken directly from threshing machine to elevators. 1927 and 1928 being heavy crops, many of the high school pupils, both boys and girls, were called on to help with the work. In the grim dry years of the thirties many elevators were closed. Only in a few special fields was the binders taken out to cut what little there was, for seed. Mostly it was mower and rake to scratch up anything that could be gathered for feed. "No marketing problem then."

Then came the forties, rain in abundance, spring, summer and fall. The combine had now replaced the binder and trucks kept the roads hot taking the grain from field to elevators. True we had a number of seasons when rain was so abundant that tractors could not be driven over the fields, and a great deal of grain was lost from being left out over the winter. With sloughs all full and so much grain lying in the field, this district became a paradise for wild fowl, and many a field was totally destroyed by them. In spite of this, our farmers forged ahead and gradually a surplus of grain began to pile up. Now in the fifties, our terminal and local elevators have all filled up. This jubilee year 1955 finds the local elevator agent out helping the farmer pile his No. 1 wheat on the ground. Lots of real wealth there but no money to pay the debts with. Lack of markets in a hungry world! If our government, Wheat Pool, Marketing Board and all farm organizations cannot find a solution for this problem, perhaps as in the thirties old Mother Nature will step in and solve it in her own way.

HISTORY OF THE POST OFFICE

The first mail was hauled from Coleville by Mr. T. Carroll to Dewar Lake to D. M. Dewar's home in 1910.

Joseph Yoos and Umphries opened a Post Office in 1912. The mail was carried by Joseph Yoos from Flaxcombe.

The railroad was built in 1913 and the Post Office was moved to Fee, now known as Hoosier. Wilkins was the Postmaster in 1914.

R. F. Werthenbach opened a store in 1915 and took over the Post Office.

Mrs. E. M. Hubbs took it over in 1941 and was Postmistress until June 1951, when they moved to Medicine Hat.

Mrs. R. E. Doig took it over and moved it into her home, where it remains today.

From the memoirs of Stanley Jickling we find that the first mail coming to Hoosier Valley had to be brought from Scott. That was in the year 1909. In 1910 it came from "Cole's Place" where it was brought from Kindersley. The town of Coleville was named after this family. Mr. T. Carroll hauled it by team to D. M. Dewar's home. Chloe Pavey, afterwards Mrs. Roy Goshorn, rode her pony and brought the mail across to Hoosier Valley distributing it around to the different places.

One very windy day she stopped at Elmer Bolton's to give them their mail. The terrific wind ripped the bag open so that letters and papers flew in all directions. Chloe shouted "Never mind the papers, get the letters." So while the papers sailed over the hills and far away they scrambled around picking up letters. Elmer spent his spare time for several days combing the grass looking for strays and felt pretty sure he had rescued them all.

PEMBERTONS

Mrs. Goldsmith wanted to know something of the early days of my parents. They came to homestead in 1912, on the 12th of May, and brought both my brothers with them. They both had a quarter section and stayed there until 1930, then my younger brother, Grover Pemberton, returned to Gary, Indiana, where he is still living.

My older brother Guy Pemberton stayed on in Loverna for a few years and then they returned to Michigan where he died in 1950. His widow still lives in Kalamazoo with their son. She was the first teacher at Whittier School. My father passed on in 1932 at Vandalia and mother lived on for fifteen years.

My mother established the first millinery and clothing store in Loverna and my father was Notary Public for some time until his return to the U.S.A.

CHARLES HUBBS

Charles Hubbs was born in Wapella, Sask., February 12th, 1885. Later in life he farmed for several years with his brother Ben at Milestone, Sask.

On May 6th, 1908 he was married in Indian Head, Sask., to Miss Ethel May Ellis and in the spring of 1910 they and their small son Roy came to Hoosier, Sask., where he had purchased a half section of land known as the S½ 20-30-27 West of the 3rd M. This was South African Script land that was formerly owned by Joe Collins of Milestone and he wished to sell. An 8'x12' lumber shack was the only building on the place but a good friend Tom Peebles and he drew lumber from Kindersley, Sask., to build a shack on Tom's homestead and this was the family's home until 1911 when he got lumber from Marengo to build a house of their own.

Many pleasant moments were spent as well as a few hardships endured such as walking nine miles to Dan Dewar's for the mail, also drawing water from a well six miles east or from a spring nearly three miles S.W. of us. Their only mode of conveyance was a heavy team of horses hitched to a wagon with a spring seat on top.

On Christmas eve of 1912 their second son Gordon was born, he being the first baby boy born south of the present town of Hoosier. His nurse Margaret Gordon, presented him with a Scottish shawl as his was the first birth she had attended after coming from Scotland. In later years three other children were born, namely Norma, Howard, Allan (deceased) and Lloyd.

In 1926 they sold their farm and moved to Saskatoon where Charlie was employed by the Waterloo Mfg. Co. for four years. Lawrence and Lois were born there.

In 1930 they returned to Hoosier as agent for International Machinery and also Imperial Oil.

He held the position of Postmaster from 1941 to 1951 when they decided to make their home in Medicine Hat, Alta., and there obtained a job as Steam Engineer of the General Hospital.

In September of 1954 he passed away suddenly after returning from a two-week holiday and left to mourn his wife Ethel of Medicine Hat, four sons Roy of Kamloops, B.C., Gordon of Saskatoon, Lloyd and Lawrence of Medicine Hat, two daughters Norma (Mrs. Hugh Thompson) of Medicine Hat, and Lois, (Mrs. Dalton Fairbairn) of Lloydminster, Sask.

FOLKLORE OF THE HOOSIER DISTRICT

Written mainly by those most concerned and compiled by
Grace D. McGibbon Calgary Alta in 1955 and 1956

ON TO THE HOMESTEADS!

Russell McGibbon had arranged to meet D M Dewar Roy and E Simpson in Saskatoon and travel with them to their homesteads in a new settlement one hundred and sixty miles to the west Mr Dewar had brought a younger son Stewart with him also

Early in May 1908 they set out following The Old Bone Trail leading from Saskatoon into the far west This trail had been used some years previously to haul bleached buffalo bones from the prairies, to ship east to the sugar refineries

ON TO THE HOMESTEADS

Ready to leave Saskatoon and journey to a new unnamed settlement 160 miles west May 1908.

D M Dewar had brought loads of lumber abundance of supplies a saddle horse buggy Jersey cow etc. E Simpson also had a load of lumber and supplies Altogether there were three wagons drawn by horses and one drawn by oxen Russell had bought a pony saddle and supplies With their great loads they were over a week reaching their homesteads (as yet Russell and Stewart had no land)

They travelled all day and slept in a tent at night The land filed on by D M Dewar, Roy and Sim was west of Buffalo Coulee and near a lake which was later named Dewar Lake after Mr Dewar and when the railroad came through in 1913 the little hamlet there was also named Dewar Lake

FUN AND PLENTY OF WORK

Around the middle of August 1908 Ernest Simpson Roy Dewar and Russell McGibbon loaded up blankets tent and supplies and drove across Buffalo Coulee to meet Donald George and Hugh Barclay and journey with them to Saskatoon to work at the harvest When they arrived at Sa clay's, the boys had just, a short time before, pulled one of their horses from an alkali slough in Buffalo Coulee and consequently was in no condition to travel right then. Roy, Russell and Stu pitched their tent and waited

Russell McGibbon and his saddle horse

two or three days until the horse was rested and able to go. Then they all set out together with their teams and wagons.

Everything went along fairly well until they were about thirty miles from Saskatoon. They were driving down from the grading that had been made for the railroad (but the track hadn't been laid yet) when the horse that had been in the alkali slough, fell down and they couldn't get it up.

The Barclay boys went to farm buildings quite close by but found they had no equipment for lifting a horse. So off they went in different directions to farms much farther away, returning considerably later with oats to strengthen the horse and arms full of equipment. With the poles, ropes and pulleys they had brought they made a tripod. Then all working and pulling together they finally got the horse onto its feet. They made a sling to hold it up and fed it oats until its strength returned. For two more days their tent sat by the side of the road, and the six men too. Then Donald, George and Hugh Barclay scattered across the prairie once more to return the borrowed articles. At last everything was loaded up, and they were ready to leave and George said, "Well, boys, I've come to the conclusion that every farmer should have a derrick." This set them all laughing, relieving the strain of the work and the waiting, and they started off again—in high, good humour.

After passing through Saskatoon, they were on the trail to Dundurn when they saw some nice fresh straw stacks. It was near night so they decided to stop there and sleep in the straw. Donald knew some people living nearby and went to visit them. Returning in the dark, he couldn't locate the stack that the other boys were sleeping in. He crawled into another one and slept and found them in the morning.

They worked through harvest at Dundurn, separating to work on different farms but always they had to sleep in straw stacks, granaries and wheat bins. They worked from sunrise to sunset, hardly having time for meals, for two dollars a day. Dundurn was settled chiefly by Americans and the crop was very good that year.

When harvest was over the Barclay boys returned to their homesteads and Sim went to Chicago. But Russell and Roy decided to wait around for a while to see how Jack Noyes came along. He too had come from near Lachute and was ill in hospital in Saskatoon. While waiting they worked at Tom Carroll's. Jack progressed favourably so in about two weeks, they started back to their homesteads along with Tom Carroll and his sons Harry, Austen and Stanley. The Carrols brought great loads of lumber and supplies to their homesteads. They had a tent and a little tin heater that soon heated the tent when a few little twigs and grasses were burned in it. But they slept mostly in empty barns because there they had more shelter from the cold autumn winds.

A SAD ENDING TO A STORY

Two Claggett brothers had taken up land east of Dewar Lake and then went out again. That fall of 1908 E. Simpson and one of the Claggett boys worked on the same outfit at Dundurn. At night they and another chap slept in a granary beside a bin of wheat. One morning just as they were getting up the boards in the side of the wheat bin broke. Sim was standing up, the other boy had just sat up, but the Claggett boy was still lying down when the wheat came rushing over them. Sim and the other chap managed to get out but before they could get the Claggett boy dug out, he had smothered with the wheat.

COLLECTORS

As the farmers (many of them quite young) got work started on their land they had to gradually have more and more machinery. Agents would come around in the spring urging them to buy and telling them they could pay in the fall. They badly needed the machinery and so it came about that they would buy feeling sure they would have a crop when fall came.

But crops in this new land always had an element of uncertainty about them. There was so much to contend with—lack of rain, or too much rain, strong winds or scorching sun, late spring frosts or early autumn frosts, hail, weed pests or insect pests etc. Therefore it happened often that when fall came the homesteaders dreaded seeing the collector arrive.

However here is a story about a collector that the men always enjoyed telling. One cold November day about 1912 White Brothers threshing outfit pulled onto Roy Dewar's land to thresh some stacks of wheat. His neighbours Harry Carroll, E. Simpson, Russell McGibbon and his brother Stewart were there helping him. The following morning when they got up to continue the threshing it was bitterly cold. During the night the temperature had dropped to 25 degrees below zero. Everyone hunted up his warmest clothing. Roy Dewar decided to put an old raincoat over his winter clothing to keep out the wind. This raincoat was really picturesque. The buttons had come off so Roy fastened it with nails; it had been ripped right up the back and he had sewed it with binder twine (he was still a bachelor). He wound a scarf around his neck and put gunny sacks over his footwear and tied them there with binder twine.

Not long after they started to work along came the collector. He stayed a few minutes watching the men working in the severe cold and noting their makeshift outfits. Then he turned around and drove away without asking Roy for any money. The men all had a good laugh but Roy enjoyed it most.

1917 WINTER EPISODE

The incident which I am going to relate happened in January 1917. At that time the form of entertainment during the winter was social gatherings in the local school houses consisting of dances, card parties, and items from the local talent; some of the local talent was very good owing to the fact that the homesteaders in this district came from all walks of life. One Englishman by the name of Teddy Thittlow always delighted the young and old with songs and recitations from the Old Land. One of these social evenings was held in Prairiedale during January 1917 and the party of which I was a member will always remember it. The party consisted of Ed. Flower who was teamster, Miss Churchill our local school teacher, Mable and Fritz Peyton, Bob Wester, Jack Schram, Alvin Bowerman and Leo de Marre of the Hoosier Valley. Our practice was to arrive at the school before it got too dark because in those days there were no roads nor fences to follow. On this particular night we arrived without incident as it was a lovely mild night.

When it came time to go home, which was about four a.m., we boys went to the barn to get the horses and this was quite a job as the horses were packed in the barn like steers in a box car. The horses were not tied when put in the barn and it was always a job to get your team together. Finally we got the horses hooked up amid dogs barking and horses rearing around; we drove up to the school to get the girls and after pulling our dogs out of the dog fight, we headed for home.

The wind was blowing gently from the southeast but in about twenty minutes the wind changed to the northwest and we were caught in a blizzard. Ed got off our track and we realized we were lost. It was a terrible feeling; the storm froze our eyes shut as fast as we could rub the ice off. Bob Wester who did not have enough clothes on for such a night froze his hand trying to keep the lantern lit because it had got very cold. We went over the bank of a coulee, the horses got down and we had to get out in the deep snow to get them out. After we got up on the level again we met Henry Bennett and Ralph Sale with Henry Bennett's horse and cutter. They were lost too so we stayed together. We wandered around until day light when Henry Bennett was able to lead us to Pat Ternan's homestead which was one half mile east of the lake of the same name.

The sight of this homesteader's shack was one of the most welcome sights I have seen and the rest of the party expressed the same feeling as everyone was thoroughly chilled and hungry. I venture to say the horses were just as pleased as we were because they were almost played out. Mrs. Ternan cooked a big pot of porridge which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. After satisfying my hunger I went to sleep. I do not remember what the others did.

By afternoon the storm abated and we were able to get home without further adventure. I learned later that some others were lost too, but over half of them remained at the school until the storm abated.

Fritz Peyton

OF OXEN AND MEN

One day Garde Smith hooked up his yoke of oxen and started for Sounding Lake to get a load of poles. Now Sounding Lake was about sixty miles northwest of his homestead in the Hoosier Valley. He made the long slow trip, cut the poles, loaded them on his wagon and had his oxen hooked up ready to start back. He went to the front of the wagon to climb onto the load but slipped and fell between the oxen. Each time he tried to get up the oxen kicked and knocked him down again. He eventually managed to crawl out backwards much bruised and kicked about and got his load safely home.

In the spring of 1913 Russell McGibbon was hauling a load of flax to Marengo with oxen. South of Alex Thompson's was a large slough of water within sight of the road. The day was warm and the oxen were hot and thirsty so they swung off the road and headed for the slough walking right into the middle of it and there wasn't a thing the driver could do about it. He knew too that he couldn't get them to take the load out again so he just sat there on the wagon in the middle of the slough and waited. By and by along came Bill Chalmers and Stan Doyle driving a team of horses. After a good laugh at Russell and his oxen they unhooked their team and pulled his load out of the slough. Once more he started on his slow trek to the Marengo elevator reaching it without further mishap.

Hugh Davies lived in the hills on the northern edge of the Hoosier Valley and he used to enjoy telling this story of his bachelor days.

He was ploughing with oxen—the long furrow led away from the house and the next one back to it. One day he decided he could bake some bread and attend to the ploughing too. By noon the dough had risen in the pans, and was ready for the oven. He put on a fire and placed the pans in the oven and went out to his ploughing. When supper time came he unhooked his oxen in front of the door and went in to look at the bread. On taking it out of the oven it was crusty and hard on the outside but the inside was still raw dough. He went to the door and threw it all out.

One curious old ox walked over to look at these peculiar white objects on the ground, then stuck its horn into a loaf. Walking over to the corner of his sod house, it started rubbing its horns on the sods, in all probability trying to rub off the hot loaf. Instead the hot loaf pushed down tight onto its head. The ox let out a bellow and raced across the prairie with its tail high over its back. It took Hugh all the next morning to find that ox, before he could continue with his ploughing.

AN INCIDENT OF EARLY DAYS

By Stewart Dewar

My father, D. M. Dewar, my brother Roy, J. E. W. Simpson, R. D. McGibbon and I arrived at the homestead near what is now Dewar Lake the first part of May 1908. We made the trip from Saskatoon with horse and ox drawn wagons. With the exception of Russell McGibbon and myself, all the rest had homesteads. Russell and I filed in June at Battleford. We all lived together the first summer. Ernie Simpson, known all over as Sim, built a shack that summer 12 x 14. We started breaking the prairie sod with oxen, as they could work on grass alone. The horses required oats, and we had none.

As the summer went along, we decided about the last of July to make a trip to the South Saskatchewan River for wood, posts and poles. Dad fixed a big box of grub, including an immense boiled ham which we had bought at an auction sale on our trek from Saskatoon, at a government coal mine which was closing. (Of course it wasn't boiled then.) The mine was near where Druid is, only further east on the "bone trail." Also in the box was a quantity of bread, dried apples and prunes. So away we went, three horse teams and one ox team. Four of us went along, Sim, Russell, Roy and I. The mosquitoes were terrible. Some of the old timers used to tell us that when they got real bad, to see the sun you had to use a stick to poke a hole through the mosquitoes.

The first day out, down about 15 miles from Dewar Lake, we saw about a thousand head of cattle belonging to the Massingill and Metzel outfit on the river. It was quite a sight to see all those Hereford cattle on the open prairie. They were all branded with the double wagon rod on the rib.

We were very fortunate when we left home to follow an old oxcart road or trail that hadn't been used for many years. The three tracks were still quite visible in the grass, the ox in the middle and the Red River cart wheels on the outside. This old trail is 150 years old, and was used in the early days to haul loads of furs from Battleford to Fort Benton, Montana, which was the head of navigation on the Missouri River. After travelling for three days and camping out at night, we arrived at the Red Deer River just opposite where the town of Empress now stands. The trail we made there was extensively used by the settlers who came in later, up until the railroad was built in 1910. It was a beautiful sight, the banks about four or five hundred feet high, and the bottom covered with cottonwoods and

willows and the river flowing gently to join the Saskatchewan eight miles east.

We turned east and followed down the river, made camp at a beautiful spot, and started to get our loads, keeping watch all the time for the ranchers who never liked the idea of settlers moving in and using the supply of wood and building material. After working a couple of hot days we went swimming in the Red Deer River, always a bit leery of quicksand, and another pest we had to be on the watch for was rattlesnakes. Some of the boys saw one but it crawled away, leaving us alone. In a couple more days we had our loads on. For fuel we cut down the large dry cottonwoods. Some were three or four feet around, but we cut the smaller ones as they were much easier to handle. We cut a nice lot of poles, cottonwood, for the roof on our sod barn, also several hundred for fenceposts.

We moved on down further east, looking for a place to leave the river where the hills weren't too big. We hove in sight of a ranch and on looking it over found no one there. It was apparently a summer camp. There was quite a house, upstairs and all, built of spruce logs which I am told broke loose from a big boom west of Rocky Mountain House years before, and practically every rancher along the river got some good building material from them. This ranch belonged to Shannon Bros. One of the brothers, Dave, is still living in Coquitlam, B.C., and a son, Albert Shannon, resides in Empress. They ran about 2000 head of horses.

Well, this ranch had barns, sheds, corrals, etc., and as night was coming on we moved into the house and had supper. By this time our grub was getting low, as we had figured on being gone only seven or eight days at the most. There was a small cellar in this house with a trap door, so we put our grub box in it to keep the food cool. We were sitting around telling yarns and complimenting ourselves on how well we were getting along, nobody bothering us, etc., when suddenly out of the night—bang! It sounded like war was declared. We were in for it. We dived for cover under the table, behind the stove or some place. There was only one firearm in the crowd, Sim's Smith and Wesson 38. Sim drew the pistol and said "I'm going to get a shot in too!" We waited for another barrage but now everything was quiet. Sim poked his head above the windowsill but nothing stirred. "Well," we said, "must have been just some passing cowboy or Indian trying to frighten us." (Which he sure did.) Finally we ventured out to look for tracks but found none, and at last went to bed. Next morning we were up early and got out the grub box to get breakfast. Upon opening it we found the man who did the shooting the night before—the stewed prunes we had in a jam pail had fermented and had blown the lid off with a bang that sounded just like a gun, so the joke was on us.

We thought we should get a few more poles as there were plenty of them to be had. Going east again we loaded up all we could. In the meantime we found some lovely red berries growing on quite prickly bushes in nice clusters. They looked so good, but the question arose, "Are they poison?" We had almost no food left by this time, and it would take three days to get home. "Well," Sim said, "here goes, poison or no poison, I'm going to have a feed." So he dug into them, eating them by handfuls. "Dig in boys, they taste O.K.," he said. But we waited two or three hours to see if he was going to die. By that time he was still living, so we ate our fill too. We followed a ravine up out of the river valley and made about 15 miles the first day to an abandoned cow camp just west of Cabri Lake at Rush Lake. To our amazement there was a pile of cattle bones 15 feet high at that place. They had all perished the spring of 1907. We knew that Albert Metzel lived about 10 miles east, so Sim and I rode over to try to get some grub. We rode across the lake, as it was dry, and had supper with a lad named Roger Nelson. He later homesteaded southeast of Loverna. We didn't get any grub as he was short of food also, and we returned empty-handed, but Sim and I had had a good supper.

There wasn't a house between our place and the river. We came across our old trail just about where Alsask Beach is, south of Eyre. About four miles east of there was the Massingill dipping vat, where they used to dip 10 to 15 thousand cattle every year for mange. We were then about 30 miles from home and the grub box was empty. So were we. The ham bone was still in it and Roy was on the front wagon with the box. He got out the bone and chewed away at it, while we all envied him. Finally he threw it away, but Sim, on the second wagon, retrieved it and chewed it some more. We arrived home the next day, tired and very hungry, 19 days after we had started, and thus ended our first trip to the river, though it was not the last one we were to make.

A Second Trip to the River

The beginning of November 1909 was cold and snow lay on the ground, but a chinook blew gently across the prairies, melting away the snow and bringing warmth to the countryside. It was a beautiful warm sunny day when Stewart Dewar and I started out with our teams of horses and wagons to make a second trip to the Red Deer River for poles. The point on the river that we were going to was near where it joins the Saskatchewan River.

That night as we camped about twenty miles south of Hoosier the wind rose, then veered to the northwest. It became so strong it almost blew our tent down. Then snow started to fall and soon a blizzard sweeping across the land, and when morning came the ground was covered with snow and the temperature had dropped to around 25 degrees below zero.

We decided to go on in spite of the cold weather. I went to get my moccasins to keep my feet warm. Before starting out I had tied them to my wagon and now found that bumping over the rough trail had caused them to become untied and then lost. For the rest of the trip I had only leather boots to wear.

To keep from freezing we walked beside our wagons all that day and stopped at night at an old cow camp. By the next night we had reached the river, and while cutting logs and poles there we stayed at an empty ranch house. The weather remained bitterly cold and soon our food was almost all gone. I had my gun with me and one day we saw some prairie chickens. I tried to shoot them but the trigger wouldn't work, the oil on the gun was frozen.

We started home with our loads, walking beside them again, to keep warm. That night we stayed once more at the old cow camp, and all we had left to eat was a bit of bread. We walked all the next day in the severely cold weather without any food. At night almost frozen and starved we came to a settler's house, where we were grateful to get food and shelter for the night. I remember the owner had some lovely Percheron horses.

The last night of our return trip we stayed at Shirk's, just north of the C.N.R. track. He had a sod house and it was nice and warm. It felt so good to be sleeping where it was cosy and warm, after the coldness of the empty houses and the tent on the trail. The next day we were home again but the hardships encountered on that trip in the cold are still vivid in my memory after all these years.

After eating "the red berries" mentioned in the story above, Sim (E. Simpson) and Roy went to a homesteader's near the river to buy some food. The woman included one of her pies made from the red berries which she told them were Buffalo Berries. Russell still remembers how good that pie was!

Stewart tells of seeing a porcupine at the river, also doves.

Russell D. McGibbon

BIRDS OF THE HOOSIER VALLEY

The Golden Wing

Along the river's edge I see
Him flit from tree to tree
Gay wings a-flying,
Bright song a-crying
Happy as the day is long

Among the green treetops he flies
Flashing bright before our eyes
Glad song he's singing
Life he is bringing
Happy as the day is long

Written by Maude McGibbon, July 26, 1938
age 15 years, 6 months

LAND BIRDS

Blackbirds (American)
Red winged Blackbirds
Bluebirds, red breasted
Bluebird, mountain
Bobolink
Buffalo Bird (cow bird)
Cat bird
Crow
Flicker (yellow-shafted)
Goldfinch

Grosbeak
Hawk red tailed
Hummingbird
Junco, slate-colored
Kingbird
Lark horned
Lark bunting
Linnet redpole
Magpie
Meadowlark
Oriole
Owl

Pheasant
Prairie Chicken
Robin
Shrike northern
Snowbirds (snow bunting)
Sparrow chipping
Sparrow English
Sparrow white-crowned
Warbler yellow
Warbler black and white
Wax wing cedar
Wren house

WATER BIRDS

Crane sandhill
Dipper (water ouzel)
Duck mallard
Duck pin-tail
Duck gold-eye
Goose Canada

Gull Franklins
Kildeer plover
Sandpiper
Tern
Willet
Swans

There would be other birds, both land and water besides these But these we saw and recognized In the warm sunny month of September 1953 a lovely little humming bird was seen in T Goldsmith s flower garden also a pair of gorgeously colored wild canaries

PRAIRIE FIRES

Prairie fires were always a menace to the new settlers in any district of the west After 1885 trains got a great deal of the blame for starting prairie fires—so many seemed to start near the track and spread through the tall dry prairie grass—this was especially true in the spring and fall of the year

Russell McGibbon tells of a bad fire that swept through the Hooster Valley (as it was later called) in the spring of 1908 It came from the far west and travelled eastwards to the Goose Lake country He had to wait in Saskatoon for over three weeks until the fire subsided and the grass started to grow again—so there would be a little feed for horses. Mr D M Dewar heard of it in the east and delayed leaving there It was the beginning of May when they met and started the long trek west to the new settlement.

Jack Mercer tells of a prairie fire in the early spring of 1909 which also swept through the Hoosier Valley When he arrived at his section of land it was all black with little or no grass left for his oxen

Gordon Fuller says that a fire swept through the Hoosier District in the spring of 1910 When he and Dad arrived early from the east they had to go to "The Meadows west of Loverna to get hay for their horses

There were several other smaller prairie fires in the district for a number of years, however people had fireguards and no buildings were lost

ALMANAC OF WEATHER THROUGHOUT THE SPRING OF 1934, OUR WORST SEASON FOR BLOWING

1934

March 20—Mild day. Turned windy in the evening. No snow left except where largest drifts were.
21—Colder. Snow flurries.
22 to 31—Bright cold days. Snow flurries. Ponds frozen. Good skating.
April 1—Thawing again.
2—Dull, mild day. Last skating.
3—Mild. Thawing in the afternoon.
4—Mild, terrific wind. Land drifting all around.
5—Very windy in afternoon. Land drifting.
6—Bright, cold day.
7—Sunny and warm. Very windy in afternoon. Soil drifting.
8—Cloudy. East wind in morning. Snow.
9—Warmer.
10—Northeast wind. No sunshine. Worst dust storm yet.
11—Sunny, mild day.
12—Bright, hot day.
13—Dull, very windy. Dust storm all day long.
14—Very windy. Cold northwest wind. Dust storm continued all previous night, and all this day too.
15—Cold with northwest wind. Snow flurries.
16—Lovely, warm day.
17—Northwest wind. Dust flying almost all day.
18—Windy, but not so much dust.
19—Quite warm.
20—Hot day.
21—Warm, windy.
22—Very windy. Northwest wind. Bad dust storm.
23 to 26—Lovely warm days. Some northeast wind. Seeding started April 23.
27—Nice warm day. Rained a little about 4 p.m. Some thunder.
28—Lovely in morning. Very windy in afternoon. Bad dust storm started about 4 p.m. Men had to leave field it was so dusty. Dust storm lasted all night.
29—Still windy, but it rained off and on all day and settled the dust.
30—Dull, cold day. Snowed between 10.30 and 12.30 a.m.
May 1—Cold, windy day. Snow stayed all day.
2—Still cold, but bright sunshine melted the snow through the day.
3—Bright, windy, cool. Wind and dust storm after noon.
4—Warm, windy.
5—Bright, warm. Dust storm in the afternoon.
6—Bright, warm, fairly windy.
7—Sultry, dull and cloudy. Thunder, lightning and wind at night.
8—Cool in morning. Quite hot and sultry in the afternoon.

9—Northwest wind Another bad dust storm
10—Lovely warm calm day
11—Windy Another dust storm Frost that night
12—Warm sunny day
13—Warm sunny day
14-18—Hot, sunny days
19—East wind sunny but not so hot
20—Cloudy sunny then thunder and wind, followed by quite a bad hail storm Then more showers

SOME SHORT SHORT STORIES

Roy Yoos likes to tell this story about his first trip to Canada

In 1909 when Dad came up to his homestead in Canada, he brought Dee and I with him On the trail we boys just had a small space in the wagon box in which to sleep We would get so cramped before morning and would groan and complain Dad would tell us about the nice comfortable bed waiting for us when we got to Garde Smiths Imagine our disappointment when we got there to find that our bed was just a pile of straw in a corner of Garde's sod shack However we could stretch out and being very tired we slept soundly

But before we fell asleep that first night Garde thought he'd have some fun at Dad's expense He told him about the great weight of sods on the roof and that often the poles broke and buried everyone etc Dad took a lantern and went out and hunted around until he found some poles He brought them in and carefully propped up the roof before getting into bed —all to the great amusement of Garde

* * * * * *

Mrs Stanley Doyle sent in this story about her father (Mr Jos Yoos)

'One time when Dad was hauling mail from Flaxcombe he was following a trail not too well marked The horses took off across a very green, grassy plot and before Dad knew it one of his horses was knee deep in alkali It took four oxen and a lot of elbow grease and I don't know how many words to extricate the critter

* * * * * *

George Wallace lived near the western end of the Hoosier Valley He bought a nice team of matching grey horses and he was very proud of them and justifiably so because there were not many nicely matched driving teams in the countryside But when he talked about them he would always say "One weighs fourteen hundred pounds and the other weighs the same

* * * * * *

Roy Rose went to a lumber camp at Prince Albert and worked one winter When spring came he and a friend decided to cut a carload of poles and ship them to Marengo People went there to buy poles from him One man was sorting them over and picking out the best for himself Roy stopped him and said We're not simple you know It's just one clothes

Mrs. George Collison (Greta Carroll) sent along this story.

One time Ernest Simpson decided to invite some of the young people of the district to have dinner with him. Greta was invited and her cousins, the Mosier boys, were there too. Sim was a very good cook and he had such a nice meal prepared for them. During the dinner the young folks couldn't decide what kind of meat they were eating. They thought it might be rabbit, but Sim didn't say anything until they were all through eating it. Then he told them that it was muskrat that they had just eaten. Greta says, "Appetites vanished then."

* * * * * *

In the summer of 1907 a man by the name of O'Connell took up land a little south and west of where the town of Smiley is now. He brought his wife and family with him and a good supply of food. They built a sod house and prepared to spend the winter. There were a few people east of Buffalo Coulee, but in these early days people did their homestead duties and left for the winter. Later on in severely cold weather they ran out of food and as Mr. O'Connell had remembered calling at the shack of Alden Hubbs and Tom Peebles the summer before and seeing a bin of seed oats there, he in desperation drove there and took some of them. By boiling them and drinking the water for broth they were able to keep alive. As soon as the weather began to warm in the spring of 1908 he left with his family and did not return.

* * * * * *

Gordon Fuller contributes this story.

In 1909 he and Dad came west and filed on their land—one mile south of the present hamlet of Hoosier. They were busy putting up some buildings on their homesteads when two men drove up and started talking to them. Dad asked who they were, and one man said, "We're homestead inspectors. We came to see if you are carrying out your homestead duties." In a little while they drove off, and sometime later Gordon and Dad found out who they actually were. They were Bert Muirhead and Norman Loucks, and were really neighbors living south and west of Gordon and his Dad.

* * * * * *

At the end of the 1914-18 war Stanley Bowerman returned to Canada. He thought he'd like to work his father's land, which was south of Ternan's Lake. He got an outfit together and one day he started to plow. He plowed all morning and went to Henry Bennett's for dinner. When he came back to continue his plowing, the wheels were gone from his plow. He lost heart with an ungrateful Canada. For several years he worked for farmers in the district but wages were low, and he never did get his outfit together again to work his land and after while he left the district. People remember his cheery whistle, especially the children. If they were cross and irritable he would whistle for them and immediately they would forget to be cross.

* * * * * *

Russell McGibbon tells of exchanging work with Bill Wilkins in 1909

Russell needed the inside of his shack papered with felt paper for additional warmth. (He had built a little house of boards and put sods on the outside of it.) Bill wanted a beef butchered. He offered to paper the shack if Russell would butcher the beef. So they agreed and Bill papered the shack while Russell butchered the beef.

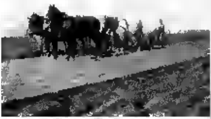
* * * * * *

Russell remembers that when he built Geo. Wallace's sod shack for him—that George paid him $20.00 for doing it and he was quite pleased, because he felt that he was very well paid for the job.

* * * * * *

In 1940 Russell did some combining for Tom Goldsmith. When noon came a hot dinner was rushed to the field in Tom's car. As they ate, they sat in the shade of Russell's car, listening to the radio giving the latest news. Beside them were the combine and truck which made a quick job of cutting, threshing and delivering the wheat to the elevator.

Before they went back to work they spoke of the great changes that had taken place in the thirty-two years since they had started farming on the prairie.



Above: Russell breaking prairie sod with mules and horses 1924

Right: Russell's combine and tractor in 1938

A PARTY IN THE VALLEY

There was a dance at Carl Sale's home in the winter of 1910-11. Lance Phillips was working for Jack Mercer and both were invited. But Jack wanted to take Ada Dewar to the dance, so he told Lance that he could go with Stanley Doyle. Lance set out for Stan's place, and when he got near there Stan had started out. Lance could see the lantern in the box of the sleigh and he followed it. Presently Stan's sleigh and lantern disappeared over a little hill, and Lance lost sight of them. In no time at all he was

completely turned around and lost in the darkness. A blizzard came up suddenly, as prairie blizzards can, and soon it was a raging storm.

Lance had on light clothing for the party and just woollen mitts and cashmere hose. He kept on walking and walking to keep warm and at last came to Miles Cooke's shack east of Alex Thompson's and four miles away. No one was living there at the time and there was no fuel, but he stayed there until morning. Then he started out to go back to Jack Mercer's and again he lost his way. It was still blowing and very cold.

In the meantime the party went on and everyone had a good time, but stayed until after the worst of the storm, which was about noon the next day.

When Jack Mercer reached home that afternoon Lance wasn't there. He went over to Stan Doyle's to see if Lance was there. Not finding him, he and Stan came to Russell McGibbons but he wasn't there either. Russell saddled his horse and went in one direction and Jack and Stan went in another direction searching. Remembering how light Lance's clothing was, they were afraid they'd find him badly frozen, if alive at all. Russell went south and west and found Lance safe and sound at Steve Weir's. He walked back to Jack Mercer's from there nearly four miles distant. Everyone marvelled that Lance had not frozen any part of him—feet, nor hands nor face, and that he was alive after getting lost in such a blizzard.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST!

In 1907 D. M. Dewar, his son Roy, and Ernest Simpson, all from Lachute, Que., had gone 160 miles west of Saskatoon, Sask., to a new settlement being opened up. There they had taken up homesteads and then returned east for the winter.

That same summer of 1907, Edward MacRae and Russell McGibbon also went west and worked at Sintaluta and Tyvan, Sask. They too had come from Lachute, but they remained in the west for the winter and worked in a lumber camp at Crooked River in Eastern Saskatchewan. During the winter Edward became ill with pneumonia and was sent to hospital at Swan River, Man. He contracted tuberculosis and returned east. Russell stayed on at the lumber camp until spring. Then with thoughts in his mind of a homestead on the prairie he went to Saskatoon.

TO THE PIONEERS!

The little group of men—D. M. Dewar, Roy and Stewart E. Simpson and Russell McGibbon, who travelled about 160 miles west of Saskatoon into a new and unsettled part of Saskatchewan were the only people living west of Buffalo Coulee all the summer of 1908.

But when the spring of 1909 rolled around many others came to this as yet unnamed district, but the railroads were moving westward too, and these new arrivals did not have such long treks to their homesteads.

These men arriving singly or in groups would most likely have felt

quite embarrassed if someone had told them that they had just made history—and that some day not too far hence they would be called the pioneers of the land.

The new generation taking over in the Hoosier Valley will never meet with the hardships encountered by the pioneers. For they start with the sod turned and the land easily prepared for the seed, houses, barns, granaries, schools and churches, elevators and stores built, wells dug and dug-outs made, roads graded, shelterbelts planted, telephones installed. These were the achievements of the pioneers. But perhaps the most important heritage of all is the accumulation of knowledge about soils, crops, types of machinery to use, etc., which the pioneers acquired in their years of homesteading and have passed on to the new generation by example and through conversation.

NEIGHBORS

That summer of 1908 no one lived west of this group of men from Lachute, Que. (D. M. Dewar, Roy and Stewart E. Simpson and Russell McGibbon). Nor did any one live very near them. Their nearest neighbors were three brothers who had come from Ontario—Donald, George and Hugh Barclay, who lived east of Buffalo Coulee. In spite of the distance between them they soon became fast friends. The Lachute boys always got a hearty laugh from Donald's invitation to visit him. He would say, "I live down by Teo Lake, any time you're passing drop in."

AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

In those early days if your shoe laces wore out, you couldn't get a new pair very easily. There were no towns near, no stores, no roads and few people had as yet any need of binder twine. Donald Barclay always brought forth a hearty laugh from his listeners when he told this story about himself.

His boot laces had worn out, and he was clumping along one morning without any laces in his boots. He had gone into Buffalo Coulee looking for a stray ox, and was bringing it home when a mother coyote sprang out snapping and snarling at him. He hadn't noticed the den and had gone too close to her babies. He couldn't kick her, because his boots would come off, and when telling about it he would say, "and the way I climbed on that black ox wasn't slow!"

A WILD RIDE

Shortly after reaching the new unnamed settlement, Stewart Dewar and Russell McGibbon rode on a little farther west, looking carefully over the land and decided where they would like to locate.

Hitching a team to their buggy they set out for Battleford one morning in early June, 1908, to file on their homestead. It was ninety miles away but there was a good trail leading north, just east of Buffalo Coulee. It was the old "Red River Cart" trail between Battleford and Fort Benton.

Montana. On the way they saw antelope, coyotes, an occasional fox, ducks and prairie chickens.

At Battleford they made the necessary arrangements for obtaining their land and as they came out of the Land Office they met Jack Cluff. They knew him well because they had been hauling their drinking water from his well and getting their mail from his house near what is now named Coleville. He told them that he had just bought a bronco and asked them if they would get it home for him. They agreed to do this and when hitching up to leave they hitched the bronco with Stewart's horse which was quieter and tied Russell's horse behind the buggy. This turned out to be quite an eventful ride as the bronco had not been broken.

The bronco was still wild and unmanageable as they travelled along south of Wilkie through a new German settlement there. The horses were running down the trail when all at once the boys saw right ahead of them a garden with a man and women working in it. The ground had been plowed and a garden planted across the trail. They tried to turn the horses out to go around the garden but they wouldn't turn and they wouldn't stop, so right through the garden they went! Fortunately the man and woman sensed that something was wrong and jumped out of the way as the horses raced by.

Without further mishap they arrived safely at Jack Cluff's place and delivered the horse—partly broken in by this time.

DOCTOR FIZZELL

Doctor Fizzell graduated from Queen's University, Kingston, in 1913 and after interning in the east for a year came west and settled in practise at the new town of Loverna. Although this history does not extend far enough west to take in that town, yet it would not be complete without some record of a man who served us in the medical capacity for nineteen years.

Coming in 1914, the year of complete crop failure, he very energetically went to work building up a practise and soon was known far and wide. No call ever went unheeded, day or night, and no questions asked as to whether services could be paid for or not. In 1916 he married Miss MacLean, daughter of Donald MacLean, who came west from Owen Sound, Ontario. They had one daughter, Merritt, who after taking her early education in Loverna, later graduated in Arts from the University of Alberta and is now married (Mrs. Ellis) living in Vancouver.

The doctor in early days had no hospital and that hindered him greatly. So often he would say, "Three churches in this little town and no place to care for the sick." To get around he had to be with horses and always in winter he kept two teams, also two fur coats, one for himself and one for his driver. He grew a beard to keep his face from freezing and after battling through blizzards and forty below weather that growth was really luxuriant when spring arrived.

No pioneer in this district will ever forget the world-wide influenza epidemic in the winter of 1918-1919. It struck our community very hard. With no hospital facilities, all sick had to be cared for at home. Besides it was one of the longest, hardest winters we ever experienced. The snow came in October and stayed on until the end of April and so much of it. With the numerous blizzards many roads became impassable. Through all that our good doctor travelled night and day. Many times the only sleep he got was on those blown in prairie trails, trustfully leaving that part of it to his careful driver. He would return home long enough to change teams, then away again, sometimes to arrive and find the "Grim Reaper" had been there first. Out of that terrible experience there were three casualties: David Peat, a married man with five children, Miles Cook, bachelor and a dear little boy, Eddy Taylor, son of the section foreman at Marengo.

In the early twenties a small hospital was opened at Loverna and Dr. Fizzell was quite happy about it. Now he could have his worst cases where he could see them daily. The matron, Miss Lawson, was a proficient and hard working nurse. Between them the health of Loverna and people in surrounding districts was fairly well taken care of.

In 1933 he moved to Sylvan Lake, Alberta. A municipal health plan was organized for Kindersley and took in surrounding municipalities. One of the hotels was turned into a hospital and through a land tax farmers were absorbed into the plan, taking away some of the doctor's practice. He spent three years at Sylvan Lake and then moved to Edson. When the Second World War broke out he was put on the staff of Calgary's military hospital "Colonel Belcher" where he served until his death in 1948. He did not live to be an old man.

Perhaps those strenuous nineteen years hastened his end, but it was a full and useful life. His wife now lives at 2776 Pine Street, Vancouver. We pioneers of the Hoosier district write this as a tribute to his memory.

SKATING

By the fall of 1910 several more families had come into the district and settled to the east and south of the Hoosier Valley. From then on there was more social life. When freeze-up came the young folks decided to have a rink on the slough in the coulee behind S. Jickling's barns. Mr. Jickling loaned them an empty granary in which to put on their skates and leave their heavy coats. Everyone was amused at the sign that the boys put up on the granary wall: "In God we trust, but keep your eye on your coat." Sometimes they practised hockey, for the first hockey team was formed that year, and sometimes they brought the girls along and had an evening of skating.

One problem they had whenever it snowed and blew, the rink had to be shovelled off, and no one was too keen to do the shovelling. Jack Mercer had a young Englishman working for him by the name of Lance Phillips. The boys told him that the one who shovelled off the most snow would have the most skates with the girls. So Lance became a most willing shoveller

Left to right Russell McGibbon Leo Sale Fred Adamson Jack Mercer Art Anderson from Flaxcombe Stanley Jickling Lance Phillips

SPORTS

1907 Through 1955

In reviewing the sports of the past 48 years it began I would say in 1908 at a picnic at Coleville Ernie Simpson better known as Sim, and I went to a picnic at Coleville in July I think There was no town then only a store with a post office in connection operated by Malcolm Cole who is now living in Saskatoon He must be a very old man as at that time he was a grown man while I was only a boy To get back to the picnic there was a ball game which was the main event at any sports in those days I played my first game of ball out west with Coleville that day Then there were the other usual events running and jumping and a big dance at night to end the affair

Now we will move to Dewar Lake to start the next sporting event hockey which from then until about 1945 was the leading sport through all those years with baseball running it a close second The fall of 1908 found four of us putting in homestead duties, namely Roy Dewar Stan Carroll Austen Carroll and myself We lived two miles apart the Carroll boys living on the NE 36 30-27 which was Thomas Carroll's homestead.

We must have used a little foresight and seen to it that the four of us had skates and hockey sticks on hand when winter came The lake offered the only rink close at hand, so the Carroll boys and I froze some willow pickets into the ice for goal posts but we had no puck We soon solved that by cutting an end off a cottonwood pole which had been hauled from the South Saskatchewan river It filled the bill for that winter We had no opposition but had lots of fun.

In the summer of 1909 there wasn't any sport of any kind, as there were not enough people around those parts for a ball team, so we contented ourselves by playing catch with whoever happened to be around. There were a few settlers arriving in 1909, locating mostly in Hoosier Valley. They nearly all came from Indiana, hence the name Hoosier Valley. In the spring of 1910 we formed a ball team. We had a meeting at the shack of Tom Carroll. Someone moved we buy a catcher's mitt, which we knew was important, but when the cost was presented Tom Carroll said we didn't need one. Jack Mercer, who was appointed manager, said, "Uncle Tom, those pitchers throw a ball awful fast." "Well," Uncle Tom said, "if you are going to throw a ball that fast you can't count on me to play." Anyway, a game, the first in the district, was arranged with Marengo, and it was played on Tom Carroll's homestead. The umpire was Ernie Simpson. The battery: Pitcher, Roy Goshorn; catcher, Oliver White; first base, Jack Mercer; second base, Carl Sale; third base, Leo Sale; shortstop, Stewart Dewar, and in the field were Bill Pettit, Fred Adamson and Lawrence White. I think we won. Many will wonder why Bill Reid wasn't catching for us. He was playing that game for Marengo. We played a return game in Marengo that summer.

That fall we had a rink on Stan Jickling's slough, and as we were getting a lot of practice among ourselves, we decided we might as well branch out and see how good we were at hockey, so we made arrangements with Kindersley for a game. Six of us drove to Kindersley. Everyone had to be a player, as we had only one team of horses, and that was Elmer Bolton's. We finally reached Kindersley after walking the better part of the first 15 miles. As there was no road we just cut across the prairie, finally getting to a road down near Teo Lake. I would like to mention that we had only six players, no subs. That might have been the first time six man hockey was played in Canada. The members of the first hockey club of Dewar Lake were: Stan Jickling, goalie, Fred Adamson, Marshall McLeod, Elmer Bolton, Harry Carroll and Stewart Dewar. We defeated Kindersley. The rink was open air and located on Railway Avenue, west of the hotel.

In 1911 baseball was again the main sport of the summer. Hoosier Valley was the scene of most of our baseball activities. We made a lovely diamond on what later became the homestead of Chas. Plennig. We started out with a lot of players compared to 1910. Our biggest thrill of 1911 was when we entered the tournament at Kindersley in June with $1,000 at stake. Five teams were entered: Rosetown, Alsask, Kindersley, Kincora and Hoosier Valley. We drew and beat Kincora, Kindersley beat Alsask, then we got the bye and played Rosetown and Rosetown won, but we got $300 for second money. Our players were: Roy Goshorn, Bill Reid, Chas. Raver, Hank Yoos, Charlie Yoos, Jack Mercer, Leo Sale, Cliff Glover and Stewart Dewar. It might be in order to mention that which Rosetown then had, catcher George Bigelow and pitcher Pete McGuire, were considered the best in the land at that time. We played ball all that summer, here and there, winning more than we lost. As winter approached, hockey was the topic, and a rink was made right near the one we had the winter before.

We had a five-foot board around it. The winter before the walls were made of snow.

We decided to invade Kindersley again and again made the trip by team and sleigh. Kindersley had an open air rink where the C.N.R. park is now. We had practically a new team but still only six men, no subs. We played overtime and won. Every man played the full 60 minutes. The game is now played with lots of subs, which speeds it up. In the old days the teams used to get pretty tired toward the end of a game as it was played two thirty minute periods.

The railroad grade was built in 1912 and so were the towns ahead of steel. We had lots of ball in 1912 as Smiley and Loverna both had clubs, and several games were played and tournaments. We won our share of them. The winter of 1912 we went to Kindersley again to play hockey this time in a closed rink. They won this time as they had a lot of new players.

Ball again was the order of the day in 1913 but as I with Russell McGibbon and Clayton Smith made a trip to the Peace River country with saddle and pack horses I haven't much dope on what went on that summer. That fall we made a rink in Dewar Lake with six foot walls and a good dressing room. Really nice compared to what we had been used to having. We had a box social at Bonnie Burn school and raised enough money to buy green and white sweaters.

By 1914 we had a pretty good ball club at Hoosier and Dewar Lake had one too so we had a lot of good ball then playing all the neighboring towns. During the First World War things slackened somewhat but we were still playing hockey and baseball. We drove to Alsask the winter of 1914-15 and played hockey. It was 30 miles, quite a drive with horses. We beat Alsask but had a time doing it. There were a few fights and what not.

In 1917 we had a few ball games against the famous Sounding Creek club and they were plenty tough. That year too Hoosier had its first modern skating rink run by Clayton Smith and David MacFarlane. It was built on a slough east of town and had a high board fence and a good warm dressing room.

In 1918 I went to Peace River and lived there until 1923. During that time a baseball league was formed including Alsask, Loverna, Major, Flaxcome, Marengo and Hoosier. This league functioned for four or five years. There was always a playoff I understand, and some very good ball was played. Following 1923 there were for many years both baseball and hockey clubs in Hoosier and they took in the sports days in various places.

The fall of 1923 saw a new sport brought to Hoosier for young and old, the roaring game of curling. Hardly anyone around here had ever curled before so it was quite a thing for most of us even to get a stone straight down the ice. We had only one sheet of ice for many years but in 1930 we moved into our new rink with two sheets in a modern building equipped at first with gas mantel lights which were later replaced by electric

First automobile in the district built by Robert and Ralph Doig. They never exceeded the 60 mile an hour speed limit.

One [illegible] and family.

Chrissy Twist taking home the groceries with oxen and stoneboat lights from a power plant installed in the rink building. We have had a variety of bonspiels down the years including the annual cash knockout, ladies' and school spiels.

In 1956 a hockey league was formed, including Smiley, New Brigden, Sedalia and Hoosier. The league was successful but the playoffs were never completed, as the roads became impassable. New Brigden and Sibbald, Alta. were always our toughest opposition in hockey but I think we beat them more times than they beat us.

As this is supposed to be a history of sports in the early days I think I will call it quits now. As to sports taking place from 1940 on nearly every one will remember and be posted on it.

J. S. Dewar

A SOD ROOF FALLS IN

Early in the Spring of 1909 Stanley Doyle and Stanley Jickling came together to this new settlement shortly afterwards named the Hoosier Valley. They had been to Battleford and filed on land side by side with only a road allowance between. One of the first things they did was to build a sod house on the edge of Jickling's land but both of them lived in it.

When the school closed in June Stanley Jickling's sister Edna, who taught in Saskatoon, came to spend the summer holidays with him. She came out to Wilkie by train and her brother met her there.

One dark rainy night, though little rain had actually fallen, the roof fell in on them. Stanley Doyle was sleeping next to the wall and not many sods fell on him so he was able to get out. But Jick, by his side was buried under a great weight of poles and sod. Edna, on the other side of the room close to the opposite wall, was able to get out with Stan Doyle's help. They moved some sods from around Jick's face and head. Then, still in his night attire and bare feet—everything was buried under tons of sods—Stan dashed outside to get a horse and go for help. The horses had been hobbled close to the shack and ordinarily would have been right there but the mosquitoes were fierce that night and the horses had moved a little and a little more until they were quite a distance away and in the blackness of the night Stan couldn't find them. He raced back to the shack to tell the others that he would have to try to follow the fire guard to Jack Mercer's on foot. Still in his night attire and bare feet he ran a mile west and a half a mile north to Jack's tent. Jack was in bed ill with rheumatism but he sprang out of bed and ran all the way to Jickling's.

Edna tells in her own words the ordeal she and her brother went through until the others came. It follows here.

I had been given the boys' bed in one corner and was able to sit up and stare at what had happened. Next I scrambled fast as possible out the little window on my side and ran around to the opposite window where the greatest settling had taken place.

In the darkness and sprinkling rain I could see one man moving

about and hear a muffled voice With shame I recall how I wailed "Oh! it is my Stan pinned under" Then Stan Doyle and I climbed frantically up the wall and moved cautiously down the cave-in and talking encouragingly to my Stanley all the while By tugging with all his strength Stan Doyle was able to move a few sods from Jack's face visible because of the whiteness against the black The Russian wolf hound reached his paws almost to the wall top and whined fretfully then he too was down the concave and pulling at a blanket

Where does it press the worst?

Across my middle a pole A sobbing moan from Stan D Oh! Jack! He placed his feet on the bedding under the pole and did his desperate best to lift sods away but with all the weight on the reversed slope moving enough of them was hopeless He said he would go for help, but how to find the way on open prairie no moon no stars Even in daylight it was most confusing for as soon as you top one rise the whole view is changed but in desperation he set off, whistling for the hound to follow I was left alone with my Stan literally under the sod feeling as impotent as the bugs in the air

I climbed down the incline carefully after finding a shovel was afraid to put the sharp edge under the pole for fear of cutting his flesh so used the handle and pried with all my might Soon I could feel the hands slipping on the woollen blanket and my strength slipping too

Stan would moan Oh pry it up pry it up, and I would try again The thought of a broken limb hip or ribs ninety miles from a doctor made me weak with fear but always I would take a fresh hold and pry some more Stanley now was suffering so much that all he could do was moan "Oh! pry it up. I was afterwards ashamed of my lack of diplomacy when I asked Stan if he would be afraid to die As if he had been stung with a wasp he snapped No but after a moment's reflection he said very low and uncertain Oh! I don't know

All this time a sprinkle of rain continued and myriads of mosquitoes swarmed about I was very scantily clad a rich banquet for the detested tormentors In spite of that I again climbed the wall and brought back a bucket of water with which I bathed his dear forehead and gave him a little to drink

At last a wagon could be heard faintly and then loudly rattling with men's voices calling encouragement They had galloped over a mile over the rough prairies.

With a lantern and three fresh pairs of strong arms the men got the dear lad out by moving many upper sods first being warned every minute where to not step lest another pole snap over his vital organs Stan, with a man on each side managed to make the incline and was lifted down from the wall

I went off to shake and weep at a distance and get into some seemly clothing The wolf hound pressed close to me sitting on my feet and reaching with a long tongue to lick my face. So intent was he on his job that both heads came up together through the top of the dress. That gave me the chance to rub cheeks and blow in his ear for the strain was somewhat relieved and I could laugh shakily.

They took the twins to a bachelor's shack not then in use and there they rested, keeping Stanely in bed for a few days.

Not knowing anything about the building of a sod shack, the boys had used a green upright post in the centre of the room not stout enough to support the ridge pole of the roof that reached from gable to gable and from which all the other poles extended to each wall of the room. The sods were no doubt thicker than necessary to keep out rain. Sods that have toughtened since growth in the region began are exceedingly difficult to cut in proper thickness for a roof. So that was how it happened.

When they afterwards looked it over and considered whether a sod house could be built differently, whether the Nordic people who gave up the wandering life of the ancient hunters and settled down long enough to grow cereals, could have had better construction, they decided they must have been much the same to have had enough warmth in winter. All agreed that pre-historic poles would not been brought scores of miles, but rather perhaps they would be built partly underground. Perhaps they then had the Florida climate that scientists in the Red Deer canyon spoke about and light matted roofing of grasses and palm leaves was sufficient.

This was written by Edna Jickling, who is now Mrs. Edna Blam of Saskatoon, Sask.

Then Jack Mercer writes about his arrival. He says: "And when I got there I though it was all over with Jack. He was down there under all that sod and pinned by rafters, brush and sod, which the roofs were made of, and we had to stand on top of him and the caved in roof until we could get a hole through to the floor. The sod shakes were generally 2 feet x 1 foot and the cracks were filled with sand, dirt or gravel, which ever was the handiest — an awful mess! I jumped down in there and started throwing sod as fast as I could. Jack could still talk and told us where he was. I finally got his head clear, and I'll say one thing for him—he had a keen sense of humor. First thing he said was, 'save the women and children.'" He took it in good humor and we all laughed about it afterwards.

In the meantime Stan Doyle was racing south another mile to Russell McGibbons to get a team to move Jack after they got him out. D. M. Dewar had been helping Russel to build his barn and the two of them were sleeping in it. While Russell hooked up his team, Mr. Dewar got a pair of his trousers for Stan. There was much to be desired about the fit of those trousers for Stan was small and thin and Mr. Dewar was tall and broad. (Later this caused much merriment, but just then nobody thought about it.)

The three men jumped into the democrat and raced the team across the bumpy prairie on the school section to Jickling's house a little over a mile to the east. Jack Mercer was there and had removed some of the sods and now all working furiously together it didn't take long to fling off the rest of the sods and broken poles. Jack was badly bruised and hurt but no bones were broken. They carefully helped him into the democrat and all drove back to Russell's barn and slept there until morning.

Next day Stan Doyle rounded up his horses and drove Jack and his sister to Tom Carroll's new house which was empty at the time. They stayed there for a few days—until Jack was up and around again.

They all had many a hearty laugh afterwards about the various funny things that happened that night.

In writing about it recently Stanley Jickling says "I have read a lot about people being buried alive on construction jobs or in the mines etc. After that experience I can understand how it feels. If I had been alone I would never have been able to get out." Then he adds, "It seems to me that event (the roof falling in) was our first lesson in neighborliness. In those early pioneering days when any person was in trouble everyone came running to help. And I believe the prairie people's greater reputation for kindness and neighborliness was recognized the world over."

SEQUEL TO "A SOD ROOF FALLS IN"

That dark night when the democrat was bumping along over the school section on the return trip to Russell's homestead he was sitting on the right edge of the seat driving his team. Unnoticed his wallet slipped from his pocket into the prairie grass. On reaching his barn he discovered that all his money was gone!

Next morning he saddled his riding horse and tried to follow his trail of the night before. There didn't seem to be much hope of finding the money but he kept on searching and after a while he saw a penny shining in the grass and got down to pick it up, then he saw another and farther on another and another! At length he came to his wallet with the rest of his money safe inside! He said that he then had more faith than ever in the old proverb, "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves."

A HOOSIER VALLEY CHARIVARI

By R. S. Jickling

On February 25, 1913, Marjory and I were married in Kindersley and about the first of March were home again. We had a young man looking after the place while we were away, Charles Sanford, nephew of Tom Goldsmith. We still have the steel of a carving set he gave us for a wedding present and also he was one of the first to enlist in the first war and was killed in action.

About three or four days after we got home I noticed a cow bell lying on the wall of the old sod barn. To my way of thinking that meant only one thing "a charivari" in the near future. A few nights later Charlie said he would take a stroll up to Doyles and after he left I went out to the barn and found the cow bell gone. Well, thought I to myself, this is the night. I didn't want to appear a bad sport. I didn't drink or smoke but had brought home a box of cigars "just in case," and Marjory had baked and cooked up a lot of food. While we were sitting around waiting for things to happen I began to wonder if we couldn't turn the trick sort of charivari the charivariers. So I tell the wife, you put on my old fur coat and cap and I'll put on old things, too. Then we will go out to the old sod shack and when the gang comes past we will jump out the west window and creep up behind them. I don't believe they will notice us as they will be looking ahead. It was below zero. Very little snow but lots of glare ice. We didn't have long to wait. They stopped at the wire gate, where one of the fellows fell down, but soon as he was up and the gate let down, away they went. Jack Mercer was acting sergeant. Halt now you fellows, he shouts. Forward march. Left, right, left, right, and while the orders were being given Marj and I were right in with the gang and no one the wiser.

It was only a short way to the house and when they got there the Sarg gave the order. "O.K. boys, give them the works!" and they sure did, with Marjory and I helping them. After about fifteen minutes the gang seemed to sense something was wrong. There were about 19 boys there, "no girls." One of the fellows went up and looked in Marjory's face and then there was silence. They didn't know what to say.

Well, I said, come on in boys and we'll see what we can do about it. We sang and played the piano, had refreshments and they really went to town on the cigars. Stayed about two hours and the time passed quickly. One thing about that evening remains in my mind as if it were yesterday. Jack Vandervoort sitting on an empty apple box drinking coffee out of a gravy boat, chuckling, laughing and enjoying himself immensely. Here are some of the boys I remember being there that night: Bill Dance, Bill Chalmers, E. Ravet, C. Sanford, Stan Doyle, E. Simpson, Jack Mercer, Herb Craven, J. Vandervoort and they were a grand bunch of guys.

Here are a few of the songs popular at that time.

Let me call you sweetheart, Shine on harvest moon, I want a girl just like the girl, Take me out to the ball game, Old folks at home, Seeing Nellie Home."

CROP AVERAGES DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS ON BEST SUMMERFALLOW

1909.—On breaking Mr. Dewar had wheat that yielded 40 bushels per acre. He hauled to Colevdle to have it threshed.

1910.—Crops badly adamaged by hail.

1911.—Heavy crop but badly frozen. Mostly used for feed.

1912.—A bumper crop. Flax on breaking yielded 35 bushels per acre. Wheat on summerfallow went 40 and 45.

1913.—An average crop.

1914.—Dry and very low yield.

1915.—Bumper crop. An average 40 bushels per acre. All beautiful No. 1 wheat. Flax average 15 and 18.

1916.—Very wet season. A lot of hail, rust and frost. Heavy grain but poor grade.

1917.—Not much rain. Best grain about 17 bushels.

1918.—Dry year. Wireworms bad. Rain enough later to make best fields about 18 bushels. Very early winter, leaving some grain unthreshed.

1919.—Dry year. Light yield.

1920.—Dry year. Light yield.

1921.—Dry year. Light yield.

1922.—Dry year. Light yield.

1923.—A very good crop, especially flax. Wheat average yield and good grade.

1924.—Very dry. Crop mostly cut for feed.

1925.—Good crop and good grade.

1926.—Average crop.

1927.—A good heavy crop. Much rain in the spring.

1928.—Heavy crop, but late. 42 days threshing.

1929.—A dry year. Poor yield.

1930.—A fair crop. Snow came early.

1931.—A fairly good crop, but soil drifting beginning.

1932.—Terrible dust storms. So much grain cut off by soil drifting, but with rain coming late, a fair crop.

1933.—Good year, but prices at the lowest.

1934.—Not so good. Soil drifting bad. Not even any feed for stock.

1935.—Worse. Everyone on relief.

1936.—Still soil drifting. A bad year for hail.

1937.—Worse. Men went to Alberta for harvest work.

1938.—Terrible dust storms, but some rain came in June and we had a light crop.

1939.—Still improving. Fair crop.

1940.—Good year. Best fields 40 bushels per acre. Very wet fall. Some grain left unharvested.

1941.—Weather dry. Serious sawfly damage. Wheat 8 bushels average, all tough. Price 45½ cents bushel. Wet fall.

1942.—Nice spring, lots of rain continuing through the fall. Wheat average 30 bushels, poor grade, best No. 3. Price 68 cents. Flax 10 bushels, price $2.00.

1943.—Poor year, some hail, wheat 10 bushels. Price 87½ cents, flax $2.28, barley 44½ cents, oats 57 cents.

1944.—Average year for rain. Wheat 25 bushels per acre. Price $1.00.

1945.—Fair year. Wheat yield 12 to 15 bushels. Price $1.06. Flax $2.55.

1946.—A lot of rain all summer, but wheat only averaged about 18 bushels. Price $1.04 to $1.14. Oats 49¼ cents. Barley 65 cents.

1947.—Dry most of the summer. Wet fall. Not much of a crop and some hail. Wheat average 15 bushels. Price No. 1 $1.17 bushel. Flax went about 7 bushels, price $4.77 bushel. Barley bushels per acre 20 price 76 cents.

1948.—Very dry year. Wheat average 7 to 10 bushels acre.

1949.—Fair year. Average wheat 18 to 25 bushels. Price of wheat $1.53 to $1.56. Barley 70 cents per bushel, oats 50¼ cents.

1950.—Wet spring and fall crop. Some frost and poor grade of wheat. Too much moisture content and most grain had to be dried. Some lay out all winter and was almost all lost from ducks.

1951.—Late wet spring and wet fall. Wheat average 25 bushels what could be combined. Much had to lie out all winter.

1952.—Nice dry spring and the unusual spectacle of seeding and harvesting going on at the same time. Good grade of wheat. Yield up to 35 bushels. Price of wheat $1.17 a bushel, barley 90 cents. Good fall crop too.

1953.—Good crop. Grain beginning to stockpile. Storage space a problem and quotas tightening.

1954.—Good heavy crop. A lot of fall rain but later in October it dried up and all grain was harvested. Farmers using every available building for grain and plenty lying out all winter.

1955.—Good crop and good grade. Perfect harvest weather and almost all combining finished in September. Quotas lower than ever and a great shortage of box cars. Prices keeping up fairly well owing to our orderly system of marketing.

1956.—Not much hard bread wheat grown as the surplus is too great. Mostly durum, flax and barley. Early frost lowering the grade. Wheat, oats and flax slightly lower in price than last year. Barley is higher. Good average yield in spite of frost.

Field of D[illegible] taken [illegible] in July 1956.

ROLL OF HONOUR

First Great War—1914-1918

J Ernest Simpson
Reginald White (killed in action 1917)
Lance Phillips (killed in action)
Jack Vandervoort
Thomas Akehurst
William Jenkins
George Clarke (killed in [illegible])
Silas Cooper
Stanley Bowerman
Sam Bolinbrooke
Ernest Umphrey
Charles Russell

Second Great War—1939-1945

Murray Dewar (killed in training 1943)
Henry Doyle
William Barr
Raymond Stevens
Henry Jenkins
Hugh Thompson
George Waldron
Murray Lowe
Bert Barnett
Sydney Jenkins
Willis Lees
Ross Moulton
Lloyd Hubbs
Christina Gray
Alfred Gray
George Gray
Harold Ashbecker
T S Atkinson
L B Mosher
Albert Wells
Earl Wells
Conrad Everatt
F Haakinson
Hugh Thompson
Ivan Russell
Stanley Bowerman

THE HOOSIER CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION

Formed on March 20 1940 when 38 interested farmers gathered following a previous meeting at which the local 'Pool delegate' gave a general outline of the workings of the Saskatchewan Co-operative Wholesale Society the central organization and leader of most local co-ops

Mr Wm P Doyle who took an active part in the organization reported 42 members with $350 00 subscribed in share capital As this amount was insufficient to cover expense a canvas was was made for loan capital of $300.00 which amount was raised almost at once

The first board consisted of the following members W P Doyle president J B Stewart vice-president J P Findlay secretary Directors were W Tisdale H Kaufman W Barr A J Fredell and R D McGibbon.

The association since organization to end of 1956 has done approximately $500 000 00 in sales with savings of $40 000 00, with a membership of 116.—R E Doig manager

PRAIRIE SOD
TO
GOLDEN ACRES

OOSI R

From Prairie Sod
To Golden Acres

From Prairie Sod To Golden Acres

Chronicles of
The Hoosier District

Compiled by
MRS. E. M. GOLDSMITH
and MRS. GRACE D. McGIBBON

This book is dedicated to the Pioneers of Hoosier district and the Homemakers Club upon whose request it is being published. Their achievements, disappointments, joys, and sorrows are mingled forever with the good earth of Western Saskatchewan.

Written in the years 1955 and 1956

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Preface

These are the gardens of the desert
These! the unbroken fields
Boundless and beautiful
For which the speech of England
Has no name "The Prairies"

LORD BYRON

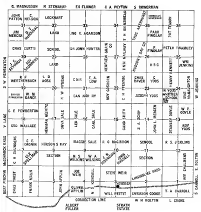
Nearly 50 years ago people from all parts of Canada and the U S A came with their oxen mules and horses to pioneer these "Prairies" By hard work and patient perseverance they transformed the prairie sod into one of the richest farming districts in Western Canada

It has been said that no one person ever writes a book and that is very true of this publication Sponsored by the Homemakers Club we have so many people to thank for assistance in the getting together of material First of all I wish to thank Mrs Grace McGibbon of Calgary who spent a great deal of time in compiling the "Folklore of Hoosier Valley" and in helping contact many who sent in "Pioneer experiences" To Mrs Joyce Barr and Mrs Alice Peyton who helped so much with the typing To the many who answered letters and the numerous questions answered by our local people

Anyone looking for a literary masterpiece will not find it here for the narrators are just plain country folk who wish to preserve the records of bygone times

Those were days to be remembered
Remembered through all the years
For those were the days the long hard days
The days of the old "Pioneers!"

MRS E M GOLDSMITH
Convener Club History


G. MAGNUSSON
H STENSRUD
ED FLOWER
C A PEYTON
S BOWERMAN
JOHN PATTON
C. NELSON
LOCKHART
T H BRINSMEAD
THOS AKERHURST
CORNELIUS BOWERMAN
PAT TENNIN
31
32
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34
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JIM MERCER
D Y McDOUGAL
LAND
JNO E. ADAMSON
PARK FINDLAY
CHAS CURTIS
SCHOOL
DR JOHN HUNTER
RENFREW GRAIN CO
C N R RAILWAY
HUDSON'S BAY CO
P FINDLAY
PETER TWAMLEY
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J. C. SEYMOUR
ROY SAUNDERS
LAND
H B C
HENRY BENNETT
WM JENKINS
S W PEMBERTON
R F WERTHENBACH
L D ROSE
H W NYBERG
C N R
T A. LOW
HDY GOSHORN
C H PFENNIG
CHAS RAVER
C YOOS
MRS McNAUGHTON
W JENKINS
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GROVER PEMBERTON
W M DANCE
CAN NOR RY
JOSEPH YOOS
N YOOS
WHITTIER SCHOOL
G E PEMBERTON
HERMAN HEINITZ
ORVA SALE
LEO SALE
CARL SALE
GARD SMITH
S A SCHIP
JOHN L. MERCER
STANLEY DOYLE
W P DOYLE
V LANE
18
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16
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14
13
GEO WALLACE
ROY YOOS
McCORMICK BROS
C H SAUNDERS
C E. CRONIN
HUDSON'S BAY
MAGGIE SALE
R O McGIBBON
SCHOOL
R S. JICKLING
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OLE SPELLMAN
SECTION
N S WILKINS
W A WILKINS
J H MORRISON
JOHN RUSSELL
SECTION
WM CHALMERS
E. BOLTON
BERT PINCHIN
CHAS TWIST
FRANK MANN
JOHN APPLIN
JOE WEIR
N S KENDALL
STEVE WEIR
LINDHOLME BROS
6
5
4
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2
1
OLIVER APPLIN
HOOSIER
WILL PETTIT
EMERSON COOKE
T. A CARROLL
S CARROLL
CORRECTION LINE
W H BOLTON
L COOKE
ALBERT FULLER
STRATN ESTATE

TOWNSHIP 31, RANGE 27, WEST 3rd, FIRST SETTLERS

SOUTH

Geography

The land is mostly flat prairie, slightly rolling in places and broken by a few wide, shallow coulees. In one of these coulees lies Dewar Lake, about two miles south and east of the village of Dewar Lake. The lake is roughly the shape of an X, some four or five miles long and shallow, not exceeding 10 feet in depth. During the "dry thirties" the lake dried up completely.

The soil varies from a heavy sticky "gumbo" through chocolate loam to sandy loam, and in the extreme southwest of the district is quite sandy. Most of it is the chocolate loam which will raise good crops with a minimum amount of rainfall.

Precipitation varies from the extreme drought conditions of the 1930s to the unusually heavy amount of moisture of the early 1950s. June rains are the rule, noticeable by their absence in 1955. Fairly heavy snowfall is usual. The winter of 1954-55 was an exception, it being a completely open and very dry winter.

This is exclusively an agricultural district, the chief crops being wheat and coarse grains, and flax. A fairly large number of cattle and hogs are also raised and there is an increasing amount of seed hay being raised, although most of the hay put up is still the native grasses, such as bluejoint and prairie wool.

EARLY SETTLERS OF HOOSIER DISTRICT

Adamson Fred came from Saskatoon and homesteaded in 1909 In 1925 he and his family moved north and now live in Meadow Lake His homestead is now in the community pasture

Akehurst Thomas came from Manitoba to Saskatoon where he worked in the fire department Later he homesteaded north of Hoosier enlisted and went overseas in the first war and continued farming after his return In 1937 he moved to Lacombe Alta with his family where he still resides and continues his trade of carpentering His homestead is now in the community pasture

Ashbacher Fred born in Switzerland came here from Minnesota in 1910 where he farmed and did blacksmithing He was very active in community affairs until his death in 1951

Bennett, Harry born at Fergus Ont moved west to Weyburn and then on to Hoosier where he homesteaded north of town in 1910 Has now retired and is living in Hoosier Murray Lowe carries on his farming operations

Brooks Will came from Wingham, Ont to Saskatoon then on to this district where he homesteaded in the Greene district in 1910 He farmed there until his death in 1954 His family then moved to Hoosier where his wife still resides

Barr Wesley came in 1911 from Lenore Man He married Gertie Stephens and they have farmed here ever since

Bolton William H came and homesteaded in 1911 brought his family in 1913 and farmed continually until his death in 1929 The farm is carried on by his son Elmer

Bolton Elmer E came from Wolf Island and homesteaded in 1909 Farmed for some time and then moved back to Ont for a few years He then returned and is still farming with his son Reg

Bolton George came from Kingston Ont in 1910 Farmed until 1920 when he returned to Ont and is now living at Arnstein Ont where he has a general store

Barry William moved in from Abernethy Sask in 1910 later married Irene Bond one of the teachers in our school Farmed here for some time and now lives at Tako Sask

Bolinbroke William one of the early settlers in the Pizarro School District southwest of town He later married Hilda Harris of Marengo, and still farms the same place

Bolinbroke Sam brother of Will came from Cupar and homesteaded near his brother In 1945 he turned his farm over to his brother and bought land near Kindersley where he still lives

Bowerman Cornelius came from Beverton, Ont a dentist by profession, homesteaded on Sec 35 32 27 W3 He could recall the time when teeth were extracted for 25 cents each He was the first teacher at Prairie dale and moved to Lashburn after his wife died in 1918, where he lived with his daughter until his own death

Bramley William came from Tate Sask and homesteaded in the district south of Hoosier where he farmed until his death in 1950 His son carries on the farm and his wife lives in Flaxcombe

Cooke Emerson came with his family from Lachute Que in 1911 Farmed just east of town until 1944 when he moved to Saskatoon and passed away in Vancouver in 1950 His farm has been purchased by Lawrence Schmalzbauer

Carroll Harry homesteaded in 1907 coming in from Floral Sask married Myrtle Bolton and in 1929 the family moved to Saskatoon then in 1948 to Calgary where Mr Carroll still lives His farm is now owned by Cliff Kornelson

Carroll Stanley also came from Floral was married to Lena Bolton He farmed and bought grain at Dewar Lake and moved to Saskatoon in 1935 then to Calgary in 1946 His farm is now worked by Mike Feist

Carroll Austin homesteaded in 1907 went east and was married in 1916 He farmed until 1937 when he and his family moved to Guelph Ont His farm is now owned by Jess Hawkins

Cooke Leonard homesteaded in 1910 and brought his family out in 1913 He died in 1929 and after a number of years his wife and family moved to Ontario where they still live

Crown Emmitt came from Regina and homesteaded in 1912 He was first to buy grain in Hoosier In 1925 he married Zara Johnstone one of our teachers and two years later they moved to Regina district where he continued to buy grain Now he has retired to Port Coquitlam B C

Doyle Stanley came from Elora Ont in 1909 to his homestead north of Hoosier He farmed until 1943 when on account of poor health he retired to Victoria B C and died there in 1954 His farm is now operated by Ewald Weisbrod

Doyle Will moved from Elora, Ont and farmed east of town until 1946 when he retired to Calgary where he still lives His farm is now owned by Bill Kornelson

David Ferdinand came from Wolseley with his family and farmed north of Hoosier until 1926 when they moved into town After a number of years they moved to Cold Lake Alta later moving to Dinsmore where their son was in business Mrs David died in 1954 and Mr David then moved back to Cold Lake where he is now living with his daughter

Davies, Jack came from Wales and homesteaded north of town He still lives on his farm although he does not work the land The Dommett brothers farm it for him

Davies Hugh brother of Jack farmed on the next quarter to Jack

Both Davies came to the district in 1911 Hugh moved to Marwayne Alta where he lived until his death in 1946

Doig Paul came to his homestead from Lachute Que in 1910 He retired to Hoosier and died in 1939 His son Henry carries on farming operations

Mr and Mrs Paul Doig who celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in Hoosier Equity hall on Dec 23rd 1955 This picture was taken three years later on the occasion of a granddaughter's wedding The little boy is a grandson Bobby Doig

Doig Henry came and homesteaded in 1910 In 1915 he married Lizzie Clark and they still reside on their farm and operate it themselves

Doig Robert came with the Doig family in 1910 and took a homestead in 1914 His land is now in the Community pasture and Bob is manager of the Co-op Association in town

Dewar Dan one of the first settlers filing on his homestead in 1907 He came from Lachute Que The town of Dewar Lake is named after him Mr and Mrs Dewar retired to the east in 1925 and are both dead now Cyril Wright now farms the land

Dewar Roy son of Dan Dewar also one of the first settlers farmed in the district until his death in 1928 His wife and son now live in Calgary The village of Dewar Lake is on his homestead

Dewar Stewart homesteaded as a young man in 1907, his land being straight east of Dewar Lake He married Doris Taylor, and still farms his own land with the help of his son He is also shipper for the Co-op Livestock Pool

Dorsey Charles moved into the Pizaro district in 1913 from Rocanville He farmed until 1946 when he retired to Calgary and died there in 1952 His son Everett carries on the farm work

Dorsey Bob also came from Rocanville and homesteaded later buying grain for the Pool In this business he was moved to Laporte He is now deceased and his widow lives in Kindersley

Emmanuel John one of the early settlers in the Pizaro district He was of Scandinavian birth He married Ethel Blair but owing to her ill health they moved to Calgary Both are now deceased

Finlay Park came from Ottawa Ont homesteaded north of town, married Francis Welch later gave up farming and went into grain buying He moved to Saskatoon when he was made supervisor and died in 1949

ALBERT E FULLER (above) of Calgary and Hoosier Sask recently celebrated his 90th birthday Mr Fuller was born in La Chute Que coming west in 1910 to Hoosier where he has farmed since except for the winters which he spends in Calgary with his son and daughter-in-law Mr and Mrs H G Fuller at 3221 1st St SW He is very active and at present is helping his son build a rumpus room He also has a daughter Mrs Alex Thompson of Hoosier five grand children and eight great-grandchildren

Foster William filed on his homestead in 1907 then moved up from Abernethy in 1915 and began farming here His son Walter remained here but died in 1928 Mr Foster carried on the farming with a manager until his death in 1938 It is now owned by Mr E Weisbrod

Fuller Albert moved into the district with his wife and family in

1910 from Lachute Que He farmed here all his life During the last few years he lived in Calgary during the winter and at the farm during the summer He died in 1952 at the age of 91 His son Gordon carries on his business here

Flower E D came from Ireland as a young man homesteaded in the Hoosier district and farmed continuously until his health forced him to give up active work He was for a time in a government nursing home, rented his land and is now a resident in the Sunset Lodge in Kindersley He was for 35 years secretary treasurer of the Bapaume School District.

Fogarty William located his homestead southwest of Hoosier in 1910 and farmed successfully there until 1915, when he moved to Calgary and a few years later to Vancouver where he and his wife still reside

Goldsmith Tom located on his land in 1910 and moved in with his family in 1911 He is now retired and living in Hoosier His son William is on the home farm

Gear William homesteaded and was a successful farmer until 1932 when he sold out and with his family went back to Newmarket, Ontario The Murry Lowe family now farm his land

Goshorn Roy came from Huntington Ind, in 1910 went back but returned later after the death of Dr Hunter his father in law In 1949 he sold out and again returned to Huntington where he still resides

Hunter Dr came and located north of Hoosier in 1910 from Huntington Ind He was the only doctor in the community in those days and many a mile he travelled with horse and buggy to bring help to the sick. He continued to farm until his death in 1927 but his wife carried on with the farm for many years then moved to Huntington where she still lives

Hubbs Alden filed on a purchased homestead in Regina in 1906 In the summer of 1907 he along with his brother Charlie and Tom Peebles, came in by way of North Battleford and did their homestead duties

Hubbs Charlie moved to his homestead with his family in 1910 Later on he rented his farm and moved to Saskatoon to work in an implement business then returned to Hoosier as a grain buyer In 1951 he and his wife moved to Medicine Hat where he died suddenly in 1954 His land is now farmed by E D Goldsmith

Jickling Stanley came in 1909 He married Marjorie Pemberton and farmed here until 1936 when he and family moved to Maidstone and later to Victoria where they still live

Kendall Russell came with W Pettit from Weyburn and located his homestead ¾ miles west of town He farmed until 1946 and due to Mrs Kendall's failing health retired to Lacombe Alta where they lived until their deaths His land is now farmed by Bill Barr

Mann Frank came here from Markles Ind in 1911 homesteaded north of town and in 1922 he and his family moved to Fort Wayne Ind

McGibbon Russell drove in with the D M Dewar family from Saskatoon in 1908 He located on his land north of Hoosier where he farmed until 1945 when, owing to poor health he sold his farm to Bob Kornelson and retired to Calgary, where he still lives

Mosier Wallace moved here from Wolf Island, Ont with his family in the spring of 1913 and is still farming with the help of his son George

MacNaughton Mrs came in the spring of 1911 a widow with three children She is now living in Alberni B C

McFarlane George homesteaded here in 1910 coming from Lachute with his two children Jessie and Mary He farmed for many years later moving to Hoosier where he lived until his death in 1955

Meacham, Bill, homesteaded in 1910 coming from Linwood Ont He married Marion Forbes and they still farm the homestead and as a sideline, have a nice orchard of plums, cherries apples, crabapples and small fruits

McFarlane David came west from Lachute in 1911 and farmed until 1934 when he went to Neilberg Later he went to Prince George where he died in 1946 His farm is now owned by Gordon Fuller

Peebles, Tom first man to enter for a homestead That was in 1907, and moved on to his land in 1912 to live permanently Here he farmed until his death in 1942 His son Donald now operates the farm

Pettit William came from Weyburn in 1909 and homesteaded just west of what is now Hoosier In 1949 he moved to Newington Ont where he still resides His homestead is now owned by Howard Hawkins

Peyton Charlie from Ireland came to the district in 1910 from Langham and homesteaded north of town He carried on farming and ranching until 1937 when he retired to Victoria where he still resides (1956) at the age of 94

Pinchen, Herb born in England homesteaded in the Pizaro district and married Mildred McKenzie He farmed until his death in 1953 and his wife and son still carry on the farm

Pfennig, Charles came from Minnesota in 1911 and farmed just north of town He was active in forming the school district of Whittier and was one of the first trustees He moved with his family to Virginia, Minnesota in 1919 where he lived until his death

Reid, William came from Ontario with the first settlers As a young man he was very active in all sports and served on the council for many years He is still actively engaged in farming with the help of his son Douglas

Roberts James, homesteaded in 1910 coming from Lanark Ont He farmed here until his death in 1924 Now his farm is owned by his son Kenneth

Reimtr Herman came from Germany when a young man and homesteaded in the Hoosier Valley He remained until his family was grown and then he moved away Having been ordained as a Lutheran minister he has returned to that calling His farm is now worked by J Hawkins

Simpson Ernest one of the first settlers in the Dewar Lake district coming from Lachute with the Dan Dewar family He homesteaded half way between Dewar Lake and Hooster and married Mrs Roy Dewar They later moved to Calgary where he died Mrs Simpson still lives in Calgary Their farm is now being worked by Grant Evans

Trask Hedley came west from Alma Ont to the Regina district Then in 1911 he homesteaded east of where Pizaro School now is Here he farmed for many years later moving to Hooster He was at one time councillor, church steward Secretary of the Co-op Elevator Co Owing to ill health he moved to a nursing home at Duval where he lived until he died in 1953 and was brought back to Hooster for burial

Sale Mrs M came in 1909 with 2 sons Leo and Ralph from Huntington Ind She returned to Indiana in 1947 and died there in 1953

Sale Orva from Huntington in 1909 first Secretary of Antelope Park Municipality He moved back to the States in 1914 and still lives there

Sale Carl oldest son of Mrs Maggie Sale, came in 1909 He died in Hooster in 1922 and his wife carried on the farm until 1928 when she and the children returned to Indiana

Sliter Richard came from McLennan Ont. in 1910 He sold his homestead to Bert Wells but bought other land on which he still lives His sister, Myrtle, lives with him

Stevens Harold, came from Kenton Man in 1911 married Ellen Doig in 1917 and moved to Kitscoty in 1935 where they still live

Sale Leo came from Huntington Ind with his mother and brothers homesteaded and farmed until his death in 1930

Sullivan John moved into the Magna Bonum district with his family in 1911 farmed there until he retired to Kindersley where he died in 1954 Mrs Sullivan still lives in Kindersley and their son, Melvin, carries on the farm

Thompson Ali, both he and his brother Alex moved here from Peterborough Ont Married Jeannette McFarlane and farmed south west of town until his death in 1942 His wife and sons still live on the farm

Thompson Alex born in Peterborough and moved here from Abernethy in 1911 He married Beatrice Fuller in 1915 and lived on his homestead southwest of town until his death in 1944 His farm is still carried on by his daughter Dora and son-in-law, Ross Moulton

Tisdale David, took a homestead in the Pizarro district in 1911 In 1945 he retired to Saskatoon Mrs Tisdale passed away in 1953, and now Dave lives with his son in Prince Albert

Tisdale Albert, came as a young married man in 1911 farmed until his death in 1939 His wife and son then retired to Wingham Ont. His farm is now operated by Roy Warrington

Tisdale Walter, one of the early homesteaders farmed for many years then retired to Kindersley where he went into the garage business All three Tisdale brothers came from Walmash Ont

Wells Lambert came from Chilliwack B.C. and homesteaded in the district east of Hooster He married Miss Klinzing of Flaxcombe in 1916 and still farms his farm with the help of his son Arthur

Walker Britton came when a young man and homesteaded on the outskirts of what is now the village of Hoosier After farming for a number of years he moved to Stranraer and now has retired to Saskatoon His farm is now owned by G Fuller

Werthenbach R F came in 1915 and homesteaded west of the village of Hoosier He took over our general store from Emil Disbourg and greatly enlarged the business His wife with the help of their son in law Jack Krauss carried on the business after his death in 1939 His land is now used as a pasture by Lawrence Schmalzbauer

Yoos, Joseph, came with his family from Markle Ind in 1909 He farmed here until 1937 when he retired to Olds Alta where he died in 1950 His homestead is now owned by Lloyd Barr

The following are those who homesteaded here but merely to prove up their homesteads and did not remain long John Applin Ben Alberts Robert Bamlett Julius Boag Fred Beals Stanley Bowerman T H Brimsmead Charles Curtis John Craigie Miles Cook Alex Coburn Cephus Cooper Frank Cathcart William Chalmers Thomas Carrol Josie Cook Chas Copeland Clarence Dorsey Emil Disbourg H Demar Will Dance Charlie Draper Dan Drysdale George Drew Mrs Frampton William Graham A M Fagan Fred Hammer Fred Hope Frank Haight Fred Jones William Jenkins Nelson Lindholm Ed Lindholm Victor Lane Janet Muirhead Jack McEcheran H McLeod Peter McEcheran Sam McIlwaine William Mowrey W J McCormick Sam McCormick George Morgan Harry Neiberg John Nesbitt C E Neff E Nightengale Guy Pemberton, S Pemberton Hugh Rogers Pete Rathwell John Richmond Roy Rose Scottie Rose O Rassmussen Chas Raver Clayton Smith S E Seymor Gard Smith Ernest Smith Frank Saunders Roy Saunders George Sproule, Henry Till John Tiger Pat Ternan Pete Tramley Charles Twist, Stephen Viers, R D Ward Stephen Wier

First harvesting in the Hoosier Valley district Cutting oats for Steve Weir Carl Sale on binder seat Leo on the short tongue

EARLY PIONEERS

Cameron James, came from Chilliwack in 1914, a carpenter by trade. He worked for a number of years in the district and helped build our first Methodist Church and Equity Hall. Later he bought land north of town and farmed there until 1955 when he rented to his son-in-law, George Yuel and retired to Kindersley.

Hawkins Jesse came from Hamilton, Ont., and bought land in the Hoosier district. He extended his farming operations and now lives on the T. A. Carrol place, served a long time on the school board and church boards and is Wheat Pool delegate for District 11 now.

Hubbs Clifford came as a school boy in 1912 and had his early education at Magna Bonum and Hoosier Schools. He showed good musical talent, playing both violin and piano, first in the local orchestra and then in Saskatoon. He was launching out as a composer of some ability when war broke out and he enlisted in the armed forces. Two of his compositions are "Way Down Deep in My Heart" and "A Hut in Waikiki." These were sung many times over the air and recorded. He now lives with his family in Toronto, Ont.

Horley Leslie came in 1916 and rented land until 1938, when he moved with his family to Tatsfield, Sask. He was one of the best ball players on the team organized in 1918, which carried on for many years. They took many prizes in the league games. Both Mr. and Mrs. Horley were active in community affairs, worked hard for the Agricultural Society and were good helpers in all church affairs.

Jenkins Leslie came as a school boy with his parents in 1916. He graduated from Hoosier High School and then attended Saskatchewan University, where he won a number of scholarships. During the time spent in Hoosier he was church organist and Sunday School secretary, also carried on faithfully the duties of church janitor for the magnificent sum of $50.00 a year which later, in relief years, was reduced to $25.00. He now works in the civil service, Ottawa, as assistant technician in the Botany and Plant Pathology Division, Department of Agriculture.

Maris Thomas came originally from England to Lenore, Man., then to Hoosier in 1926. He set up a harness repair shop, later adding gas and oil to his business. He led a very fine choir in the United Church and took a very active part in the social life of the community as a singer and comedian. He later moved to Marengo, where he carried on his business for eight years, but due to failing health, moved back to Hoosier. He died in 1952. Mrs. Maris still lives here near her daughter, Mrs. E. D. Goldsmith.

Blythe Thomas came from Owen Sound, Ont., in 1912 and homesteaded north of Hoosier. He is a bricklayer by trade and did much work along that line throughout the district. One incident in the life of Tom Blythe which shows the calibre of the early pioneer is: In the terrible blizzard on the 11th of December, 1926, which many old timers remember well, Mr. Blythe, who had taken a load of wheat to Fusilier that morning and was coming home with a load of coal, when the storm caught him. He became lost and the horses, a four horse team, played out so he unhooked them and kept walking around the sleigh all night to keep from freezing. When daylight came he found his way home and his horses later came home too. Mr. and Mrs. Blythe are now retired and live in Owen Sound, Ont. Mr. Blythe still does the odd job at his trade and Mrs. Blythe is very active in Homemakers and Women's Institutes.

A LAND EXPEDITION

Strange as it may seem, we find in collecting the Hoosier facts and figures that it is now exactly fifty years since the first land was purchased in the Milton and Antelope Park Municipalities. Some real estate men went from the city of Regina to Abernethy, Sask. and sold land to John Gillespie, William Foster and John Burton. It was to locate his purchased section that Mr. Foster set out with two of his neighbors who planned on seeking homesteads.

Knowing them to be pioneers we can safely surmise that they rose before the sun on the morning of May 12th, 1906. Mr. Foster's fellow companions were Mr. Hugh McKay and Mr. Alden Hubbs. The democrat and a two wheeled cart were packed with oats for the horses and tent, blankets and food for themselves.

The horses were, one a peppy black owned by Mr. Hubbs and two of Mr. Foster's, Billy Pony and Kit, (Billy Pony features highly in most of Mr. Foster's pioneer history).

After the first uneventful day Markinch was reached in the evening. Saturday, too, passed without mishap and at a place fifteen miles west of Strasbourg they stopped for the night. Having hobbled their horses they sought out a place to sleep. Much to their dismay they returned to find the horses—gone. Naturally they were very displeased and irritated at the delay it would cause but nevertheless proceeded in search of them.

Search as they might, no horses were discovered that night. The next day Mr. Hubbs walked the fifteen miles back to Strasbourg and went on to Markinch on horseback. At Jake Miller's, a farmer in the Markinch district, he found the horses on Monday morning. The horses had come back fifty miles and their legs were skinned from the hobbles which they had finally broken. Mr. Hubbs rejoined his fellow travellers Tuesday morning.

On Wednesday they started out again and that evening they stopped on the west side of Long Lake. Their tent was only 12 by 12 but they always kept the horses in it after they ran away.

Next morning finding they must cross the inlet of Long Lake, they stretched the tent poles across, took the cart across on this and jumped the ponies over. They camped that night and went on to a place west of where Simpson now is the next day where they spent the night.

Friday evening found them fifteen miles west of where Hanley now is and on Saturday they crossed the South Saskatchewan river on a ferry which was later moved to Outlook. Sunday was spent in resting for both men and horses A part of the day was devoted to their faithful worship of He who guides all travellers—someone carried a Bible

Monday's rising sun saw them well on their way again and fifty more miles were covered that day.

Rain on Tuesday forced them to turn into a place near where Rose town is now situated Here they borrowed some settlers dishes from which to eat their meals and after dinner went on to North Eagle Creek Here they unloaded all their provisions, throwing stones into the creek to enable them to cross without breaking the whipple-trees Mr Hubbs slipped into the creek and had Mr McKay to thank for coming to his aid He came up spluttering but did not delay the expedition even long enough to dry his clothes—just walked to get them dry They reached the home of Mr Foster's cousin Robert Foster that night remaining here for two nights and a day

Thursday and Friday they went on and Saturday 11 a m found them at Township 27, Range 30 The horses were tied in the tent and the three men started out walking after an early dinner

They walked hard all afternoon taking in a general survey of the land They probably would never had found the tent again that night if they had not put a pole on the highest knoll near it.

Their twenty mile tramp had not been very gratifying as all they had seen were six antelope and three wild horses running towards an alkali lake —they finally found the corner stakes of the section and had no trouble in locating the land so were very glad to reach the tent just at dark The following day, Sunday, was spent as the former one

Monday morning saw them headed for home but unfortunately on the wrong track—one made by the Railroad surveyors As they went on they met two men who told them they were on a road between Battleford and Red Deer They camped that night in the vicinity of where Kerrobert now stands

On Tuesday they reached South Battleford then a very small town where they procured a supply of oats and provisions Wednesday found them driving down the south side of the North Saskatchewan river to Saskatoon then a fair sized town They remained here all night crossing with the ferry next morning

On Thursday the party followed the C N R track to Lumsden Friday from Lumsden to Loon Creek, Fort Qu Appelle, and home on the 12th of June

In Mr Foster's own words—words typical of a man whose blood possessed quite a little of the Wanderlust but who really loves his home— We were none the worse for our outing on the contrary we gained much knowledge and needless to say we were heartily welcomed back and indeed very glad to get there

RUSSELL D. McGIBBON

Russell Douglas McGibbon younger son of Peter Robert McGibbon and Margaret (MacArthur) McGibbon was born at Lachute Que April 1st, 1888 His father owned and operated a sawmill there and had extensive timber limits in Argenteuil County Later he was twice elected to represent Argenteuil Liberals in the Dominion Parliament

Early in 1907 Russell and his friend, Edward MacRae came west and worked on a farm at Sintaluta Sask That fall they worked in the harvest fields at Tyvan Then they went to northeastern Saskatchewan and worked at a lumber camp at Crooked River, for the winter months

In the spring of 1908 he met the D M Dewar family in Saskatoon and drove with them to Dewar Lake about 160 miles The trip was long and fairly slow The wagons were heavily loaded and pulled mainly by horses but one wagon was pulled by a team of oxen

Russell McGibbon and his children in 1937 Maude age 13½ years Gregor, age 10 years Joan age 8 years

Russell saw land that he liked in a valley west of Dewar Lake This valley later was called Hoosier Valley Accompanied by Stewart Dewar, he drove about 90 miles north following the old "Red River Cart Trail" which ran east of his land to North Battleford to file on the land he had chosen This land was the north half of 10-31-27 W3rd

That fall, 1908 Donald George and Hugh Barclay Russell McGibbon Ernest Simpson and Roy Dewar drove to Dundurn 20 miles east of Saskatoon to work in the harvest fields While working there they slept in straw stacks wheat bins and granaries After freeze-up that fall Stewart Dewar Ernest Simpson and Russell McGibbon drove over 70 miles to Empress Alta., for a load of wood and coal

Russell then went East for the winter months, returning early in the spring of 1909 with a car of settler's effects, (horses, lumber, oats, some machinery, etc.) The lumber he used that summer for his buildings, he had bought it at his father's sawmill in Lachute. He put up his barn first with D. M. Dewar helping him to frame it. Later building a small one-room frame house with sod on the outside. But before putting up any buildings, he had broken some land and seeded oats for feed for his horses. That summer he also put up hay from the slough west of his land.

In 1910, Russell bought 4 oxen and used them to break more land. Each year he grew oats for feed, threshing some as well. He did not ship any. He either sold it locally or traded it for work done or for some article bought. (Hills brothers at Prairiedale had a threshing outfit before there were any in the Hoosier Valley.) In 1911, he had a wonderful crop of flax. An early frost destroyed it though when cut and stacked, it made choice feed.

The year 1912 was the best flax year in the history of the district. Flax seeded on Russell's new breaking, so rough that you could scarcely drive over it in a wagon, yielded 35 bushels to the acre. The railroad had reached Kindersley in 1909 and Margeno in 1910. So the fall of 1912 and the following spring, Russell hauled his flax to Marengo, eleven miles away. This was the first grain that he had shipped out of the district. The price was $1.00 per bushel.

In 1913 the railroad came through from Biggar. A townsite was bought and named Fee, after one of the railroad men. This name was later changed to Hoosier. An elevator was built that summer by Emmett Cronin and partner Pierce. When fall came Russell loaded his flax "over the platform." He sold oats to the railroad crews who were working west of Greene and kept the rest for feed and seed. He bought some cattle that fall in Winnipeg. 1914 was quite a dry year, crops yielded about 8 bushels per acre. In 1915 there was a 40 bushel crop. The year 1916 was very wet but about half of the crops in the district were completely hailed out. On one occasion it hailed for three consecutive days. In 1917 there was practically no rain at all. What crops there were, grew on moisture conserved by the summerfallow. So when 1918 came, prairie grass was scarce and stacked feed scarcer. Russell rented his land and he, Stewart Dewar and Clayton Smith shipped their cattle and horses to Peace River. There he rented land at Bear Lake and later northwest of Fairview. He grew oats for feed while there, too. He also hauled some to Peace River, 35 miles away, to sell it. He would make the trip to town one day, returning home the next. He stayed in the Peace River country until the summer of 1922. He then shipped his cattle to Major, Sask., and drove them slowly southward to his land at Hoosier. In the fall of 1923 he shipped most of his cattle to Winnipeg and sold them but kept his horses to work the land. Crops were very good that year.

In 1923 he bought a house and moved it to his farm, enlarging it and finishing it inside. On December 29th, he married Grace D. Bradford of Chatham, Que. (near Lachute). They had three children—Maude Isabel born January 24, 1925; Gregor Donald, born September 25, 1927; Joan Margaret, born May 25, 1934. All three children attended the Hoosier Consolidated School and the Hoosier United Church and his wife helped in the Church work.

The year 1924 was quite dry, but 1925 was better, 1926 an average crop and in 1927 there was a lovely crop. Each year Russell had broken more of his land until by 1928 there was no more prairie sod except around the buildings.

That year the school section across the road was put up for sale and Russell bought the north half of it (N. ½ of 11-31-27). He soon had it all under cultivation as by then he had a tractor. The year 1929 was quite dry but in 1930 he had a lovely crop of flax on the school section. In 1933 there were good crops too. Then followed four years of poor crops, each a little worse than the last, ending with 1937 worst of all. During those years there were bad wind storms that filled the air with dust and blew the seed from the ground or cut off great patches of growing grain which then had to be re-seeded. Hail storms were frequent and bad. In 1936 and 1937 the weather was so dry and hot that the highest yield of wheat was 8 bushels per acre on summerfallow and the stubble yielded 2 bushels, if cut at all. There were grasshoppers, beet web worms, cutworms, carragana beetles to be contended with in those years and in the good years that followed. No two years were alike. Those bad years were called "The Hungry Thirties". Eggs dropped to six cents per dozen, wheat to 19 cents per bushel and fowl sold at 40 cents apiece. Families moved away, but those who remained were afterwards rewarded with such wonderful crops that in about three years all debts were paid up, also tax arrears, and people were able to buy much needed new machinery and cars. The people themselves emerged with a vast new fund of practical knowledge which, though not written down, will still benefit others through example and conversation.

In 1940 crops yielded 40 bushels per acre and the years following were good. Prices were extra good because once again war had broken out.

Then great grief came to our household, on the prairie, for Maude McGibbon died April 24th, 1942, during the flu epidemic. That fall Russell and family went to Calgary for the winter months, returning to the land when spring came. In the fall of 1944, Russell and family again went to Calgary, intending to stay for the winter only, but Russell had taken ill before leaving the farm and when spring came, he was unable to carry on, so on April 25th, 1945, he sold his farm, stock and machinery and returned to Calgary where he still resides.

Like most pioneers, Russell did not do anything spectacular, nevertheless, he contributed greatly to this young and growing West. He converted 640 acres of stubborn prairie sod into a good farm, with trees planted, well dug, reservoirs made, a good house, also plenty of granaries and farm buildings built or bought. He also left a garden with fruit trees, berries and currants growing in it. In the early days, Russell played on the first baseball team in the district and on the first hockey team and helped with the roping at stampedes

He became a member of the Wheat Pool as soon as it was organized in Hoosier in 1924 and was at one time a Director of it He was one of the first members of the Hoosier Co-op and was a shareholder

Gregor McGibbon finished high school in Calgary June 1946 winning a scholarship He attended the University of Alberta graduating in Engineering Physics in 1950 He is working for General Electric in Toronto Joan graduated from high school in Calgary in June 1953 and last year attended the University of British Columbia

R F WERTHENBACH

The spring of 1914 R F Werthenbach settled in the Hoosier Sask district as General Merchant

Coming from Mankato Minnesota the spring of 1912 R F Werthenbach who had been city manager of one of the seven city lumber yards for about 4 years was offered a position in Canada as auditor of a line of lumber yards for the North American Lumber and Supply Co

After working at this for about two years he left his home in Biggar Sask to go to a little place called Fee Sask later named Hoosier So the spring of 1914 Werthy for that is what his friends called him began to build his own first business place and to put up a building of his own to start a general store While this was being done he rented an old building and put in a stock of groceries

Werthy's first clerk was Britton Walker and he offered his home a two roomed shack to Werthy for himself and family and Britton slept in the store but ate at Werthys home So May 15 Werthys family arrived coming up on the mixed train from Biggar on the new railroad track which had just been finished as far as Loverna our town on the west. Werthys family consisted of his wife and his 10-year-old daughter Dorothy who became 11 on the 19th of May she passed her 7th grade in school that June and was ready for her eighth grade then the son Frederick was nine years old the January before there was also the baby Marjorie five months old who was known as Joy They lived in the Britton Walker shack while the store was being finished then moved above the store which was 24 feet by 40 feet giving them a nice home The first Sunday School was held in the building before the shingles were on and continued for about 18 months A meeting was then called and a Church arranged for which was built in 1915 The hall also went up that year

Before this about the first year three men Paul Doig Thomas Goldsmith and R F Werthenbach went to Regina to arrange for a Consolidated School comprising 50 sections of land They were told that they could go home and the papers would follow but these three men told the men there in Regina they were in no hurry and would wait and take the papers with them so they came home with the papers allowing them to go ahead with the arrangements for the Consolidated School The site was chosen and the building erected which proved to be a blessing to hundreds of children

In 1916 an addition was built on the store the same size as the first building 24 feet by 40 feet. This was used for a Post Office room too which was there for about 25 years The stock of boots and shoes crockery dry goods, men's furnishings men's gloves, etc was enlarged in the new building Werthy also handled coal a lumber yard and later machinery in 1921 and another building was added the same size

An Agricultural Society was formed and building went up R F Werthenbach was the Secretary The Church building was soon enlarged and put on a cement foundation with a full basement A furnace was installed and a hollow wire lighting system was used Class rooms were provided for the Sunday School to accommodate all ages As time went on no place was provided to bury our loved ones and the long trip had to be made to Loverna or Marengo so it was decided to buy four acres of land west of town from William Pettit Some of the lots had been staked out when in May 1939 R F Werthenbach was called Home He was the first to be laid in the new cemetary which was fenced and gates put up and was named Hoosier Cemetery and the name in wood letters put up above the gates The cemetery was plowed for trees and they were planted but not all lived as dry years came

Twenty five years service Werthy gave to the Hoosier district being Reeve and Cousellor many years and trying to help in many ways acting as Superintendent of Sunday School Bible Class teacher, and Young People's teacher

Our son, Frederick graduated from the Edmonton, Alberta University and became a Doctor in 1930 with a Scholarship in Surgery Dorothy having taught school and then graduating before her brother and receiving her B A with Honors in 1927 Joy also entered the University when she was 17 and had three years of Home Economics but did not graduate as she was married when 21 The entire family was hard working and loved to give service as no one will deny J W Krauss who married Joy in 1934 came into the business as full partner with R F Werthenbach just before their marriage leaving the Royal Bank of Canada where he had worked for about 8 years Afterwards he bought the business and is still managing it and the business continues to be known as Werthenbach and Krauss

MRS M McNAUGHTON

(Now Mrs Garthwaite, Living on Vancouver Island)

We arrived in Kindersley in the early winter of 1911 and left on the first train to Harwell (now Flaxcombe) the nearest point to 24-31-27 our homestead in Hoosier Valley 18 miles northwest. We stayed at Harwell and bought lumber and provisions for the winter Mr Chas Copeland built our home at his and it was moved onto the edge of the east half of 24-31-27

On that trip to Harwell, Dr. and Mrs. Tattersall and Enid were on the train, as well as many others who were later to be our neighbors.

When the train ran off the track the first time, Mrs. Tattersall grabbed Enid and made for the door, but the conductor told her there was no danger, that it was just a case of the railroad ties spreading, so when it happened three times we were used to it. In fact, some of the men got off to watch them put the engine back again. We landed safely at Harwell. We were fortunate to be able to stay at Mr. Tree's restaurant. The three children were very tired, so slept well even if we had to sleep all in one bed.

While in Harwell we attended Sunday School. The Superintendent was Mr. Harvey and the teacher, Mr. Down. That was the last Church we were in until the Hoosier Church was built years later, but we had services in many homes. The first winter in the Valley we did not meet many people, but mail was brought by neighbors once a week. The mail was hauled by Stan Carroll (and several others including Yoos and Hunter's) from Harwell to Mr. D. M. Dewar's home at Dewar Lake, then brought to Stanley Doyle's for the people in our neighborhood and then on to Mr. Joseph Yoos for the folks farther north and west. I think Mr. Yoos was later sub-postmaster until the Hoosier office was opened, when the railroad came through.

In the year 1912 we held church at Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Phennig's and Mr. and Mrs. Gard Smith's as they had an organ and piano, later at Stan Jickling's and Elmer Bolton's. I think our first minister was the Rev. Main coming from Tennyson, south of Dewar Lake. The people turned out well to the services and the people from Indiana were wonderful singers. Never was there any trouble to get someone to play and sing in the early days, in fact, a wonderful friendly feeling prevailed.

The weather seemed just right, too. There wasn't a tree near but those wild roses were so fragrant and the Lake was such a joy to the children. Wild fowl could be heard day and night. This lake was and is yet called McNaughton's Lake.

The time came when a school was needed, so I wrote Regina to get instructions, eventually came posting notices, etc., to call a public meeting which was held at Mr. Jack Mercer's home. The school had to have a name, so each one sent in a name. I chose "Whittier" in honor of the poet who wrote "The Red River Voyager," and that was the name chosen for the school. The school was built on the corner of land owned by Hank Yoos, being centrally located. We thought it a good size but it was soon too small. We only had one teacher, Mrs. Mabel Pemberton, a splendid teacher.

Church was also held at this school, Rev. Mitchell being the first preacher. Mr. Joe Yoos was Superintendent of the Sunday School for years and Mr. Werthenbach taught the Bible class from 1913.

Each winter in the early years, those who could afford it went home to the United States or Ontario, but they generously left a donation for the Christmas tree one man gave $25.00 another $10.00 also a box of oranges and apples were given I was appointed to get gifts for each child. I bought books clothbound (19 cents each) such as "Longfellow's Poems" "Little Women" etc The treats were looked after by Mr Gard Smith and Mr Chas Phennig—they got boxes of chocolates etc so with a wonderful concert the evening was a happy one This was the Christmas concert and was held in Chas Phennig's home That was the first time I had met the Young family and they helped entertain How so many could get into one small house is hard to know After Santa had given all from his large bag he asked in such a satisfied voice "Has anything been forgotten?" and my little girl said "My sewing box." They looked in every pocket and turned the bag inside out but they couldn't find it but Santa promised it next year as often in those early days things were substituted Afterwards folks said that was one of the most enjoyable Christmas trees ever held in the Valley

Someone said the early day reports would not be complete without a report on our water problems

My well was witched by Elmer Bolton, which was the first time I had seen that awesome work performed There was not a man present who did not hold his breath while Elmer walked around with the willow wand in his hands then he stopped and there they started to dig and at 13 feet struck a stone Water flowed in at one side of it. You could wash the bottom of that well like a cement floor That well cost $19.15 bucket, pulley rope pail and digging It was never dry in the years we were there Some will tell you it was alkali but we thought it good cold water

The first year the well was dug the weather was mild and the well never froze but the second year freezing was heavy even before the snow came I put Jean down in a bucket to chop the ice then a blizzard came The snow made the rope slippery and as I pulled Jean up I couldn't get her to the top so she could get hold of the edge I don't know how long we were trying I was frantic and also played out when we heard the boys so we called to them The blizzard was so thick we couldn't see the house and I had told the boys not to come out but we were glad to see them and the extra strength did the trick Jean had kept so cool saying "I'm O.K take your time!" Needless to say a ladder was put down that day and next year a pump was installed

I don't think the homestead days would be complete without a word about Barney the old pacer and the old phaeton I got from Orva Sale Barney was much loved by all You couldn't see the children's heads from the back as they went off Many times the three children came home on his back with Laddie at his side and no matter how stormy it was Barney brought them safely home

THOMAS GOLDSMITH

Thomas Goldsmith was born in Stratford Ont in 1881 and was brought to Wapella, Sask when 2 years old From Medicine Hat in 1899 he enlisted for service in the Boer War, Baden Powell Division and served in South Africa until the war ended. After coming back, he homesteaded at Lang, Sask., finally selling out and moving to Abernethy, Sask. There he was married to Maud Rodgers of Souris, Man. Being given half a section of land by the Dominion Government for service in South Africa and the opportunity of buying another half "South African Scrip," we took advantage of the offer and in 1911 moved to S½ Sec. 12, T. 30, R. 28 and Sec. 18, T. 30, R. 27, P.O. Marengo.

In 1914, Tom bought a section of land just south of the new village of Hoosier, 33-30-27. He broke it all that season and had a bumper crop of flax in 1915. In the spring of 1917, we moved into this place to live, renting our other section to Lyle and Carman Horley, who moved in from Ontario. In 1920, he bought the section known as the Dave Peat place, 35-30-27 and later on one section more.

We have had some very tough luck—the hungry 30's that set us back so much. All our neighbors were in the same boat and misery likes company. We finally weathered the storm and gradually with old mother nature deciding to be kind again and prices coming up, life began to be quite liveable.

Our five children are all grown long ago. Our two boys are working the land and we are living in the little town of Hoosier. We have tried city life but it has no appeal, so here we are and intend to be among our old friends and neighbors, along with all the newer generation coming on.

THE JOHN RICHMOND FAMILY

The John Richmonds were married in 1909 and moved to Winnipeg in 1910, where they stayed with Mrs. Richmond's sister for a time. During that winter, John went west to Saskatoon and filed on a homestead, S.E. ¼ of 16-30-28, quite close to where Pizarro school now stands. That school district was formed in 1912 and 13, and the building was erected by Dave Tisdale and Ed. Robinson. The name "Pizarro" was proposed by Paul Doig, who was one of the first trustees.

After filing on the land, he went east and brought out a carload of settler's effects. Then in May, 1911, along with Mrs. Richmond Sr., they came west to the homestead. The railroad at that time had no ballast, just rails laid on the ties and bolted down. John would not let his family come from Kindersley by train as he thought it too dangerous, so he met them there with team and democrat. Mrs. Richmond says that was the most unforgettable trip she ever made. Forty miles over rough prairie trails with Ernest, the oldest boy, a baby in arms. Nothing to see but sagebrush and the mosquitoes nearly eating us alive. Poor baby! His eyes were swollen shut and his little face so burnt with the sun and wind. They spent a week with friends in Marengo while Mr. Richmond took out lumber and built a shack. They moved out a little too soon as the floor was not laid, so while the family waited around John and Walter Tisdale laid half the floor enough to set up the stove and put in a few things The main part of their furniture was stored in Albert Tisdale's barn

Mrs Richmond went back to Ontario the winter of 1912 and stayed there until after her second boy Clifford was born John when not doing his homestead duties spent his time at carpenter work and driving surveyor's around They both spent the summer of 1913 in Saskatoon as a building boom was on then and a good carpenter could keep busy all the time Mr and Mrs Richmond were good community workers He helped organize the Local Grain Growers and one time there were one hundred members The Association got a Co operative elevator built at the siding of Greene and a loading platform They also dealt in coal a great convenience to farmers in the winter time Their meetings were all conducted in a parliamentary way Many resolutions were sent in to Head Office to be further dealt with at the Annual Conventions Later the elevator was taken over by the "Wheat Pool and as many of the early settlers moved out the society dwindled and finally died With it went much of the social life as the Local put on dances social evenings and debates

The school was centre for all activities and in 1920 it was enlarged with a well finished basement After that Pizarro always had a famous annual fowl supper followed by a master entertainment Mrs Richmond says of all the places she has lived none have had the talent found in that little country community She herself always took a leading part—Playing the organ for Church services a good elocutionist and debater lending a hand in putting on the different social affairs

The Richmond's recall quite vividly the stretch of years when the land was dry and people also They dug seven wells and then only had a scant supply of water making it necessary to draw from a ravine for their stock

In 1925 they sold out to Jake Sonmore and moved to Young Sask Later they moved to Lac Du Bonnet Man where they have lived for sixteen years It is a popular summer resort sixty five miles northeast of Winnipeg on the banks of the river There are six large power plants within a radius of eighty miles and from here the city of Winnipeg gets all its power

John has been doing well in the building trade there along with his son Ernest, with whom they live Their family of six children are all married and all have children of their own They send back greetings to all oldtimers in Pizarro district

CHARLES P JENKINS

Charles P Jenkins came to Hoosier from Fort William Ont in June 1916 and opened a blacksmith shop which he still operates There had been a blacksmith here before he came (Ole Spellman, a brother in law of Steve Weir's) but he had moved away There was a pile of plough shares waiting to be sharpened before Mr Jenkins got his tools unpacked

1916 was a very wet year and the sloughs were full of water. Dave McFarlane and Clayton Smith kept the ice cleared off on the slough east of town and the boys played hockey there all winter.

Mr. Jenkins family came out at Christmas 1916 and lived with Mrs. Jenkins brother, Dick Shier, until the spring of 1917, when the old Whittier school was moved into town and they lived in this until August, 1917, when they built the house they still live in, though the family is scattered.

School was held in the Hall 1917, with Jean Taylor as principal, while a new school (which later burned down) was being built.

The town well was dug that summer, the Homemaker's helping to pay for the work.

Hoosier Consolidated School District was formed in 1916 or 1917.

THE PEYTON FAMILY

Mr. C. A. Peyton came to Canada from Ireland in 1882, when 19 years old, and settled near Russell, Man. He stayed a few years at his farm near Russell then moved to Dauphin. His mother came to Canada in 1885 after the death of his father.

Charles Peyton, 93 years of age, now living in Victoria, B.C., and still taking his daily walk.

He was married in 1898 to Clara Frances Moore, daughter of Dr. Moore. She had come west to live with her brothers at Morden.

They moved to Langham, Sask., in 1905. Here Mr. Peyton left his wife and two children, Mabel and Frederick, and went to work on a surveying party in the Peace River country. They had lost one child, Phillip, before leaving the Dauphin district. He worked with the surveying party for two seasons, then ran a hardware store in Langham and an elevator at Fielding.

In March, 1910, he came to the Hoosier district with Fred Adamson and settled in the Hoosier Valley. Mrs. Peyton and the two children followed in 1914. In 1916, Mrs. Peyton passed away and was buried in

Edmonton, in the Moore family plot. Mr. Peyton remained on his farm north of town with the two children.

In 1922, Mabel married Felix David and they farmed in the Prairiedale district for about three years, then moved to the States, where they have made their home since. At present they are living in San Antonio, Texas.

Frederick, or as he is more commonly known, Fritz, stayed at home with his father and helped run the farm, until they abandoned farming and began ranching. This was about 1924. They carried on this ranching program until 1937, when Mr. Peyton retired and moved to Victoria, where he still makes his home.

Fritz, besides ranching, was very interested in horses and soon had a very fine string of bucking horses which he trailed to different places putting on stampedes. His partner in this enterprise for a number of years was Mr. M. R. Klaibert, then of Fusilier, and now living in Maple Creek.

Fritz married Alice Wickham in 1942, and they now have three children, Donna, Marion and Irene.

In 1950 the land leased by Fritz Peyton was turned into a Community Pasture and Mr. Peyton became the manager. He disposed of his own stock and devoted his entire time to the business of the Community Pasture. The last of his bucking horses were sold to the Calgary Stampede Committee.

STANLEY DOYLE

In 1908 Stanley Doyle came west on the harvest excursion to Portage la Prairie, Man., to neighbors who had come from his home town of Elora, Ont. After harvest he went to Regina to see his brother, the Rev. John Doyle. There he met R. S. Jickling, who was boarding at his brother's and working in a hardware store. The two Stanleys planned to meet early in the spring and go in search of homesteads in Saskatchewan. Stan Doyle then went back home to Ontario for the winter.

When the spring of 1909 came they met as planned and took train for North Battleford. They drove north from there—the farther north they went the more snow and trees they saw—so they turned around and started south, eventually arriving in the new settlement, later named Hoosier. They decided to file on land at this place. On the way back from filing on the land at North Battleford, they stopped at Scott for their supplies and settlers' effects.

In 1909 Stanley Doyle came west from Elora, Ont., to make a home in Saskatchewan—the land of Promise. He arrived in Scott and had his car of settler's effects unloaded and started the trek south with horses and wagons. He journeyed to within 3½ miles of what is now the town of Hoosier. Mr. R. S. Jickling was a near neighbor and as their land adjoined they worked and bunked together in a sod shack built on Stanley's land.

While they were scouting around for a suitable location they camped in a tent on a sloping spot of the nearby school section. They unpacked a

few supplies and dishes and in the absence of any modern conveniences, left the things on the ground. During the night a thunder storm came up—the heavens opened and it poured as only it can pour when it rains in Saskatchewan. Soon quite a stream came rushing through the tent and in the midst was their salt and pepper shakers doing a giddy whirl on their way out.

For a number of years they lived in the sod house. If the roof leaked—they just moved over. If the wind blew dust into their victuals, well it did not matter—it only provided grit for the days ahead. Lesser men than these early homesteaders would have sought easier lives. These were men of vision and determination. Hospitality was at its best. Every man was your neighbor—a strong feeling of companionship and oneness existed as one big family. To those of us who came later it seemed nothing less than a miracle that men and women could and would endure life as it was in those first days—with a great hope for the future. They built better than they knew.

As the prairies began to produce the golden grain, new and better homes were built. In 1913 Mr. Stan Jickling was married to Miss Marjory Pemberton and moved into their frame home just a half mile from Stan Doyle's new home. In 1915 Stanley also joined the ranks of the benedicts. That same year the prairies produced what men called a bumper crop. Everyone was happy at the thought of being able to pay off some of their indebtedness with a few dollars to bank. Also—maybe it could be said—the seed was sown here for the fateful lean years which followed. As the oxen had to give place to the horse earlier so now the auto, the truck and the tractor began their encroachment until today the horse has been relegated to the fox farm.

Life was good and not too complex. For the most part the people were happy. The latch string was always on the outside. In the long winters the lamp always glowed in the window to guide any wayfarer to warmth and shelter if needed. Life was serious, but it also had its moments of merriment. When there seemed to be no bright side, they polished up the dark side. These early settlers were good story tellers and many hours were spent exchanging yarns and telling jokes.

In later years Stanley served on the Hoosier School Board, was on the Board of Stewards of the church, was interested in agricultural fairs, exhibiting purebred Shorthorn cattle which was his specialty. He was also a member of the municipal council for several years.

This home was blessed with three children, Mary Margaret, Henry John and Virginia Louise. They were all able to get their education including Grade XII in Hoosier due to the vision and foresight of able school trustees and most competent teachers.

In 1942 Stanley's health began to fail. He was advised by a Montreal brain surgeon to leave the cold climate of the prairies for a milder one. In 1943 we sold our home and went to Victoria, B.C. Once again old friends were united as we made a brief stay with the Jicklings. In the spring of

1944 Stanley passed away at the age of 59 His body was brought back to the prairies he loved so much for burial in God s Acre in Hoosier

—Written by Mrs Stanley Doyle (formerly Emma Yoos)

A PEEP INTO THE EARLY PIONEER LIFE OF THE YOOS FAMILY

In 1909 Mr Yoos made a scouting trip to the Canadian West from the State of Indiana, U S A. He arrived at the town of Scott and from there travelled south in search of a suitable location for a farm home After filing on a quarter he returned to U S.A and again in 1910 came back to put up sod buildings in preparation for moving the family and some stock

In 1911 he moved his family—consisting of his wife and four boys Roy Dee Dale and Fred—together with household effects and a genial pair of mules to a place about 180 miles west and south of Saskatoon In the early days the place was called Fee later changed to Hoosier due to the fact a goodly number of people from the Hoosier State had migrated there

Mr Yoos realizing the benefits to a large family of growing boys—of the clean farm life—sought to take advantage of the low priced land being advertised and offered to anyone willing to meet the homestead requirements The Canadian West was the immigrant s haven

Having arrived, there were many obstacles to overcome A house to live in—water for man and beast. Shelter for cattle and many other details had to be worked out. There were moments of homesickness—longing for old friends and the way of life they had left behind However nothing daunted, and having set their hand to the plough they would not turn back For a house and barn sods were used and for a number of years served admirably as a home for the family and stock

Early in the process of breaking up the virgin prairie oxen were used They were slow and sturdy strong and stubborn and at times most unpredictable One never knew whether they would gee or haw or just plain retire to the nearest slough—still one cannot feature life in the early days without oxen What a happy day when in 1914 Mr Yoos acquired a horse—now Dee could plow with three oxen and one horse—and that meant a great step forward There were times when the mosquitoes were so numerous that the poor beasts became frantic and on such occasions the weary plowman was liable to get a lightning-express ride to the barn or other shelter all arriving at the same time and all trying to be the first in The pet pooch was a familiar sight—sometimes following in the furrow with an eager eye on the ever present gophers or at times riding the plow on Dee s lap with an air of Monarch of all he surveyed

In 1913 a frame house was built also more substantial shelter for the stock The land yielded a limited increase and life was good While no one got rich no one suffered privations nor hunger as by this time towns were springing up and transportation was no problem like in the beginning

As the years rolled by and the frontiers were being pushed back, men of every walk of life came west Much tension was relieved when the doctors began arriving and hospitals though small were being erected Schools were opened and church and Sunday schools were organized The first church services were held in the various homes A one roomed school was built on a piece of land about one mile from Mr Yoos home Here church services and Sunday school were conducted. Evidently the pupils were pretty much the same calibre then as now Fred came home from Sunday school one morning and announced he was in a class of boys and the preacher was their tamer No doubt more truth than fiction

Mr Yoos together with his entire family attended church service regularly He taught a Bible class for a number of years and was keenly interested in everything for the good of the community

In sports all the boys took active part

In the early days the post office was in Mr Yoos home He carried mail via horses and democrat from Flaxcombe about 15 miles southeast of Hoosier

The years of drought took heavy toll of the residents of Hoosier and in 1987 Mr Yoos and two of his sons and families moved to Olds Alta Mr Yoos retired Roy launched out in cattle buying and Fred continued farming Misfortune followed Fred and soon after their arrival in Olds his wife died of severe burns received from an explosion while lighting the fire

In 1950 Mr Yoos died at the age of 87 In 1954 Mrs Yoos passed away at the age of 86 Both were laid to rest in Olds cemetery

—Written by Mrs Stanley Doyle (formerly Emma M Yoos)

DR AND MRS HUNTER—1910

We shipped a carload of our effects from Huntingdon Ind to Kindersley which was the end of steel and our nearest station From there we trailed our effects to the homestead near what is now Hoosier

Jack Mercer had a house on his homestead and we lived there until we had a house built.

Dr Hunter was the only doctor available in those days and a drive of 40 miles to see the sick was all in a day's work Sometimes he did not make it in a day

Dr Hunter went to Scott and bought two cows He built a barn the first thing for their shelter and that was the beginning He put in oats for feed for the cows and mules Didn't do too bad for the first crop and added more each year

We all lived through it and maybe it made us a little better able to cope with life later on

Dr Hunter died in 1925 Mrs Hunter lived on the farm until with her daughter Chloe and her husband Roy Goshorn when she moved back to Huntingdon where she still resides

FIRST YEARS ON THE PRAIRIES—CLAYTON SMITH

I set out for Dewar Lake in 1910 from Cordova Alaska (I don't think there was any hamlet of Hoosier then) I came to Kindersley which was the end of steel at that time. My brother, Arnold, came early in the spring of the same year. I arrived at Kindersley in August and started to walk to Dewar Lake, which at that time had a store and a post office. It was a walk of about 40 miles and after walking 20 miles I saw a homesteader's shack with a windmill pumping water beside it. Down in the pasture I could see a fellow working so I went to talk to him. He had another windmill stretched out on the ground and asked him if the wind had blown it down. "No," he said, "there is only wind enough for one windmill." That kept me laughing for the next 20 miles.

I found my brother. He had filed on his homestead that spring, but I did not file on mine until the next spring.

That fall Mr. Fuller and Gordon, Jack Noyes, Bill Gaston, my brother and I went out threshing together. We drove to Scott, about 80 miles away. We worked 18 hours a day and slept in the hay stack. We didn't get enough to eat either.

After threshing Bill Gaston and I drove to Prince Albert, over 100 miles, and worked in the bush all winter. That completed my first year in the district.

BAPAUME PARK—ED FLOWER

The district north of Hoosier, now known as Bapaume Park, was settled in 1910 and 1911. Among the first settlers were F. A. Peyton and Fred Adamson, followed by Reg White, Ed Flower and the Davies Brothers. The first settlers had to start out from Kindersley. Next year the Goose Lake line went west and Marengo became the nearest railway point, 16 to 18 miles away, which even in those days was a tough trip with oxen to haul your grain and bring back your winter supplies. To get our mail we had to go two miles southeast of where Dewar Lake now is at the old Dewar place, but later the mail was brought nearer to the old Joe Yoos place, where Hoosier now is.

Finally the railroad came through from Biggar to Loverna and our local station was known as Fee, later to be named Hoosier as a compliment to our neighbors from Indiana, U.S.A.

Things went along for the next few years with the usual events happening around the bachelors shacks and a lot of sow belly and flap jacks were consumed. Then came the war and the big crops of 1915 as quite a few of the boys had quite a few acres broken by this time and with the best crop ever in these parts the boys thought they were well away.

Oxen began to disappear and horses take their place. This condition lasted for a few years until it was considered a necessity to have a good driving team and a top buggy (the same as a car is today) if they had an eye for the ladies.

About that time Reg White, one of the first settlers, was killed in France.

In 1917 a big demand was made for a school in the district and after quite a bit of argument a school district was formed. Ed Flower was

elected first trustee and secretary treasurer (which office he held for 35 years) A school was then built Fritz Peyton hauling most of the lumber to build it The first teacher was Miss Churchill who stayed at Peytons and who with Miss Tap (Mable) Peyton was the cause of many trails converging on the Peyton home

Soon after Prairiedale School was built and was often visited on dance nights and the recent storms of this past winter (1955-6) brought to mind one of those days It came up during a dance in Prairiedale and the bunch from Bapaume which included the new school marm Tap and Fritz Peyton Jack Schram and myself and a few others We had just got a short distance on our way home about 4 a m when the wind changed and a real blizzard began to blow Jack Schram tried to keep the lantern lit and had his hands badly frozen No one had sufficient clothing on for such a storm I tried to drive the team but with the storm and wind changing it was impossible to keep our bearings straight However after a lot of floundering around we got to Pat Ternens about daylight, where we rested and got something hot to eat The horses were practically played out

There were a lot of comical happenings too from time to time

Fred Ashbacher was very active in all the local activities during his life here and was always ready with a helping hand

Jack Davies represented the township on the local council for a number of years and one of his best jokes was about an incident at a party at his place one evening Some one challenged anyone to drink him under the table Jack induced one of our younger old timers to take up the challenge indicating that there was a pot of cold tea that could be diluted to the proper color of wine It worked and the challenger went down singing the Star Spangled Banner but the notes were badly mixed The wine was too much but the tea drinker was still fine

Now practically all the old homesteaders have passed away or left the district and a new generation is taking over Our oldest old timer who homesteaded in this district Mr. C. A Peyton is still alive and is living in Victoria B C

CHRONICLES OF HOOSIER DISTRICT

In the year 1908 my brother Stanley and I were the only two of a family of nine still living at home with our parents on a farm near Elora, Ont , in the County of Wellington

In those years there were glowing reports of the Canadian West with its vast areas of productive land—parts of which were being opened up for homesteading whereby a young man could secure a quarter section of land by paying $10 to the government, settling on the land and building a habitable house, which did not have to be very large and breaking at least 10 acres of land each year for three years and cropping same At the end of three years—if all regulations were carried out to the satisfaction of the government—the homesteader could apply for patent or title to the land

In the summer of 1908 my brother Stanley decided to see this new country, so took advantage of going west on one of the harvest excursions The fare was $10 single fare to the West and providing you worked a certain time your employer would sign a statement that you had done this which entitled you to a free passage home The train accommodation on these excursions were not what you would call deluxe—or anything near it—just slat board seats where one slept ate your lunch and which you usually brought with you

My brother Stanley went West in that year 1908 and stopped off at Brandon Man, and worked there for a few weeks He then went on to Regina to visit our brother—Rev John A Doyle—who was a Methodist minister there It was there that he met Stanley Jickling who was working in a hardware store in Regina and living and boarding at my brother John's The two Stanleys decided to go homesteading together the following spring so my brother Stanley left again for the West early in the spring of 1909—meeting Stanley Jickling at Regina and travelling north to Battleford and still farther north from there looking for suitable land 1909 was a late spring and the farther north they went the snow got deeper and deeper and the country more wooded This did not look good to them so they struck back south and finally located land near where Hoosier now is

As Stanley had gone west and I was the only one left at home it seemed best that I should remain at home on the farm in Ontario with our parents who were getting on in years This I did working at home with father for a short time Then I rented the farm continuing with this arrangement for two years During the second year my health was not good and—continuing so—it seemed impracticable for me to continue to carry on with the strenuous labor required on an Ontario farm We decided that my folks should sell out and move into town and that I go west and locate a homestead near where Stanley was then living He picked out the best he could locate for me and early in the year of 1911 I took my first trip west as far as Saskatoon—to file on the land he had chosen Then in the spring of 1911 I left Ontario with a car of settlers effects including one cow and five or six horses The car was billed to "Fuller" Sask—afterward called Margeno—which was the nearest unloading point to Hoosier

As there were many people settling in the west—coming from the eastern provinces in those years—there were whole trainloads of cars of settlers' effects or cars filled with stock I remember that after we left our home town of Elora more and more cars were added as we went along till finally—when we were approaching Northern Ontario—our train consisted of 120 cars with two big freight engines trying to pull them They were making such poor time they cut the train in half with still two engines on each section It took about two weeks to make the trip all the way from the east—some days or nights we would sit for hours without turning a wheel at divisional points Finally one night a little after dark we arrived at Kindersley and it being a divisional point the word was that we would be there all night The next morning we left for Marengo—and what a trip! It took nearly all day to make this last lap—31 miles The roadbed was soft and oozy so that some places they were not making over three miles an hour. We finally arrived in Marengo in the late afternoon. The next move was to get word to Stanley that I had arrived so that he could help haul my stuff to my new home. I did a little enquiring around and soon met Henry Doig, who was in town at the time, and with the customary Doig kindness and generosity I was invited to ride with him as far as his place. This I did, leading one of my horses behind the rig. I stopped with them overnight and early the next morning left for Stanley's ranch. The next two days we spent hauling my stuff out across the open prairie, with very few buildings in sight and of course no graded roads.

Previous to my arrival Stanley Jickling and Brother Stanley had batched it together, but from then on Stanley Jickling lived on his own land.

Soon after I arrived my brother and I went into partnership. We each had 640 acres of land, consisting of homestead and pre-emption and half section South African Scrip. We invested in more machinery and several oxen to get on with the work of breaking more land. We hired two men and got considerable more land broken that year of 1911, and ready to be seeded the spring of 1912. The 1912 crop was real good—especially the flax, which went nearly 30 bushels to the acre. The wheat, but not the flax, grown in 1912 was hauled to Marengo and most of it was loaded over the platform, being shovelled into the box cars by hand. During the year of 1912 the C.N.R. from Biggar to Loverna was being built, and by June of 1913 had reached as far as Hoosier, but at that time there was not even a loading platform built.

With regard to the 1912 flax, I well remember how the flax had been stored in two new granaries and closed up tight to keep all rain and outside moisture from it. When we opened it up in June we found that instead of sinking in it up to the knees as one usually does in dry flax, we could walk around on it as on a board floor. It evidently was not thoroughly dry when we threshed and had started to heat. We at first expected that the whole lot was spoiled and a total loss, however upon investigation we found that only the few top inches were crusted and below that for one or two feet the flax was quite hot. By removing this top part and spreading it out to dry and cool off, there was not a great loss after all.

In the year 1910 the Municipality of Antelope Park was organized and established, with its duly appointed reeve, councillors and secretary-treasurer. The Hamlet of Hoosier, which later came into being, is near the southeast corner of the municipality. The first reeve was Mr. George Glover of Loverna post office. My brother Stanley was councillor of the Hoosier Division. Orva Sale, who was the first secretary-treasurer of the municipality, came from the U.S., but did not stay more than about three years in Canada. It was largely through his suggestion and influence that the district was called "Hoosier Valley" and afterward "Hoosier." Mr. Harding was the next secretary-treasurer and this office he held for a number of years, and homesteaded midway between Hoosier and Loverna.

It was rather unusual for a woman to go homesteading but they did have this privilege if they chose to do so Mrs McNaughton who is now Mrs Garthwaite of Alberni B C was one of these few brave and venturesome women She came to the district with three small children in the spring of 1912 having filed on the east half of 24-31-27 just north of our land

The years of 1911 1912 and 1913 brought many new settlers to the district some with children of school age About 1912 or 1913 a school was built named "Whittier" on the southwest corner of 24 31 27 3½ miles northeast of the townsite of Hoosier The teacher of this school was Mrs Guy Pemberton whose home was about six miles west of the school

The summer of 1912 saw the first Sunday School and Church services started These were held at Gard Smith's shack He was a married man from the States, and was homesteading the east half of 15 31 27 This land eventually became the property of Jim Cameron Mr Jos Yoos was the first superintendent of the Sunday School The minister was a Methodist student supplied in the summer time and he also preached at Bonny Burn school house northeast of Dewar Lake When the Whittier School was built church services and Sunday School were held in it About this time Hoosier Valley District (as it was then called) together with Tennyson and Flaxcombe were organized as one circuit, one minister serving the three appointments along with a steward and secretary treasurer for each appointment I was elected to these two offices for our district and a few years later as Sunday School superintendent which offices I continued to hold for some years After some time Tennyson and Flaxcombe were dropped from this circuit and Marengo and Greene added in their place these three points being responsible for the minister's salary

Previous to 1911 the first settlers got their mail at Coleville Then in 1911 we got our mail at Flaxcombe for a while Some months later we got it at Dewars about a mile or so southeast of Dewar Lake Later on Mr Jos Yoos had the post office at his place The post office was now called "Hoosier Valley Post Office" Later when regular trains were travelling from Biggar to Loverna, the post office was moved to Hoosier Mr Bill Wilkins being the first postmaster there As the village of Marengo was first called Fuller, so Flaxcombe was first called "Harwell" and Hoosier was first called "Fee"

Soon after the railway was in Hoosier began taking on the appearance of a small progressive town Among the first buildings were a livery barn and small store The railway station was erected, then later Mr Cronan arrived from the States and had his own elevator built which was a great boon to the early settlers A blacksmith shop was opened for business

About this time Mr Werthenbach with his wife and family came from Biggar where he had been managing a lumber yard He built and established an aggressive general store business and being a progressive business man was a great asset to the development of the district. He was reeve for some years

A lumber yard was built When Chas Jenkins arrived in the district he became our reliable and efficient blacksmith

During these early years the church was built, and later on the Hoosier Consolidated School was erected At first this school accommodated all the children of the district but when the population increased the old Whittier School building was brought into town and used as a room for the primary grades

In 1914 Stanley and I had a good-sized house built on his land and in 1915 the barn was built The barn remained until October 1942 when it was burned—together with a lot of feed and grain During the fall of 1914 we had several heavy rains and 1915 was a wet year—with the result there was a bumper crop During harvest time we had six carpenters building the barn and six hired men besides Stanley and myself It fell to my lot to do the cooking for everyone

In the winter of 1915 1916 Stanley went east and was married to Emma Yoos They arrived back in the spring of 1916 and our days of batching were over By this time Billy Geer had arrived in the district from Newmarket Ont He rented Section 18 31 26 (from us) He was married about a year later For some years he worked Section 18 and also Section 17 31 26 (which he bought) As Mrs' Geer did not have too good health in the west they went back east to Newmarket in the early 30's where he carried on a progressive business

In the year 1916 we wished to procure a better grade of cattle than we had and found that the Dominion Government was offering to pay to a bona fide western farmer his travelling expenses east to bring back a car of purebred cattle providing they were first T B tested They also paid the freight charges on the cattle This opportunity look good to us and we decided to take advantage of it By this time Stanley and Emma's first child had arrived so I was delegated to go east for the carload of cattle It was on this trip that I first met Miss Alice Matheson who was afterward to become my wife Miss Matheson had come west from Prince Edward Island in 1910 to teach As there was a great shortage of teachers she taught for a few weeks in the new Mount Royal School in Calgary until she obtained a school in the Wetaskiwin district She taught there for two years and then went to Edmonton where she worked in a bank until December 1918, when we were married

Previous to our marriage—in the summer of 1918—I bought Section 14 31 27 from Jack Mercer and his brother Jim making this our home until 1921 We then moved to the north half of Section 2 on land formerly homesteaded by the Lindbolm Brothers. While we lived on Section 14 we had two children—Margaret and Enid—and during the years from 1924 to 1933 our other five children were born namely Velma Corinne Wilfrid Harvey and Miriam The north half of Section 2 remained our home until we moved to Calgary in 1945

One of the progressive moves of the district which was started in 1924 was the organizing and securing of membership to the Saskatchewan

Wheat Pool I was happy to have an active part in this. The first year 85% or so of the farmers joined and in a very few years nearly 100% Mr William Shaw of Fusilier was the first delegate from our district and a very efficient one This position he held for many years Mr Lew Elliott of Smiley was one of the first—if not the first—director serving our district and he also served with efficiency and keen interest for many years The writer of this was the first chairman elected for our local Wheat Pool Committee continuing in this capacity until shortly before moving away

The Hooster Co-operative Society—in which most of the farmers of Hooster and surrounding areas took shares and became members of—was formed about 1938 and was of real financial benefit Robert Doig was hired as manager and still retains this position It fell to my lot to take an active part in organizing this society and was elected president J Park Findlay was secretary These positions we both retained until leaving the district Mr Findlay was for many years in charge of the Wheat Pool elevator at Hooster as agent For several terms he was reeve of Antelope Park Municipality He willingly gave his service and time to many worthy projects

During the dry years of the 30s—in which 1937 was the climax—nearly every one was on government relief and feed for stock had become such a minus quantity that the government stepped in and bought up any cattle that still remained—and which any one wished to get rid of—at a price of from one to two or three cents live weight Little did any of us realize then that—at this date of November 1955—there would be in this same district such a surplus of grain amounting to many thousands of bushels on some farms—not being sold mainly because of a succession of good crops. Neither in those dry years did any one think that before many years, there would be gas and oil wells drilled and in production

Upon request of Mrs T Goldsmith the above was written by Wm P Doyle 344 Sixth Avenue N E Calgary Alberta November 29 1955

W J GEER—A LATE SETTLER

I went west in the spring of 1915 with a carload of settlers effects for Dr Lockhart whose land adjoined Dr Hunter's to the north We landed in Hooster on April 17 1915 about 8 p m after 36 hours on the freight from Biggar to Hooster All told it took ten days from Toronto to Hooster I well remember just east of Dodsland we started crossing what appeared to be a lake with the track not showing at all in some places We men with settlers cars were riding in the caboose at the back of the train which had about 40 freight cars The train moved cautiously and all seemed to be going well and at some places the wheels of the box cars were completely under water Near the western end of this body of water was a graded road which the rail track crossed over The engine and about 30 cars passed over this grade which seemed to hold firm while on either side the grade was becoming softer and sinking more in the mud What happened is hard to say but the coupling between two cars disconnected allowing the main body of the train to proceed with the caboose and nine cars floating back the opposite way to about the centre of the body of water. The engine then had to proceed to Dodsland put the cars attached on a siding and come back for the balance of the train. This took over five hours before finally getting us away from the water.

When we arrived at Hoosier, Dr. Lockhart who arrived there on the train before ours had several homesteaders on hand among them being Fred Adamson and his brother Bill Gus Magnusen, Russ Kendell and several others whose names I cannot remember. They surely gave me a real welcome and all pitched in getting the horses out and the wagons loaded. It was dark when we headed north with six loaded wagons and the six horses not harnessed. I could never forget that trip as we had no idea where we were going. This road north had been graded but we seemed to be off it more than on as there were so many sloughs to go around. It was 2 a.m. before we got to bed that morning and Fred Adamson at whose shack we were to stay for a few days had us out of bed at 5 a.m.

The next two or three weeks were taken up with hauling the balance of goods from cars hauling lumber and building a small house.

I was absolutely green as to pioneering and one thing that shocked me was having to go two or three miles and cut a load of prairie wool for the horses to feed on. This would take one whole day but I found the horses did very well on this feed. We cleared some very stony land and I had always imagined there would be no stones on the prairies. All told, we broke 350 acres for the doctor and with 2 4 horse outfits we disked and floated and prepared this land for the 1916 crop. The doctor then sold this to Fred Adamson. I received $30.00 per month but learned much in western ways.

I though that country was the Garden of Eden as wheat drilled in on stubble yielded 40 bushels per acre and new breaking went 50. I hired with Fred Adamson for stooking. Going wages were $3.00 per day but Fred said if I'd start at 6 a.m. and stooked until dark he would pay me $3.50 which I did. He ran two outfits of horses on one binder and I never did keep up to it. I went threshing with Dr. Hunter for the same wages and the same hours and just could not believe wheat would roll out like it did. He had a portable machine with a twelve horse power engine to drive it and straw carrier. We had to move it with horses. We finished threshing about November 1 then started to haul the wheat to the elevator. It was really cold but with the road frozen as hard as pavement we could sure draw good loads. This was my first experience in handling a four horse tandem on the grain tank.

It was while drawing grain that I was approached by Doyle Bros. Bill and Stan at that time one of the largest farms in the district who asked if I would be interested in leasing some of their land on a crop-share basis. On looking the property over I thought it might be too heavy as it was mostly gumbo soil. The homesteaders led me to believe chocolate loam land was superior to gumbo which in later years proved much different.

I came back to Ontario late in December, 1915, and was only home a couple of weeks when I knew I would not be satisfied in the East, so wrote Doyle Bros. that I would take their land.

I landed in Hoosier in April, 1916, with a carload of settlers' effects, put a stove in a granary and lived in this shack for a couple of years. This was on Section 18-31-27. 1916, as the old-timers well remember, was another wet year and I thought I was going to be a millionaire. However, on August 21, about 6:30, a real hail storm came and the beautiful fields of grain, wheat mostly ready to cut, were left with not a head standing. The grain was not entirely threshed out of the heads and as the straw was so long it did not pound it into the ground but just broke it down. We were able to take about a three-foot cut with an eight-foot binder and did salvage some of the grain, but had to pay $25.00 per hour for threshing, so the costs amounted to more than was received for what was salvaged. No insurance that year. This hail was not general in the district. It started in at Stan Doyle's, went east about three and one-half miles and about two miles wide, but it covered all our ground.

I sold my horses that fall and came back East. I was married in February, 1917, bringing my bride back in the spring. It was very dry all spring and crop prospects were not so good. On July 11, hail struck again, followed by a heavy rain. The grain was just heading and was pretty well cut off. However, the growth was fast and we were able to get 2000 bushels of wheat and a lot of good oat sheaves for feed. 1918, 1919, 1920 and 1921 were very dry years and I remember we had to use weed seeds for fuel for two winters—NO MONEY!

In the winter of 1921, there were four or five herds of cattle affected by mange with the result the veterinary Department of Health inspector quarantined the cattle in the immediate district, with the result that all cattle within a radius of ten miles had to be dipped, most of the herds twice. This meant over 3000 cattle had to be lowered in the vat. This made much hard tiresome work, taking almost a month to do, but there was no further mange reported in the district.

During these dry years, there were several outbreaks of grasshoppers throughout the province, but they were not serious in the Prairiedale district until 1922. That year we had to mix several tons of poison and spread in the affected areas. This sure killed them where poison was spread and fortunately they never took to the air in swarms and came into the district.

Nineteen twenty-three was one of our best years and our first crop in seven years. From then on, we did not have to use weed seeds for fuel. 1924 was another very dry year. 1925 and 1926 only fair. Then in 1927-28 we had really heavy crops again; 1929 was just fair and 1930 another large crop but very unprofitable.

We used our first combine in 1927 and it proved a great labour saver and helped solve some of the labour troubles, not having to feed so much help, especially in bad weather.

I have no record of when the Hoosier Valley Agricultural Society was

formed but do remember that Mr. W. Foster, living about six miles southwest of town, was the first president. He died during his first year. I was then appointed in his place and filled the honorary office for about six years. W. Pettit and W. P. Doyle were secretaries and I think the Society was quite a value to the district.

The largest auction sale I ever attended was held on the Big Four Farms, between Dewar Lake and Flaxcombe. Two auctioneers started selling at 10 a.m. and ran until 10 p.m. There were four Big Four gas tractors, early models, that sold for scrap, bringing only $25.00 and $35.00 each. Each weighed about fourteen tons. There were five of the very large steam engines probably costing when new at that time $7,000.00 to $8,000.00 each, which sold for $150.00. The very large grain threshers brought about $100.00 and there were eight of these. There were rows upon rows of thirty to thirty-five in each row, of binders, seeders, discs, harrows, plows, all fairly heavy machinery, and all types of tools. There were one hundred and fifty horses, seventy-five mules, harness for these and wagon loads of horse collars. I never knew how many sections the Big Four farmed, somewhere between thirty and forty I believe. They never drew grain to the elevators during threshing, putting it into round steel granaries. Then they would come in processions of eight to ten tank wagons with four and six horse or mule tandem teams making two trips per day which was quite a sight in the fall of the year.

We had five girls born while living at Hoosier but one was taken from us in 1926 with bronchial pneumonia when she was three and one half months old. Three girls attended school at Hoosier and were taught by Mrs. Waldon and Mr. and Mrs. Tibbett. The girls considered that no teachers could be as nice as theirs and also thought a lot of Mr. Yoos who drove the school van. They also looked forward to attending Sunday school and church and it had to be terribly cold if we could talk them from getting out the team and bundling them in blankets for the six mile trip in the sleigh those cold mornings.

The happiest years of our lives were spent in the Hoosier district. Our closest neighbor was one mile but it would be impossible to find finer people than Elmore Bolton, Stan and Mrs. Doyle and so many others whom we can never forget.

We left the Hoosier district in the spring of 1931, thinking that when the girls had their education, they might be scattered almost any place in the Dominion and if we lived in Ontario, they might be closer to us.

W. J. GEER

JOHN L. MERCER

Dear Mrs. McGibbon,

This is my story.

In response to your recent letter for some reminiscences of the old days on the homestead in Hoosier Valley—I will be glad to add what I can to your very interesting venture.

Them were the days—when anything could happen. June 1, 1909, when I first saw my homestead I sat down and cried. A prairie fire had swept the country clean of grass a few days before I arrived and it looked pretty bleak to me—but I'm getting ahead of my story.

Perhaps I should start at the beginning. I was raised on a farm in B.C. and I liked farming and stock, but since there were ten other brothers and sisters I moved out at the ripe old age of thirteen on the toe of one of my brother's boots. For several years I worked in lumber camps, mines and on ranches in the Cariboo country. I guess I was 20 when I found myself mixing mortar for sixteen plasterers in Vancouver. We were building the Loo Building. It was hard to find a job in the city and harder to hold it—usually several men standing around rustling for work.

One day the Boss hired an old gentleman by the name of George Bailey to move platforms in the rooms for the plasterers. George was a nice old fellow from the prairies near Inapell. He had a lame back and confided to me he was too proud to send home for money for his fare home. He was broke and the job was killing him. So I'd hurry up with my plaster, go up on the elevator and move a lot of the heavy planks for him. He told me wonderful tales about the prairies and how easy it was to get a homestead and pre-emption. He had three boys and he was going that fall to find them all a homestead, and if I wanted to come out he would give me a job on his threshing outfit at $2.00 a day and found, and he would find me a good homestead too. While he was getting the boys theirs. I could hardly wait, and a few days after he left I took off too and landed in Inapell one morning. Got the directions and walked, carrying a huge grip seven and a half miles to his ranch, arriving about 2 o'clock, and asked for Mr. Bailey. There were two girls trying to ride a calf in the yard and they giggled and laughed so much I had a hard time finding out where George was. But I finally gathered he was down on his wheat ranch, near Sedley, just 35 miles across the prairie. They gave me directions. I had lost my wits, I guess, for I did not introduce myself and I started off for Sedley. After several miles here came the two girls in an old buggy, laying the whip on the old mare. They pulled up giggling and laughing again and asked if I were Johnnie Mercer. When I agreed I was, they wanted me to go back for the night. I guessed their mother had figured out who I was and sent them after me. But I was anxious to get to work and decided to go on, so they gave me a lift for about ten miles. When it began to get dark they turned me loose and went back.

I will never forget that night. The road was straight—no turns for thirty miles and led right into the town of Sedley, they said. All the way through a Doukhobors settlement—"No speak a da English." About ten o'clock it started to rain and I decided to seek lodging and something to eat. I'd had nothing since morning—not even a drink of water. I saw a light and went up to the door, but they were unable to understand me and seemed to be afraid of me. When they slammed the door on me I figured they didn't want to have anything more to do with me, so I went on. The land was of a very tenacious composition, being as I heard after wards, called gumbo. Since it was sprinkling rain I am sure any Hoosierite will know what I was up against. About this time too, it seemed there was something in the soles of my shoes—like a lump of something boring into my feet. Upon examination I found I had worn holes in the soles, and mud would form a ball there, so I took my shoes off and kept going. It was an improvement, but had its drawbacks, too.

Finally I saw the lights of the town. I did not know then, but learned afterward, you could see a town in that country for twenty miles or more sometimes. But it wasn't that far—only about eight, or so.

The town, of course, was on a railroad, and the road hit it at such an angle that as I got right close to it I thought I was going to miss it. This I was determined was not going to happen to me, so I took a short cut straight for the lights, across a field. Boy, it was dark—and about 2 A.M. All of a sudden I stumbled over a bank and into water. I had no idea whether I was in a river, a lake or what. I was already down so I started to try and swim. I am a good swimmer, but it proved to be only a barren pit alongside the railroad. I hit the other bank on all fours and was so panicked went up the bank a little too fast, not realizing there was a railroad to cross too, so I tripped over the rails and into another barren pit full of water. I lost my old grip in the water, there wasn't much in it anyhow, and the lights in the one hotel of the town were before me.

I guess I was a sight to see when I went into the rotunda. Some men were playing poker. When I asked for the manager, he looked me over with a jaundiced eye and went on playing poker. Finally I told him I had walked from Inappell that day and had nothing to eat since 7 in the morning the day before. That I had had money to pay for a room and a meal. So he jumped up and for a moment I thought he was going to throw me out. But instead, he let me register, and then took me back to the kitchen, lit a fire, went into the bar and brought me a pint of brandy, told me to help myself—do me good—while he cooked me six eggs and a good big slice of ham. He was very kind to me, told me I could have my belly full if I wanted it. I slept for eighteen hours and when I got up my clothes had been washed and dried and were hanging neatly on a chair near the bed.

Next day or so I contacted George and worked for him until the threshing was finished. It was 16 degrees below zero the last day and we slept in a barn the last few nights.

But the cold spell let up, until George decided to go a couple of hundred miles out west and locate the homestead—in a buggy. We were to put up the expense money—four of us. I had about $150.00 for my work, coming to me, but I never saw any of it. As George explained afterwards, that was just about enough to cover my part of the expense. He didn't find any land that suited him.

That winter I was very fortunate in landing a job with a big wheat farmer at $10.00 a month, hauling and shipping wheat with four horse teams A very funny thing happened while I was working for him We were in town one evening curling, and he introduced me to the banker The banker was telling him about his flag pole on the bank building It seems that when the wind blew and that was mostly all the time, this flag pole would moan and groan all night long and his wife could not sleep—it made her very nervous They lived up over the bank and he couldn't get anyone to risk his neck to get up there or he would like to cut it down So my boss says, here is a chap who will do it He said he would pay me well if I would Next morning he helped me out the upstairs window about 20 feet above the frozen ground and around a cornice that made it pretty ticklish and I thought I was a goner once or twice but I made it When I got up there I found it was 6 inches at the bottom and about 20 feet high I sawed it off and laid it down gently He was on the ground and everybody in town was out watching me I told him I'd try and pitch it as far as I could so he said go ahead I only hope you can get down safely He was more scared than I as he began to realize his responsibility should I get hurt I decided to throw the heavy end downward and heave the lighter end outward into the street I guess I didn't give it enough heave for it toppled back and fell through the big plate glass window As he was helping me back in the window I apologized but he said Never mind the window I just hope I can get you down safely When I got down he asked me to come into his office and said "How much do I owe you? As nonchalantly as I could I said "Well, how would $25.00 catch you?' He gave it to me I felt that a bank was a handy thing to have around and right there I opened my first bank account I felt I owed him all my business He was so nice

The next spring I went to see a brother living in Regina and he financed me for an outfit and sent me to Saskatoon to meet our uncle, Tom Carroll Said uncle had some land way out west somewhere and perhaps he knew of a good piece of land I found uncle to be a very wise old Irishman and it just so happened that he knew of a very good section he very nearly took himself but he took 3 other sections for himself and boys just a few miles away from the one he recommended for me My brother had bought a South African Scrip—giving me another 320 acres in addition to the homestead and pre emption

Some time along in April 1909 I went to Scott and filed on Section 14 31 27 W of 3rd which Uncle Tom had seen and recommended This brother's name was Jim He came to Saskatoon to help me outfit We went down to the stockyards where they sold alleged oxen and we picked out four They turned out to be just four wild steers We took them out a few miles from the city to Uncle's farm at Floral and there we broke them—a little Uncle gave me a wagon said it was old but would do to sit in the sun and would get me there we hoped His grandfather in Ireland owned it at one time I believe It had one and a quarter inch tires on it—all loose We built a four foot box on it then we got it loaded with double furrow plow 1 disc harrow one drag harrow, a few hundred pounds of coal as Uncle said so I'd have some fuel when I landed to get started on. He said there was lots of wood around Dewar Lake; when I got time I could just go down and cut it. He was slightly mistaken about that, as the largest little red willows, and few at that, were about the size of a lead pencil. There was two sacks of potatoes, a couple of sacks of oat seed and a sack of flax seed I was to take along for Mr. Dewar for seed. Altogether, I had about two tons on that old wagon, and a bunch of green steers for oxen.

Jim was getting a great charge out of all the fuss and excitement of getting me ready for the great adventure to a new home I'd never seen. But I had great faith in Uncle's judgment and never doubted but that in a very few years I'd be a millionaire at least. I had land and oxen—and spring was in the air.

I struck up a partnership for the 165 or so miles I had to go—with another homesteader, a preacher as it turned out, and while he was a pretty good travelling companion, still there were times when I felt it was a mistake travelling with a preacher when you were driving a bunch of green oxen. I always felt that had he not been along I could have told those oxen a lot more than I did—out of respect for the cloth!

I was 31 days making that trip over the Old Bone trail. I was lost entirely for five days once—never saw a soul. The preacher had turned off near Rosetown. I came to a homesteader's shack and he was as glad to see me as I was to see him. Invited me to stay overnight. Slept on the ground, but he meant well anyhow. I remember I had shot a goose a few days before. He didn't have much grub, he said, so I offered up the goose. We were going to roast it. His stove was full of cracks. It wasn't a very late model, and he was burning horse chips. I guess we cooked that goose, or tried to, for several hours, but we couldn't get up much heat. Finally, we decided that raw meat was really good for one anyhow, so we ate every bit of it. I'll never forget how tough it was.

He told me how to get back on the Bone Trail again. Next stop was Buffalo Coulee and the Barclay brothers were homesteading there. I stopped over night there. They were so Scotch I could barely understand them.

I recall getting up about daylight and there was a bunch of antelope standing off a few yards from the door. So one of the brothers hauled out an old Snider rifle and began blazing away. The antelope just stood there. Finally George called to his brother to "bring the bayonet, I'm going to charge." Well, they got clear away.

They said the alkali was wet and bad in the Coulee crossing, so they helped me over, one on each side whipping the oxen. We barely made it as those narrow tires cut in so easily.

Next stop was the Dewar Ranch. Mr. Dewar was cutting one of the boy's hair. Jack Noyes was there. I stopped there all day and night. Ernie Simpson was also there. I left them the seed Uncle Tom had sent out, but still it did not lighten my load enough to get through the next coulee. Ernie went with me as he did not think I could make it. Sure enough, I got stuck good—even though the oxen could scarcely get to shore I was there another day or two getting my wagon unloaded and then re-loaded again and across that coulee But finally we did and they pointed out the homeseeker's faint trail and told me to follow that about for or five miles and I would come to my stake corner The trail led over the Big hill on Section 6 as it was afterwards named And here a disaster took place that would have probably stopped me altogether had it happened a hundred miles farther back

Since we used no breeching on the ox harness and no brakes on the old wagon they ran away with me down that hill The old wagon like the one hoss shay started to disintegrate First I saw a steel rim going down the hill along side of me and then another and finally the wheels caved in and I landed pretty close to where Stan Jickling later built his home

Well, my unloading troubles were over anyhow All I had to do was gather up the pieces find my corner about a quarter of a mile further on and pick out a building site and I was in business

Uncle Tom had told me that the first thing I should do when I landed was to fire-guard my section This proved to be unnecessary as a fire had cleaned the country a day or so before The section did not look very good to me all black and little or no grass for my oxen I was feeling mighty low and I actually cried as I thought I had a very poor section It wasn't level as I had pictured it but still it wasn't very hilly either There appeared to be about a hundred acres of lake—snow water—right in the middle of it but since I had placed my scrip on 320 acres of it I knew I had to make the best of it So I pitched my little A tent—too small for stove or anything but my bed

Next day the Hoosiers arrived that is the vanguard of them Wilkins Carl and Leo Sale and Gard Smith They pitched their 16x16 tent a mile west of me on Section 15 and proceeded to get into a wrangle among themselves over the division of groceries Smith was kicked out with nothing so he informed me and wanted to sling in with me By this time I had already realized that my own supplies were not adequate for the long summer ahead He claimed he owned a quarter of the groceries in their camp and the tent So I went over with him to their camp and explained to them that they must give Smith his share of things and since we were all going to have to live as neighbors for a good many years to come this was no way to start out They agreed I made them or had them all shake hands and give Smith his share amicably As far as I know they never quarreled again and we had many good times together

Later just a few days or weeks Stanley Doyle (Will Doyle came later) and Jickling came in and very soon the little valley was almost crowded. A family on every section or so or maybe I should say a bachelor There were very few women those first few years

We all built sod houses two foot walls and tons of sod on the roofs of the larger ones The only redeeming feature about them was that they were shelter, and were warm in winter, cool in summer, and they were home. Mine was 10'x10' inside. I used to boast that I could sit at my table and cook a meal and reach everything in the house without moving.

Many funny things happened in the neighborhood in those early years—and also near tragedies. The ones that stand out in my memory were of course the ones I was more or less concerned with myself.

I do not recall a fatal illness nor accident in those first few years. I do recall, however, the roof of Jickling's sod house falling in after a heavy rain, and Stanley Doyle coming after me to help dig him out in the middle of a very dark night. I never could understand why he did not dig him out himself (but anyway he had no lantern) and when I got there I thought it was all over with Jack. He was down there under all that sod and pinned by rafters, brush and sod which the roofs were made of, and we had to stand on top of him and the caved roof until we could get a hole through to the floor. The sod shakes were generally two feet by one foot and the cracks filled with sand, dirt or gravel, whichever was handiest—an awful mess! We jumped down in there and started throwing sod as fast as we could. Jack could still talk and told us where he was. We finally got his head clear, and I'll say one thing for him—he had a keen sense of humor. First thing he said was, "save the women and children." I don't remember anyone else being under there. He had been more or less protected, as he was next to the wall, pinned down by slanting rafters. He took it in good humor, and we all laughed about it afterwards.

Then there was the time that Lance Phillips, a husky young Englishman, who was wintering with me, decided to go to a dance, just over 1½ miles away. He was only 17 and he, too, had a keen sense of humor. He delighted in telling us homesteaders about his experiences in England and exaggerated local incidents, always winding up by being the hero.

Well, he started out at noon for the dance, on foot. There was some snow and it was about 15 below zero, which we homesteaders would consider a mild spell. He got there all right. A storm developed that night, but Lance did not come home next day, so late in the afternoon we started a search, but by dark the storm was still raging, and we gave him up as lost. He had left the party about 3 a.m. We hunted the next day, all day. No Lance. None of the neighbors had seen him.

On the third day, he came walking in, with a big smile and said nonchalantly, "well, I see you still have the same old dog." He declared he had been out in the storm all the time—but I learned afterward he had been nice and cozy all the while in a homesteader's shack, about 15 miles from nowhere.

One evening Albert Fuller and I were passing Russell McGibbons shack when we saw he was home. He had been East, I think, for the winter. So we stopped to say hello! He invited us to stay for supper—which he was preparing—so we did just that. I do not recall what the menu consisted of, but Russell said, "I'll go draw some water from the well and make some coffee." The well was pretty low and Russell came back with a little muddy water and made coffee, which was very good too. The cups were very large and Albert was talking away as usual and stirring his coffee. Russell offered him a refill. Albert said, "Just a minute—something in this cup down there," and by George if he didn't dig up a little frog. But it was darn good coffee anyway. I'm sure Russell will remember that incident. (He does, and it did happen!)

I guess one could write a book if he tried to recount the many interesting and good times we all had together, but since I am not a writer, I fear it may bore the reader as it is.

As to our family, you so kindly inquired about. We had seven children, four girls, three boys. Margaret, the oldest girl, passed away at the age of ten, from blood poison. The rest are all married and have families, and are doing very well in their chosen professions. My dear wife, Ada, passed away in 1951, from a heart ailment.

I have remarried, a very fine person, about my own age, a southerner.

I am mining here in Arizona and doing fairly well. I have sold several mines in the last few years.

I trust this is something along the lines you had in mind.

Yours very truly,

J. L. MERCER

THE PFENNIG MULES

We went to the homestead from Kindersley in 1910. I was 1½ years old. Team of oxen and saddle horse tied on behind. Farmed a few years with oxen. Used to turn them loose for about two and a half hours at noon, then work late. "Billy," the saddle horse had to be hobbled, even then he could make pretty good time at getting away. Once Dad hunted him on foot, went to Marengo and almost to Flaxcombe before catching up on him. That took three days. Our first house was made of sod and one part of it remained long after the frame one was built. Dad bought six mules from the railroad construction company. "Barney," was a big gray, and we used him to haul water on the stoneboat from Jack Mercer's. Later lightning struck the barn and as he stood beside the wall, was the one to get killed. Bess had fallen through the bridge before Dad bought them and had bad ankles. I used to ride her after the cows and remember she was quite bull headed. Had two black ones, Jack and Riley—both mean. Riley had only one eye. Some mule skinner from the railroad had knocked the left one out. He would finish drinking, rear up, wheel around to the right and go to his stall at a fast trot. You had better not be in his way. Jack would get a sore neck, shoulders never bothered, but a little knot on top would really make him mad. "Very temperamental," and we didn't work him then. Times when nothing was wrong he'd get an idea he didn't want to be harnessed or hitched up. He would butt you into the wall like a bull, squeeze you into the manger with his shoulder, bite, strike, kick and also strike with his tail.

One morning, Bill Graham, "who worked for my father for several summers was putting on his collar, when he reached up with his left hand foot caught Bill's overall bib and left him standing in his underwear. Funny mule though if my mother came near he would stop fighting as long as she was there They were a hard bunch to handle and I must hand it to my Dad for doing that We also had a big team of bays Hank and Jim weight around 1700 lbs each Hank took a 21" collar Have watched Dad pull a big separator out of its chuck holes many times with them He bought 100 bushels of oats from Charlie Curtis once when very few people had any feed Dad put me on one wagon with the big team and he went ahead with another Hank would almost jump out of his skin if grain was thrown on his back so getting near home the mules were pretty tired and I threw some grain on their backs They jumped and snorted but wouldn't move another step until every kernel was eaten

Real dry one year Water receded in a lake north of us until there was nothing but mud and alkali around the outside First time I ever knew a mule to get in the wrong place, but Riley must have been dying for water He got half way over changed his mind turned around but too late I saw him when coming home with the cows Dad and I took the big team, stoneboat blankets, rope block and tackle We worked till after midnight and finally got him on the stoneboat but poor Riley died just as we started home It was north of Tommy Akehurst's place a short distance from Fred Adamson's pasture fence

On the good side of the ledger I remember the wheat crop in 1915 that brushed the brim of Dad's hat The community dances that usually lasted all night on account of the roads Can't remember of my Dad ever wearing anything on his hands except a pair of leather gloves with the fingers out He never drank anything but cold water two quarts at a meal Maybe that was why he could stand so much cold We used to get supplies at Marengo Generally stopped both ways at Ab Thompson's

Never felt so bad in my life as when we left there Everything was sold at auction and taken away Next morning, the big team of mules were back grazing in a slough near the house Pete Trawmley took our dog and next day he was found half way home between Yoos and Henry Bennett's dragging a fence post

Can't explain the feeling I had when returning last summer after 33 years Guess 'way down deep in my heart it will always be the real home

Jay Pfennig Castro Valley
California

REMINISCENCES OF A HOOSIER GRAIN BUYER

I have been asked to write up some outstanding incidents of early "Hoosier history" To me this recalls the year 1915 The year of the bumper crop

It was July 1st 1913, that I arrived in Hoosier The old 'Grand Trunk' had laid steel as far west as Loverna and the first five cars of freight to come over the new road were lumber for the construction of my privately owned elevator.

The 1913 crop was a light one and 1914 a complete failure. The 1915 crop year came with a late cold spring, and it looked as if the district was in for another failure. I recall attending an Agricultural fair in the Hoosier lumber yard on the first of July, when we had to wear sheepskin coats to keep warm. Returning home that night I found ice on the horse trough. The entire crop was frozen to the ground and it was the general opinion that the crop was gone. However, the weather moderated and the welcome rains arrived and lasted for a period of two weeks. Crops revived and continued favorable for the filling and ripening of the grain. At harvest time wheat was standing shoulder high. Yielded 35 to 45 bushels per acre, weighed from 60 to 64 lbs. per bushel and sold for 80c per bushel. Flax averaged 15 bushels per acre and sold at $1.80 a bushel.

Mr. Tom Goldsmith had purchased a section of raw land in 1914 just adjacent to the town. He broke 600 acres that summer but due to crop failures was financially unable to cultivate the land properly. He did manage to have it single disked. Then in the spring of 1915 he put those 600 acres of rough plowing into flax; that, too, was frozen down, but the crop came on again and yielded 15 bushels per acre when harvested. At the selling price of $1.80 a bushel it amounted approximately to $17,000.00. After the crop was all in, Tom came with the bundle of storage tickets and asked to have them converted to one cash ticket for his entire crop. According to my system of book-keeping I had to place all the storage ticket numbers on the back of this one cash ticket, and as each load had averaged 60 bushels I told Tom there was not room; it was simply impossible to do so. Tom said sharpen your pencil and make room, I want to show this ticket to my wife, so with great care I managed to get the numbers on the one ticket.

I was dealing with the "Union Bank" at Loverna, while Tom dealt with the "Northern Crown" at Marengo. To avoid a $20.00 exchange item, I was to get the funds at Loverna and cash the ticket at Hoosier. Tom would then take the money to Marengo bank.

When I went to Loverna bank the money was paid to me in ten dollar bills. When I saw the big bundle it made I realized something bigger than a wallet was needed to carry it away. Going over to Perry and Knott's store I secured a gunny sack and it served the purpose very well. In record time my little old Ford took me to Tom's farm, five miles south of town. I was anxious to get rid of that money. Tom met me at the gate and said, "Do you know this is Saturday afternoon and the bank at Marengo is closed so I can't take the money till Monday morning." I said, "You are taking it right now. I'm through." With that I threw the bag of money at his feet and walked back to the car. Tom simply turned and walked into the barn without looking back.

I watched him and then decided to pick it up and hold it until Monday morning. At that time I did not have a safe so took the money to my room above the office and proceeded to hide it. First, pulled the stove pipe out of the chimney and deposited $5,000 there. Another $5,000 went under the mattress and the rest behind the felt paper covering the walls. Then having secured a revolver from the section boss I prepared to guard the money. During the night it poured rain so I had to remove the money from the chimney and find another hiding place under the wall paper. Didn't sleep a wink that night and next day had meals sent over from the restaurant as I did not wish to leave the place until the money was out of my hands. Sunday was a long day and again had little sleep. Early Monday I was out to Tom's place and this time he was ready to accept his $17,000.00. Seventeen bundles and each one containing one hundred ten dollar bills. He counted it out and it proved correct. Tom now pushed the money back into the gunny sack and left hurriedly for Marengo. Much relieved I returned to the elevator.

Emmett Cronan

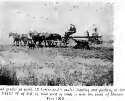
THE PETTIT FAMILY

Will Pettit and Russell Kendell after renting land in the South Weyburn district for three years thought it a good time in 1909 to seek a homestead. Having obtained maps showing the greater areas of unoccupied land they decided to look over an area in west central Saskatchewan.

The projected Goose Lake Line from Saskatoon went out as far as Zealandia and from there they went in by team and democrat loaded with tent and supplies for man and beast, over 100 miles west and south through the Eagle Hills in sparcely settled country. One morning will always be remembered when on waking up and looking out of the tent no horses were to be seen tied to the democrat wheels, only two broken halter shanks in sight and sixty miles from anywhere and on foot. Coyotes smelling the

First construction outfit on the G.T.P. railway lines between Biggar and Loverna "to work in this district" Steve Weir and the Sale brothers. This picture was taken on Bill Pettit's homestead.

bacon frying in the pan must have returned scared the horses and that was it. Brennan our driver thought they would not go too far started on the back tracks and about 11 o'clock returned with the team for which we rendered proper thanks At Cole's stopping place in what is now



A railroad grader at work. 12 horses and 6 mules drawing and pushing it On S West 3-31-27 W of 3rd ½ mile west of what is now the town of Hoosier Year 1913

Netherhill we had our first view of real gumbo One of the older girls was busy with a hoe scraping the kitchen floor around the door where the mud was a good half inch deep and it was still raining Then on through the Merrington settlement where Kendell renewed acquaintance with the Bakers and Hahns from around Collingwood. On south of the Buffalo coulee (Sixty Mile Lake) and up to Dan Dewar's place on the west side of the lake now named after him There we met the first settlers in that area Dan and his two sons Roy and Stewart After getting the low down on possibilities from them we trailed further on into Township 31, Range 27 West of 3rd. and made second choice of the south half of 3 and the east half of 4 joyfully returning towards Saskatoon to file on our claims With no further discomfort other than being sucked dry by myriads of mosquitoes we arrived in Zealandia on a memorable day July 1 1909 The new hotel had just been opened with full liquor license Three days of celebration had been planned We arrived on the second day A special train was run out there from Saskatoon to make sure things went off with a bang Sixty five percent of the town's residents during those three days were really joyful and every bed at the hotel or rooming house contained at least one occupant who had passed out Kendall and I slept in separate beds in the laundry or hog pen as it was then named each with one of these happy souls

In 1910 we returned by train to Kindersley bringing in a carload of seeding and haying machinery built two shacks and a barn and fire-guarded the homesteads By that time Carl Sale and his Uncle Orva had put up two sod shacks and began to break up some land one driving the four oxen and the other holding the plow The inside of what was to be Mrs Maggie Sale's house was a sight to see The fresh laid sods had grown green grass on the inside of the place and hung on the walls yellow green three inches thick, and it was damp! Kendell and I decided to sleep in our tent outside but in the middle of the night the four oxen thought our tent was a good place to wipe off the mosquitoes and not waiting to be trampled to death in the mad rushes we fled into the house We moved up permanently in March of 1911 settled in and broke up 15 acres which we sowed to oats for feed All we got from that was green sheaves with which we wintered two cows and fattened two Berkshire pigs and they did well on it Later in the summer we broke up 75 acres on the two places

In 1912 I sowed my 40 acres to oats and barley and Kendell put in 35 acres of flax My 40 acres yielded 45 bushels to the acre which were threshed by Jack Mercer at seven cents a bushel I hauled most of them to Marengo 10 miles away and sold them for 14 cents a bushel I held a third of them over till spring and got 19 cents a bushel Kendell threshed his flax in mid December 1105 bushels of frosted flax from 35 acres We cut it with an 8 foot Massey Harris binder which could only handle four feet

I was married on December 24 that same year to Annie Hawton of Collingwood In 1913 the location of the Grand Trunk Railway was definitely settled to run through my land on the mile and my pre-emption was fixed as the townsite for which the townsite company paid $3600 00 and Emil Diesbourg a homesteader on the N E 31 30 27 w3rd moved his house over and squatted as the first store on the townsite

In the summer and fall of 1913 the rail line was put through (photos enclosed taken on my land) and in February 1914 my wife and I went to England for the summer When we returned in October of that year Mr R F Werthenbach had built his new store and residence and Bill Wilkins had built a small house and operated the post office

Having sold the townsite I had the first choice of the name for the place Stratton being the birthplace of my father in England I made the suggestion that the town be so called but since there was already another post office of the same name the G T P named the place Fee after one of their officials The local residents did not like that name so suggested that it be named Hoosier since a post office had been operated in the valley to the north for some three years the boys taking turns riding 22 miles on Pinto to Coleville to get the mail bags Pinto was an Indian pony owned by the Sale boys Pierce and Cronan built the first elevator in 1915 and it is from the window in the cupola that the 1916 photo of Hoosier was taken during the fall fair sponsored by the Homemakers' Club The church and consolidated school were started in the summer and fall of 1916

THE PEMBERTON FAMILY

My father came to Hoosier Valley district in 1912 on the 12th of May and both my brothers Grover and Guy came with him All took up homesteads In the year 1920 Grover returned to Gary Ind, where he is still living

My older brother Guy stayed on in Loverna for a few years and then he too returned to Michigan where he died in 1950 His widow now lives in Kalamazoo with their son She was the first teacher at Whittier School

My mother established the first millinery and clothing store in Loverna and my father was notary public until their return to the U.S.A

My father passed on in 1932 at Vandalis and mother lived on for fifteen years

Marjory Pemberton, now Mrs. Jickling Victoria B C

R S JICKLING

My western life began in the city of Regina coming from the city of St Mary's in Ontario I was living with the Rev John Doyle who said he had a brother in the east who planned on coming west to take up land and perhaps we could get together on it We did just that and travelled west to Battleford where the land office was located at that time We registered our claims on the 1st of May 1909 and came to the homesteads by way of Wilkie arriving on the 28th of May The Yoos's Gard Smith Sales and Wilkins got in just a week ahead of us

Stan Doyle and I first built a sod shack each, then went to the South Saskatchewan River for wood and poles, following the old Fort Benton Montana Battleford trail One day about the end of June two fellows came along in a buggy and asked for a drink of water I said they were welcome to what I drank "slough water strained through cheesecloth" but if they went on three miles they would come to a good well that was owned by Mrs Maggie Sale the first well dug in the district Those two men were Kendall and Pettit

In 1910 I had typhoid fever the result of drinking slough water no doubt

Life was grim in many ways and when we first came there were buffalo skeletons scattered over the prairie

Stan Doyle took an active interest in municipal affairs and set about to form a municipality He was the one who suggested the name "Antelope Park" and it was organized in the fall of 1911 He was one of the first councillors and Orva Sale was the first secretary

Mrs Jickling was the first music teacher in the district Some of her first pupils were Dorothy Werthenbach Leslie Jenkins Myrtle and Iola Cooke Phyllis Neff and Enid Tattershall

In 1911 Canada voted on Reciprocity so Stan Doyle Jack Mercer and myself drove over to Dewar's where the polling booth was to be Arriving there we found they had not been supplied with a ballot box so our trip was for nothing

TOM BLYTHE

Tom Blythe came west in the spring of 1909 from Bruce County, Ontario, to Saskatoon, where a building boom was on. He worked at his trade of plasterer and bricklayer that summer, but as the farm had a great attraction for him, he filed on a homestead as then the "Goose Lake Line" had been thrown open to settlers.

There was a great rush of people to the land office in Saskatoon. Some would sit on the steps all night so as to be first there in the morning and Tom was one who did that. He did not get in to see his quarter until the fall of that year when he came, bringing a carpenter to help build a small shack.

After leaving the train at Kindersley, Tom, who had a bicycle, wheeled out over the rough prairie road, but the carpenter walked the fifty mile trip. A neighbor, Fred Adamson, was hired to draw the lumber and it cost more to get it conveyed than the whole cost of material. However, the 14'x16' house was finished and Tom returned east where we were married December 24, returning to Saskatchewan and the homestead in February, 1910. We were held in Kindersley by a three-day blizzard and afterwards we hired a man to drive us out. Such a long, cold fifty mile drive, but our hearts were light and our hopes high.

Later I began to realize we were really out on the lonely prairie. Tom had to get another settler to return to Kindersley for our luggage. They left early in the morning and did not return until 12.30 a.m.

That day a man walked past our place. He had murdered a woman and her daughter who lived near Unity. This man had been in a gambling game in which another man lost all his money and then put up his daughter. This murderer won the bet and coming on morning, under the influence of liquor, he went to the girl's home to claim her. The mother and daughter were alone and when they both resisted him, he flew into a rage and shot them both. Two Mounties trailed and caught up with him having a drink of water at the pump at Bob McConnell's livery barn, Marengo. He was arrested and taken to Alsask to await his trial on a murder charge.

That spring the railroad went west through Marengo and a small hamlet sprang up. Tom got the job of plastering the Royal Bank and I had to stay alone through the week. Sometimes people would drop in as I baked bread for the bachelors. They gave me a bag of flour for baking a bag into bread. Flour was $1.90 a sack. Sometimes I stayed nights with a neighbor lady, Mrs. Anderson, who lived a mile away. One evening, leaving home a little later, the weather turned bad, cloudy and drizzling rain. I became completely lost and wandered for four hours, running into sloughs and brush. I was almost completely exhausted from fright and the long, hard walking over prairie when I spied a faint light and sure enough it was her place—12.30 in the morning and the lamp burned down to the last drop of coal oil she had.

We had many trying experiences in those early years. When Whittier

School was built. Tom had the contract, so he hired a team of oxen to draw the lumber from Marengo. We left at six o'clock in the morning only to find on arrival it was July 1, a holiday, so we started back at 4 p.m. without any lumber. We got as far as Goshorn's Coulee and the oxen wouldn't go any farther. It was raining and the mosquitoes were terrible, so Tom unhitched the oxen and let them go. We sat in the wagon until 4 a.m. when it was quite light and then Tom rounded up the oxen who hadn't travelled far, hitched up and we reached home at 6 a.m. As we didn't get the lumber the trip had to be repeated.

We had very severe winters in those days with terrible blizzards. One in particular was hard to forget. It was a nice morning so Tom decided he would go to Dewar Lake for the mail as he was expecting an important letter. He walked there but no mail, so he turned back and walked on to Loverna. Coming home a blizzard came up and he became lost, but after many hours he arrived at a homesteader's shack, just four miles from home and 18 miles from Loverna. The man urged him to stay but he pushed on and arrived home at 2 a.m., having covered about 50 miles. Next morning another homesteader noticed tracks of a man a few feet from an open well 18 feet deep with 4 feet of water. Surely providence was taking care of him.

Another neighbor went to draw water for his oxen from a hand dug well with windlass and pail. The pail came off and fell in the well so he decided to go hand-over-hand down the well and get it. The well had over six feet of water in it and he was a big man, weighing over 200 pounds. He got down all right but could not climb the rope back up. The oxen milling around for water knocked the lid down and there he was, trapped in the well. He kept calling for help and luckily a man passing, seeing the oxen and hearing a noise, went and lifted the lid. He had to get help and by that time the poor man was completely exhausted. After getting him out, they revived him with brandy and hot drinks, but he never quite recovered from the shock and died soon after. He was 72 years of age.

In the spring of 1913 there was a bad prairie fire. A homesteader was burning a fire guard around his shack and a high wind came up sweeping the fire over the whole prairie to the C.P.R. track at Fusilier. All our winter's feed was burned as was that of many others. We had a cow for which we paid $100, a lot of money in those days. People then had to draw feed over 20 miles but even so we were very thankful no lives were lost.

We had no place to worship until a Rev. Mr. Robinson from Loverna started holding services in the homesteaders' shacks and this went on for a number of years. Likewise there were no schools until Whittier was built. Then came Bapaume, Rock Plains and Trafford Park. Whittier's first teacher was a Mrs. Guy Pemberton.

Prices were low for most staple groceries—flour $1.90 per cwt., eggs 10c dozen, meat 10c pound, tea 25c pound, sugar 5c pound, baking powder 15c pound. Wheat was $1.10 a bushel, oats 50c. Cattle were high—$100 for a good cow, oxen $150 a team. A good horse brought as high as $300.

WESLEY BARR

I have been asked to write something about my experiences since I came to this country and I am willing to do the best I can with the understanding that if you can use part of it or not its perfectly all right with me I came to this part of Saskatchewan in 1910 in company with Harold Steven, Joe Cowie and Bill Meacham We came as far as Rosetown and had to wait there for a couple of days for a train to be made up to go to Kindersley which was the end of the line and was under construction We were 29 hours getting to Kindersley from Rosetown on account of the mud and water I might say that this was in March so it was a real early spring We hired a driver team and a democrat and went out and looked at the land we still have I might say in regard to that trip we paid $6 00 a day for the outfit and the driver walked his horses every foot of the way which didn t go down very good with persons of Scottish descent We stayed over night at Mr Shirk s who, I think was the first reeve of Milton then went back to Kindersley and on to Saskatoon where we filed on our land and returned to Manitoba for the summer On our trip north from Mr Shirk s there were no buildings or people

Harold Steven and I came back to the district in the fall of 1910 and found quite a change The railway had been built on through to Alsask and when we arrived at Marengo which was then called Jonesville we found it quite a place There were three lumber yards We hired a team and wagon loaded our lumber on it and started out in a general direction for our land and landed up at Mr Frank Haight s who directed us on to our homesteads I might say here that Frank Haight and Mrs Haight were our life-savers that first winter as they always had a welcome for a stray homesteader Frank hauled our coal and provisions and helped us all out in every way he could

When we arrived at our location we unloaded the lumber and erected a shelter for the night I mind to this day a remark made by the driver before he started back to Marengo He looked around our land—there was just a spear of grass here and there and some sage brush He said "Well boys I feel sorry for you I am afraid you will never raise anything on this land

One of the first things we had to do the next day was find some water That was the first time I saw Tom Peebles We walked up on a hill and looked around There were only two buildings in sight one to the north which we found out later belonged to C Smith We decided to go west where the other building was We found Tom eating his dinner and we had to sit down and have some with him The only thing as I mind it now on the table was half a layer cake with icing on it Mrs Hubbs had baked it before she and Charlie had left for Indian Head Tom was leaving that afternoon for Abernethy by team and wagon

When we finally got settled a little and got our shacks up we found we had some neighbors, Freddy Jones Bill Meacham, Joe Cowie Dick Shier Bert Wells Bill Read and two other men whose names I can t recall

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sullivan also lived in here that winter, but I didn't know them till later. Harold Steven and I played the fiddle and when that got around, we were in demand for the dances. We met Ellen Doig when we went to Muirhead's to play for a dance there later on in the winter. We also met people from all over the country at that dance. Some of them came 15 and 20 miles. We also played for the dance at the opening of the Marengo Hotel. It was quite an affair—big turkey supper and all the trimmings. Hoppe built the hotel and Mrs. Maggie Sale was the cook. Right after the opening, we had our most unpleasant experience of the winter. During the worst blizzard of the winter we ran out of grub, except for meat—try living on roast beef with no salt or anything else! So it went, but we had a pretty good time. We were always visiting back and forth. None of us got sick or lost in a blizzard although we had one or two narrow escapes. We learned to bake. I was the best on bread while Steven was real good at baking biscuits. After our first failure, we could even cook rice!

When spring came, it came early. We used to walk down to Marengo every day. It was a rip-roaring town—carloads of settlers' effects, big steam tractors, oxen and horse outfits, as good as a circus every day. Our time on our homesteads was up on the 20th of April and we started for Kindersley. We got to Flaxcombe but there was no train so we kept on walking. This was the only time I ever walked to Kindersley and I am glad to say the last.

We came back again in the fall of 1911 and found a vast change. It was a dry spring with a heavy rain in June and the crops were late and got frozen. However, we got a job threshing as soon as we arrived on an outfit owned by Hill Bros. from Prairiedale. There was not very much land in crop but we threshed at Peebles, Hubbs, Goldsmith's, Wilkins and Ben Albert's. It got so cold and so much snow we had to quit threshing for that year. 1912 was the big flax year, yields up to 35 bushels per acre. I worked for Frank Haight for a while in 1912, helped him put in his crop. He had my land rented, 10 acres.

I would like to say something about wages in those days. It was an early spring and I got a job cleaning seed before I went to work for Haight. I cleaned all the seed for over 600 acres by myself with a small mill, no engineer in those days, the wages $1.00 per day. I got top wages for seeding, $40.00 per month.

Steven and I proved up our homesteads in 1913 and started farming for ourselves in 1914, shipping our outfits from Manitoba. I was married in 1916 and Steven in 1917. As the rest of our history is well known in the district, I guess that is all I can say.

THE CHURCH

The first few years church was held in the homes of the pioneer settlers and then as the school houses were built, moved to the school houses. Hoosier Church was built in 1916.

South Hoosier residents held church in the homes back and forth with the Pizarro or Greene districts until 1914 when Werthenbach, having built his store that year, commenced having services in the store for both North and South Hoosier residents The North Hoosier residents held church in the homes until Whittier School was built and then had moved in to the school

Mrs Thos Goldsmith residing on S W 18 30-27 and Mrs Wm Fogaty were two of the leading residents to hold church services in their homes Mrs Fogaty often keeping the minister overnight

While north of town the stopping place for the minister was at Mr C Bolton's

Everyone went to church from the youngest to the oldest and the ladies took turns in having the service in their homes which also meant entertaining the minister to dinner

Mr and Mrs W Moshier and Mrs F B Peebles Only members of our first Church still living here

In the South Hoosier district we find services being held during 1911 and 1912 by a Rev Mr Sharpley who was stationed in Alsask and served Marengo South Hoosier and Greene and Alsask Then a young fellow by the name of Gill came out and just got in two services was taken suddenly ill and died in Alsask with a ruptured appendix

The church stewards decided to try to make arrangements with Loverna that their minister serve us so we find that Mr Carson filled the appointment in 1913 and 1914 He was followed by Mr Harrison who served during the summer months of 1914 In the quarterly board minutes we find Hoosier and Greene buying a horse for Mr Harrison to ride

Then in the November quarterly board meeting we find that a Rev Wm Keall conducted and signed the minutes and that Rev Mattes had accompanied the Hoosier Board members to the meeting Thus South and

North Hoosier commenced holding services in Hoosier together under Rev Maines

List of ministers who served Hoosier
North Hoosier—
Rev Mr Gillis—1911—in the homes
Rev Mr Engels—1912—in the homes
Rev Mr Carlyle—1913—in the homes
Rev Mr Mitchell—1914—Whittier School
South Hoosier—
Rev Mr Sharpley—1911 and 1912—in the homes
Rev Mr Carson—1913 and 1914
Rev Wm Keall—1914—in Pizarro School
Rev Wm Maines—from November 1 1914-1915—in the store
Rev Mr Challis—1916—in the church
Mr Harris—1917—in the church
Mr Crach—1918—in the church
Rev Alf Johnson—1918 to 1920—Hoosier s first resident minister

During this time Marengo Hoosier and Greene became the field served by one man thus we find the joint church boards buying Mr Roberts cottage to be used as a parsonage in Marengo and Rev Earl Walker residing in Marengo served 1920 to 1923 Then Rev Mr Sceviour 1923 to 1926

Rev N Sceviour Pastor *Mrs Pettitt Teacher*
Excelsior Class Hoosier Sunday School 1925

In 1926 we attained church union and Rev and Mrs Waugh were in charge during 1926 1929 He was a retired missionary They could tell us many interesting stories of their years spent in Africa

Then Rev Wm Banks came in 1929 and was with us until 1935 During these years we were joined with Loverna and a manse was bought and maintained in Loverna

Rev Wm Card—1935 1938—lived in Loverna
Rev Mr Fraser—1938 1939—lived in Loverna
Rev Mr Rowley—1939 1944—lived in Loverna
Rev Mr Johnson—1944 1945—lived in Loverna
Rev Mr Holtzman—1945 1946—lived in Loverna
Rev Mr Milroy—1946 1948—lived in Loverna
Rev J Ferry—1948 1949—lived in Flaxcombe
Mr D Summers—finished 1949—summer student
Mr A. Logan—1950—summer student—Flaxcombe
Mr S Clarke—1951—summer student—Loverna
Mr James McFayden—1952—student—Loverna
Mr Richard Hetherington—1953 54—student—Loverna
Mr R Haddock—1955—student—Loverna
Mr Lawrence Barrs—1956—student—Loverna

During this time active ladies' aid societies had been organized and did much work and service in the communities and Hoosier Sunday School was always a strong and well attended organization For many years we had Mrs Stanley Doyle in our midst and she had taken a course in missionary work and so we had her leadership to fall back upon and thus we younger ones were really brought up to carry the Sunday School along regardless of whether we were able to continue regular church services or not So all through the late years that we have been depending upon student ministers the Sunday School flourished the last few years it has been under the leadership of Mr and Mrs Jack Krauss.

One of the most interesting parts of the Jubilee Sunday program was the reading of the list of original church members in 1915 which reads as follows

1 Mr Joseph Yoos
2 Mrs Joseph Yoos
3 Mr Roy Yoos
4 Mr Dee Yoos
5 Mrs Margaret Sale
6 Mr Carl Sale
7 Mrs Carl Sale
8 Mrs T B Peebles
9 Mrs Chas Pfennig
10 Mrs W A Wilkins
11 Mr Harold Wilkins
12 Mrs W H Bolton
13 Mrs S Carroll
14 Mr Wallace Moser
15 Mrs Wallace Moser
16 Mrs M McNaughton
17 Mr Stanley Jickling
18 Mrs Stanley Jickling

Minister—William J Maines

MAGNA BONUM SCHOOL

First to be built within the area covered by this history Jim McKeown was the contractor and it was completed in the summer of 1911 Open in January 1912 with Minnie Doig as first teacher She later resigned and married Morley Yeomans of Marengo She was succeeded by Bertha Colbin son of Merid Mr Trainer Mr Johnstone Miss McKeen Pearl Stair Irene Bond and Mabel Foster

The first trustees were Frank Haight Jim McKeown and Peter Rath well First pupils were Glen, Dorothy and Freda Wilkins, Jim Sullivan Clara Alberts Gladys and Don Haight, Hugh Boyd, Merle McKeown and Ralph Doig

Later the school district was incorporated with Marengo and the children were taken in by bus

Sent in by Miss Gertie Wilson Loverna

PIZARRO SCHOOL

I was the first teacher hired at Pizarro School which was opened January 21 1914 Owing to sickness I had not the pleasure of fulfilling the first part of my contract so the school board hired Alex Linde to substitute until I was able to take over April 1 At that time the school board consisted of David Tisdale John Richmond Paul Doig and secretary Hugh McNaughton

Among the earlier pupils were Ralph Doig now grain buyer at Cut Knife Sask Annie Brooks (Mrs Ewing teacher Alsask) Flossie Loucks (Mrs Dan Warrington Loverna) Roy Tisdale (doctor in Prince Albert) Victor Volk (Loverna general merchant) Kenneth Warrington Clifford Cathcart Winnie Brooks (Mrs R E Doig Hoosier) Lyle and Vira Fagan who walked six miles to school Willie and Rachel Muirhead Peter McNaughton Ernest Richmond Wilbert Volk Bert Cathcart Ora Warrington (now Mrs J Gerritaen) Jessie and Mary McFarlane who were driven by their grandmother Mrs McFarlane with pony and buggy

There was no good roads association in operation in the early days of Pizarro The slough immediately north of the school made part of the road impassable at times It is on record that once teacher had to wade into the slough and by sheer muscle pulled a little girl out of the mud who in trying to "short cut" had managed to become mired leaving her shoes and rubbers in four different places Apparently ours wasn t the only slough on the road allowances of the inspectorate Our school inspector H A Everts Macklin reported that one day in his rounds he became bogged down with team and buggy in a similar slough He walked to a farmer s field where a threshing outfit was at work to get someone to pull him out and was questioned as to whether he was a collector " If he had been they intended to leave him stuck but since he wasn t one they pulled him out free

The school was also used for church services to which the entire population of the district contributed and among the faces regularly seen there were The John Nesbitt family Bill and Sam Bolinbroke John Emanuel W H Dorseys Charlie Dorseys Mr and Mrs Henry Brown and Joe Hyslop the Paul Doig family the Muirheads Bill Brook s family Ted Trask Harry Kitson Frank Saunders Tisdales Richmonds McFarlanes Tom Goldsmiths and of course some that at the moment I can't recall

The annual Pizarro Picnic was an event fully attended and enjoyed by all

Very few of the people who were a part of Pizarro in my time are there now Many are dead Many others have moved elsewhere I look back to those three years with a feeling of nostalgia We made such good times among ourselves In looking back over the early school days at Pizarro I find myself making comparisons with later circumstances as to janitor's pay In the summer of 1914 no person could be found so the trustees asked teacher and pupils if they would bridge the gap by taking over the sweeping and dusting at regular wages of two dollars a month We were delighted at this chance to become millionaires All wished to participate so a schedule was drawn up to provide turns for everyone teacher included I always took the Friday night cleaning on account of Sunday service, the pupils all being small even the little five year one taking her turn There was an allowance of five cents for each sweeping and a further allowance of five cents for dusting the following morning. Teacher did her turn gratis If some one forgot to dust that five cents wasn't paid Each Friday was pay day

We carried on thus for three summers and in that time compiled quite a fund of nickels that were left over at the end of the month With them we bought two of our favorite prints 'The Mill and The Angelus which Dave Tisdale framed for us free we providing the material We were very pleased with ourselves and though those pictures added elegance to our school room

Janitor's wages have risen since then

APPENDIX

Pizarro School was built in the summer of 1913 by Dave Tisdale and Ed. Robinson It carried on very successfully for twenty years when owing to the sudden death of Will Brooks and his family moving to Hoosier the school was left without enough pupils to keep up average attendance so had to be closed and has never since re-opened The district now comes in the "larger school unit"

The following teachers taught throughout those 20 years Alex Linde Gertie Wilson Miss Peterson Miss Gibson Roy Tisdale Annie Brooks W Kernectical and Ethel Page.

HOOSIER SCHOOL

A number of families had moved to Hoosier Valley with school age children Read Mrs McNaughton's Pioneer Experiences and find out how Whittier School District came to be formed It was built in the summer of 1913 Harry Stensrud being the carpenter Mr Wm Bolton was overseer and Thomas Blythe did the plastering

The first trustees were Charles Pfennig C. E Neff and Gard Smith First secretary was Orva Sale and when he returned to Indiana was replaced by Stanley Jickling

The school opened in 1913 and continued until 1916 with Mrs Mabel Pemberton as teacher

The first pupils attending this school were Tory Albert and Everett

Nell Ralph Sale Kenneth Jean and Blair McNaughton May Young Dorothy and Fruz Werthenbach Jerry and Myrtle Cook and there might have been a few more Jay and Gladys Phennig

Hoosier School and Teachers Residence Built in 1930

With the growing number of children and some being of high school age a consolidated district was formed in 1915 In 1916 school was moved from Whittier into the newly built hall in Hoosier and a high school teacher was engaged Mrs Pemberton continuing on as Primary

The consolidated school was built in the summer of 1917 A good brick two-storey building two large classrooms with chemistry office and cloakrooms Whittier school was moved in and used for primary classes At one time there was an enrolment of 120 pupils and from the consolidated school at Hoosier came young people who went out into all walks of life Many teachers nurses and stenographers among the girls two now are missionaries on the foreign field one girl a medical doctor with a practice in Saskatoon One young man is now a minister also serving on the foreign field One became a doctor who won a scholarship in surgery at Edmonton University Many are engaged in business in the different cities and towns across Canada Of course the majority have remained on farms better for having a high school education No more is a farmer a mere tiller of the soil but must also be businessman mechanic veterinary biologist and general handyman all rolled into one

From some cause unknown our fine school was burned to the ground one night in March 1930 and again classes were carried on in the Home makers Hall That summer another more commodious school was built containing four classrooms all on the ground floor As well a finished basement with plenty of recreation room space and tables chairs, etc for school lunches Thanks to prompt action from the school district and good workmen the building was ready to resume school by September 1

Due to the drought years and various other reasons so many people moved away The coming of power farming and the land being handled by fewer people also the larger school unit taking from our high school our school enrolment has gradually dwindled until it now stands at 46 Since 1944 it has only been necessary to hire two teachers

During the 43 years our school has been in operation only five secretaries have served on the board Orva Sale Stanley Jickling Will Pettit Thomas Akhurst and Mrs Phyllis Goldsmith Both Mr Akhurst and Mrs Goldsmith served long terms Our present secretary Mrs Goldsmith has been in office 19 years

As a future record for our community I will list below the teachers of our school from the year 1913 until 1956

Whittier school opened in 1913 and Mrs Mable Pemberton was teacher

Hoosier Consolidated School was opened in 1917 and the following is the list of teachers from records available.

Miss May Meadows Miss Irene Bond, Miss Eva Bradford Miss Russell Zira Johnstone Miss Beryl Saunders Dukeshire Mr Walden Miss Arnett Miss I Bond Mrs Walden Miss Doan Louise Howdey, Dorothy Wertheubach Mr T Heppell Mrs Tibbitt Mr Tibbitt Miss Ueland Miss I Pascoe Miss D Cooke Miss Couch Miss E Seman Miss A Earle Miss Bedford Miss Rodney. Mr Van Ness Miss Potter Miss Blair Miss Remington Miss Miller Mr Gould Miss Blair Miss Blackstock Mr Hamilton Miss Bailey, Miss Neuert Miss Parker Miss Johnson Miss Hooge Mr Baikie Miss Savage Miss Perrat, Miss Burchby Miss Sawatsky, Mr Hamilton Miss Hugs Mr Mang Miss Boychuk Miss Winter, Miss Collins, Miss Fullerton Mr Markowsky Mrs Bethel Miss Lincoln Miss Smith Miss Kowey Mr Gray Mrs Johnson Miss Peterson Miss Sucee.

Many of these teachers remained for 2 or 3 years To date 1957 Mr Gray has been principal for 4 years and Miss Sucee is the present primary teacher There are 4 rooms in the school Some years they were all occupied but the last few years only 2 rooms have been used

Records of the trustees prior to 1929 were destroyed by fire so the following are from 1929 on as accurate as can be from information available

S Jickling W Barr S Doyle, from 1929 to 1933 This completed 15 years of service to the school board by Mr Jickling 1933 S Doyle H G Fuller, E Cooke 1934 and 1937 G Fuller W Pettit E Bolton 1937 1941 G Fuller, T Goldsmith J Hawkins In 1937 T Akehurst resigned as secretary and Mrs E D Goldsmith was hired 1942 and 1943 Hawkins T Goldsmith J Cameron 1943 1949 J Cameron J Hawkins, J S Dewar 1950 J Cameron, S Dewar R Kornelson 1951 J Cameron J Hawkins R Kornelson 1952 and 1953 R Kornelson R Bolton J Hawkins 1954 and 1955 R Bolton, R Kornelson R Sale 1956 (at time of going to press) R Bolton R Sale I Russell.

Mr J Hawkins served on the school board for 16 years 8 of that time as chairman Mr R Kornelson served as chairman for 6 years To date Mrs Phyllis Goldsmith is still secretary

Mr Walden was principal for seven years, from 1921 until 1928 He was a veteran of the First Great War Mr B Tibbitt also served seven years, from 1929 to 1936 He has since been principal of Kindersley school for twenty years

HISTORY OF HOMEMAKERS CLUBS FROM 1914-1942

Our club was organized in the depot by Grace M David July 17, 1914 with 15 ladies as charter members Mrs E F Cooke presided at the polls and Mrs J R Hunter was elected president, while Mrs R Werthenbach was chosen secretary treasurer

On August 14 the first regular meeting was held at the home of Mrs Werthenbach and 27 ladies became members The following year 1915, we had our first Horticultural Fair and for five years it was a yearly event At a special meeting of the club on December 1, 1915 the most important feature discussed was the building of a hall

Emerson Cooke and Jim Cameron drew a plan to give an estimate of the cost, so the club decided to see how much could be raised by soliciting A large sum was realized and the Grain Growers were to help with the building Mrs Cooke was appointed secretary treasurer of the building of the hall and $87 which included money received from quilts and one autographer quilt especially, which was bought by Tom Goldsmith was handed to her in order to begin our big undertaking At the March meeting in 1916 the word "Equity" was chosen as a name for the hall Mrs. Wilkins then president and Mrs Peebles were chosen to consult the Grain Growers in regards to a piano for the hall but through the kindness of Mr Pettit to bring his piano and play for $5 instead of $2 50 we decided

A few of the exhibits at the Horticultural fair put on by the "Homemakers Club" in August 1916 Mrs Bertha Wilkins lady in charge of that department The admission was 10c Hot dinner and supper was served for 35c and 25c A big dance in the hall at night Good music and supper all for 50c a couple A baby show was also held with prizes given for most perfect child First prize was taken by Lawrence Schmalzbauer now one of our prominent farmers Second went to Eileen Peebles now (Mrs Farr) operating a dress shop at Stettler Alta to wait till later. The Grain Growers sent our president a letter regarding the use of the hall for school purposes, while the Consolidated School was being built. This was granted. In June the five gallon ice-cream freezer was purchased for $22.50, the rent being $2.00 to any one using it. This was our first year of sending a delegate to the Provincial convention in Saskatoon, which usually lasted four days. In December the new president Mrs. Peebles attended a meeting of the joint managing committee to insure the hall for $800, costs amounting to $29.60. During Christmas holidays the building was lined up inside to make it more comfortable for school purposes.

In 1917 the piano was purchased.

In 1919 twenty-five dollars was donated towards keeping a Belgian family during the war. On receiving notice this year that the lot was to be bought, where the hall stands, a number of the members each paid $2.00. Other means such as an oyster supper, selling quilts, and the members took 10c each to see how they could increase it to swell the funds. One lady charged for cutting her husband's hair. About this time the Grain Growers disbanded so the title was received through the Homemakers, and through the advice of Miss DeLury, director of Women's Work at Saskatoon University at this time. Three women were chosen as trustees for the lot, namely, Mrs. C. Hubbs, Mrs. T. Goldsmith and Mrs. C. Sales. Later, Mrs. H. Doig was elected to replace Mrs. Sales, who moved to the States.

No doubt many of our members do not know or have forgotten that we, as a club, have a $16.50 interest in the town well, as the use of the drilling machine to this amount was donated to the club by Mr. Paul Doig. Another grateful donation was from Mr. Cronan for coal used by the club during the winters of 1917-18-19. This same year, 1919, the piano stool, value $5.70, and two chairs, $7.70, for musicians were bought. The kitchen stove for $20.00 was a great addition in 1920, also the hall was paid for. An Agricultural Society was granted a charter with 135 members through the efforts of the Homemakers, working with the Council.

In 1921 notice was given the club that a license of $1.00 had to be bought if the hall was used for concerts, dances and social gatherings. Shingles replaced the rubberoid roofing on the hall. The Club was asked to co-operate with the government in the building of the Sanatorium in Saskatoon, so $30 was sent Miss DeLury for this project.

Up to now, reports from individual clubs had been sent to the Provincial Convention in Saskatoon, but owing to the expansion of club work, a plan was introduced whereby the province was divided into districts. Conventions are now held annually within these districts.

In 1923 a baby clinic was held. The Agricultural Society had had free use of the hall to the value of what our taxes would be.

In 1924 we celebrated our 10th anniversary by having a banquet.

In 1925 a large box of clothing and four dollars was sent to the Star Christmas Fund.

In 1926 the hall was donated to Mrs. David for a music recital, the proceeds to go toward a church organ There was a mother and daughter banquet as well as a father and sons banquet The district convention was held in our hall and a picture taken of all present Twenty-five dollars was donated by the club to the Ladies Aid to assist the church basement fund During the next three years we helped with the Loverna Cemetery by donating $35 00

In 1928 the front addition was placed on the hall and the following year the building was painted and insured for $1200

In 1930 the old school burned so the hall was rented for the High School pupils for $20 a month We received notice we must pay taxes as the Agricultural Society now had their own building and had no further need to rent the hall

In 1931 the members presented Mrs W Shier with a chair on her 75th birthday

In 1932 a donation of $10 to one member in poor health and another donation of $15 to assist in time of sickness was gratefully received

During 1933 to assist the president in her work the club was divided into groups of five who were responsible for two months in financing as well as entertaining

A library was started during the winter of 1934 and it was also decided to purchase a chair for all in the district when they attained their 75th birthday Mr P Doig received his

In 1935 the first golden wedding in the district was celebrated that of Mr and Mrs Paul Doig The hall was nicely decorated in mauve and yellow and everyone had a good time They will be remembered as early pioneers of Hoosier Sask This same year Mr A F Fuller another pioneer attained his 75th birthday and another very important event at this time was the club's twenty-first birthday Mrs Margaret Sale and Mrs C Hubbs made a large fruit cake for this occasion it being a year that Mrs Hubbs was president A lengthy programme was prepared including the club's history up to this time This was read by Mrs Hunter The audience was welcomed by singing

How do you do friends and neighbors
        How do you do
How do you do friends and neighbors
        How are you
Oh we're glad to see you here
For it fills us all with good cheer
How do you do friends and neighbors
        How do you do

Chorus
How do you do how do you do
How do you doodle doodle doodle doodle do
We have asked you here for pleasure
May you have it beyond measure
How do you doodle doodle doodle doodle do

In 1937 an exchange of Christmas gifts between club members was instigated. Fifty dollars was paid on the school piano.

In 1938, foundation was put under the hall, and we formed a link with the Women's Institute at Westerfield, Ipswich, Eng.

In 1939 on our 25th anniversary, we held it in the form of a children's Sports Day.

In 1940, we joined with other clubs in making Miss Ellie Copeland of Dewar Lake, a life member of the H.M.C.

In 1942, the brick chimney was an addition to the hall.

Throughout the years, donations were given to Red Cross, T.B. Fund, Salvation Army, etc. Farewell gifts for residents leaving the district. Free use of the hall to school teachers for concerts, proceeds of which went towards putting up swings, and basket-ball fixtures, for Christmas entertainments, fowl suppers, receptions for brides, demonstration of sewing, nutrition and millinery. Banquets for Homemakers, their husbands and families.

Our local talent was often used in putting on three-act plays, debates and many variety programs. With people flocking in from so many parts of Canada, U.S.A. and overseas we had much musical ability and as all our entertainment had to be of our own making, we gladly made use of all this talent. Our early pioneers will remember how Mr. Petts and Cliff Hubbs (piano) with Ralph Sale (violin) would play for our dances. Saxophone, banjo and drum were unknown in rural districts. Later on came the "Jickling Orchestra." We had many fine singers among them, Joe Hyslop, who could always make the rafters ring with his rendition of all the favorite Harry Lauder songs. Bill Bramley was a fine bass singer and his songs of the sea were enjoyed by everyone. Tommy Maris with his musical tenor could keep the whole hall in gales of laughter when he sang such songs as "I'm Henry the Eighth I am I am," "You'd Better Pull Down the Blind," "With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm," all given in true vaudeville style. Through all these entertainments the Homemakers were able to pay off the hall debt and for all the furnishings and also gave generously to many worthy causes.

Through the war years, every young man who volunteered for active service was given a "social evening" in the hall and on behalf of the district was presented with a signet ring.

During the last ten years our membership has been steadily dwindling.

In 1953 we turned our hall over to the newly formed "Community Club" who now take care of the building and carry on the different social activities along with our different youth groups. The Literary Society in our school under the leadership of principal Ken Gray, have bought and paid for a fine projector and we now enjoy weekly picture shows in the hall. The 4H Calf Club is a real live organization with twenty-two members and more coming in next year.

The Boy Scouts and "Girl Guides" with the help of good leaders are a credit to our town. No problem of "Juvenile Delinquency" here.

With the completion of this book, "Our Last Project," we make a final bow to the Hoosier Community, trusting those who come after will carry on with the same stout hearts and willing hands as did the old pioneers who changed this valley from prairie sod to golden acres

A TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN

When history is being written all the headlines are about men Women are not mentioned in the sacred pages at all, unless they do something very unusual or unless they are queens Men make history but women come in softly and bring stability homes schools churches, hospitals these give safety to body mind and spirit They lend graciousness and charm and have an appreciation of the finer things of life

Although not much is written about them let us remember and be grateful for the women of the pioneering days Their's was a life of great courage faith endurance and self-sacrifice

OUR EARLY PIONEER WOMEN

We could not call this history complete without some record of our first pioneer women Those of middle age who came with their families from the crowded eastern farms to this community where land was plentiful and cheap

The first two that arrived were Mrs Dan Dewar and Mrs Maggie Sale. That was in the year 1909 They both cheerfully took up the rugged pioneer life living in sod shacks snowed in for weeks on end during the winter and tortured by mosquitoes and flies in the summer time. Through it all their doors were always open to the many new settlers teeming in and no one was ever refused a meal or bed no matter how crowded the quarters

Mrs Dewar was one of the first women to get a Sunday School established and then bringing in a student minister who "boarded around" mostly with Elmer Bolton and took as his salary what was left over from the Sunday School collections

Mrs Sales without any professional training was a good practical nurse and attended all her neighbors in sickness She also had the gift of a very fine alto voice and later on when a choir was formed in our "United Church" was one of the leading singers She returned to Indiana to spend her declining years with a sister

Mrs. Paul Doig came with her husband and family in the spring of 1910 Mr Doig being a carpenter built a small but comfortable frame house and this for quite a number of years accommodated the family of six Henry Minnie Margaret Ellen Robert and Ralph Mrs Doig was never known to voice any regrets at leaving her large comfortable home in the east and truly entered into the spirit of the west her family being one of the happiest and most harmonious in the district How the neighbors enjoyed gathering there on Sunday afternoons and in the winter evenings to drop in to plenty of gaiety and good old fashioned hospitality

Mrs Doig was also a good practical nurse and always ready to attend any sick neighbor no matter when the call came day or night This was not always easy, as a doctor wasnt always available and only the home remedies to work with Her calm and efficient manner was always a comfort to those she so kindly worked among Later on after the forming of Ladies Aid and Homemakers societies she was an active member of both She spent her declining years in the Hoosier district among her children and grandchildren and passed away peacefully in 1944

Mrs Albert Fuller came to our district in the year 1911 Left crippled by Arthritis she was forced to spend the twenty-one years of her life with us in a wheel chair She was a very patient and cheerful invalid, helping with many household duties from her wheelchair Although handicapped physically she had a very active mind spending much time in reading and later on took a lot of pleasure from the radio A member of the Presbyterian Church she always took a great interest in all departments of its work especially among the young people Never able to attend a church service nevertheless her Christian character reached out to every part of the community and to quote the words of Rev J W Sceviour in his farewell sermon year 1926 Her life has been a constant inspiration to me during the four years of my ministry and her memory will be one of the happiest I take away

She passed away in March 1932 at her own home aged 71 years leaving her husband son and daughter and grandchildren Daughter Beatrice now lives in Saskatoon and son Gordon in Calgary

Mrs William Bolton was another middle aged woman who came early to the Hoosier district along with her husband two daughters Lena and Myrtle two sons Elmer and George For many years she kept house for Elmer and raised her young grandson Reginald who was left motherless when a baby

A most energetic woman she soon became interested in community affairs and organized our first Ladies Aid Society of which she was president for a number of years She had a fine soprano voice and before a choir was formed always led the singing for church services

When a call went out for workers at the time of the first great war, and a Red Cross Society was formed Mrs Bolton was one of the best helpers knitting, sewing packing bundles for overseas and helping with different projects to raise money Her death came suddenly in the year 1924 leaving a vacancy in that home, impossible to fill by anyone else

These women have all passed from our midst but memories of them are still here They helped to establish a community and a way of life to which we following often pay loving tribute

OUR MARKETING SYSTEM

With the settling of the land and some grain being harvested in 1912 a way of getting it marketed had to be found The first elevator was built in 1912 at Marengo and was called the Will Grant No 12 It handled all the grain grown as cultivated acreage was still small The first grain buyer was Oscar Rasmusson He later moved to "Greene," and took charge of the Federal elevator that was built in 1913 In 1914 an elevator was built in Hoosier by two private men "Pierce and Cronin" As 1914 was a very hot dry summer very little business was done by any of the three elevators

In 1915 with a bumper crop of 35 and 40 bushels per acre of wheat and 25 bushels of flax a branch of the Co-operative elevator Co was formed at "Greene" and an elevator was built. The first agent was a homesteader by the name of Bob Gibson He was followed by Oliver Fredell and Hugh Rodgers When poor crops came in the 30's the Federal was closed but the Pool continues on having taken over the Co-op line elevators in 1925 The present agent is Jack McCush

In 1916 the Northern elevator was built in Hoosier and ready to handle the grain crop a heavy one but of poor quality due to rust and an early frost The following men acted as agents in the Northern up to when it was bought by the Pool Steve Weir Thomas Akehurst Glen Cram Charles Hubbs Douglas Doig Bill Barr and Reg Bolton

It was bought up by the Pool in 1949 and in 1952 was moved and the two joined together

The Sask Wheat Pool was organized in 1924 and in 1925 bought the privately owned elevator of Pierce and Cronin First grain buyer under the new management was Oscar Hanson He was soon followed by Park Findlay who served the community faithfully until 1944 when he was promoted to the position of District Supervisor for the Co-op livestock pool and moved to Saskatoon

Gordon McMahon then was our agent for a number of years followed by Kenneth Thompson who is in his fifth year at this point

We have overcome many obstacles in the marketing of our grain Up to 1920 it was stored in granaries at threshing time and hauled by team in the winter months when the farmer's had plenty of leisure time Then in the twenties with the rapid expansion of farming grain began to be taken directly from threshing machine to elevators 1927 and 1928 being heavy crops many of the high school pupils both boys and girls were called on to help with the work In the grim dry years of the thirties many elevators were closed Only in a few special fields was the binders taken out to cut what little there was, for seed Mostly it was mower and rake to scratch up anything that could be gathered for feed "No marketing problem then"

Then came the forties rain in abundance spring summer and fall The combine had now replaced the binder and trucks kept the roads hot taking the grain from field to elevators True we had a number of seasons when rain was so abundant that tractors could not be driven over the fields and a great deal of grain was lost from being left out over the winter With sloughs all full and so much grain lying in the field this district became a paradise for wild fowl and many a field was totally destroyed by them In spite of this our farmers forged ahead and gradually a surplus of grain began to pile up Now in the fifties our terminal and local elevators have all filled up This jubilee year 1955 finds the local elevator agent out helping the farmer pile his No 1 wheat on the ground Lots of real wealth there but no money to pay the debts with "Lack of markets in a hungry world If our government Wheat Pool Marketing Board and all farm organizations cannot find a solution for this problem, perhaps as in the thirties old "Mother Nature" will step in and solve it in her own way

HISTORY OF THE POST OFFICE

The first mail was hauled from Coleville by Mr T Carroll to Dewar Lake to D M Dewar s home in 1910

Joseph Yoos and Umphries opened a Post Office in 1912 The mail was carried by Joseph Yoos from Flaxcombe

The railroad was built in 1913 and the Post Office was moved to Fee now known as Hoosier Wilkins was the Postmaster in 1914

R F Werthenbach opened a store in 1915 and took over the Post Office

Mrs E M Hubbs took it over in 1941 and was Postmistress until June 1951 when they moved to Medicine Hat.

Mrs R E Doig took it over and moved it into her home where it remains today

From the memoirs of Stanley Jickling, we find that the first mail coming to Hoosier Valley had to be brought from Scott That was in the year 1909 In 1910 it came from Coles Place where it was brought from Kindersley The town of Coleville was named after this family Mr T Carroll hauled it by team to D M Dewar s home Chloe Pavey afterwards Mrs Roy Goshorn rode her pony and brought the mail across to Hoosier Valley distributing it around to the different places

One very windy day she stopped at Elmer Bolton s to give them their mail The terrific wind ripped the bag open so that letters and papers flew in all directions Chloe shouted Never mind the papers get the letters" So while the papers sailed over the hills and far away they scrambled around picking up letters Elmer spent his spare time for several days combing the grass looking for strays and felt pretty sure he had rescued them all

PEMBERTON S

Mrs. Goldsmith wanted to know something of the early days of my parents They came to homestead in 1912 on the 12th of May and brought both my brothers with them They both had a quarter section and stayed there until 1920 then my younger brother Grover Pemberton, returned to Gary Indiana where he is still living

My older brother Guy Pemberton stayed on in Loverna for a few years and then they returned to Michigan, where he died in 1950 His widow still lives in Kalamazoo with their son She was the first teacher at Whittier School My father passed on in 1932 at Vandalia and mother lived on for fifteen years

My mother established the first millinery and clothing store in Loverna and my father was Notary Public for some time until his return to the U S A

CHARLES HUBBS

Charles Hubbs was born in Wapella Sask February 12th 1885 Later in life he farmed for several years with his brother Ben at Milestone Sask

On May 6th 1908 he was married in Indian Head Sask to Miss Ethel May Ellis, and in the spring of 1910 they and their small son Roy came to Hoosier Sask where he had purchased a half section of land known as the S½ 20 30 27 West of the 3rd M This was South African Script land that was formerly owned by Joe Collins of Milestone and he wished to sell An 8 x12 lumber shack was the only building on the place but a good friend Tom Peebles and he drew lumber from Kindersley, Sask to build a shack on Tom s homestead and this was the family s home until 1911 when he got lumber from Marengo to build a house of their own

Many pleasant moments were spent as well as a few hardships endured such as walking nine miles to Dan Dewar s for the mail also drawing water from a well six miles east or from a spring nearly three miles S W of us Their only mode of conveyance was a heavy team of horses hitched to a wagon with a spring seat on top

On Christmas eve of 1912 their second son Gordon was born he being the first baby boy born south of the present town of Hoosier His nurse Margaret Gordon presented him with a Scottish shawl as his was the first birth she had attended after coming from Scotland In later years three other children were born namely Norma Howard Allan (deceased) and Lloyd

In 1926 they sold their farm and moved to Saskatoon where Charlie was employed by the Waterloo Mfg Co for four years Lawrence and Lois were born there

In 1930 they returned to Hoosier as agent for International Machinery and also Imperial Oil

He held the position of Postmaster from 1941 to 1951 when they decided to make their home in Medicine Hat Alta and there obtained a job as Steam Engineer of the General Hospital

In September of 1954 he passed away suddenly after returning from a two week holiday and left to mourn his wife Ethel of Medicine Hat four sons Roy of Kamloops B C Gordon of Saskatoon, Lloyd and Lawrence of Medicine Hat two daughters Norma (Mrs Hugh Thompson) of Medicine Hat and Lois (Mrs Dalton Fairbairn) of Lloydminster Sask

FOLKLORE OF THE HOOSIER DISTRICT

Written mainly by those most concerned and compiled by
Grace D McGibbon, Calgary Alta. in 1955 and 1956

ON TO THE HOMESTEADS!

Russell McGibbon had arranged to meet D. M Dewar Roy and E Simpson in Saskatoon and travel with them to their homesteads in a new settlement one hundred and sixty miles to the west Mr Dewar had brought a younger son Stewart with him also

Early in May, 1908, they set out following "The Old Bone Trail" leading from Saskatoon into the far west This trail had been used some years previously to haul bleached buffalo bones from the prairies, to ship east to the sugar refineries

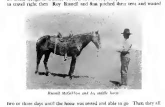
ON TO THE HOMESTEADS!
Ready to leave Saskatoon and journey to a new unnamed settlement 160 miles west, May 1908

D M Dewar had brought loads of lumber abundance of supplies, a saddle horse buggy, Jersey cow, etc E Simpson also had a load of lumber and supplies Altogether there were three wagons drawn by horses and one drawn by oxen Russell had bought a pony, saddle and supplies With their great loads they were over a week reaching their homesteads (as yet Russell and Stewart had no land)

They travelled all day and slept in a tent at night The land filed on by D M Dewar, Roy and Sim was west of Buffalo Coulee and near a lake which was later named Dewar Lake after Mr Dewar and when the railroad came through in 1913, the little hamlet there was also named Dewar Lake

FUN AND PLENTY OF WORK

Around the middle of August 1908 Ernest Simpson Roy Dewar and Russell McGibbon loaded up blankets, tent and supplies and drove across Buffalo Coulee to meet Donald George and Hugh Barclay and journey with them to Saskatoon to work at the harvest When they arrived at Bar clays, the boys had just, a short time before, pulled one of their horses from an alkali slough in Buffalo Coulee, and consequently was in no condition to travel right then. Roy Russell and Sim pitched their tent and waited



Russell McGibbon and his saddle horse

two or three days until the horse was rested and able to go. Then they all set out together with their teams and wagons.

Everything went along fairly well until they were about thirty miles from Saskatoon. They were driving down from the grading that had been made for the railroad (but the track hadn't been laid yet) when the horse that had been in the alkali slough fell down and they couldn't get it up.

The Barclay boys went to farm buildings quite close by, but found they had no equipment for lifting a horse. So off they went in different directions to farms much farther away, returning considerably later with oats to strengthen the horse and arms full of equipment. With the poles, ropes and pulleys they had brought they made a tripod. Then all working and pulling together they finally got the horse onto its feet. They made a sling to hold it up and fed it oats until its strength returned. For two more days their tent sat by the side of the road and the six men too. Then Donald, George and Hugh Barclay scattered across the prairie once more to return the borrowed articles. At last everything was loaded up and they were ready to leave and George said, "Well, boys, I've come to the conclusion that every farmer should have a derrick." This set them all laughing, relieving the strain of the work and the waiting, and they started off again—in high good humour.

After passing through Saskatoon, they were on the trail to Dundurn when they saw some nice fresh straw stacks. It was near night so they decided to stop there and sleep in the straw. Donald knew some people living nearby and went to visit them. Returning in the dark, he couldn't locate the stack that the other boys were sleeping in. He crawled into another one and slept and found them in the morning.

They worked through harvest at Dundurn separating to work on different farms but always they had to sleep in straw stacks granaries and wheat bins They worked from sunrise to sunset hardly having time for meals for two dollars a day Dundurn was settled chiefly by Americans and the crop was very good that year

When harvest was over the Barclay boys returned to their homesteads and Sim went to Chicago But Russell and Roy decided to wait around for a while to see how Jack Noyes came along He too had come from near Lachute and was ill in hospital in Saskatoon While waiting they worked at Tom Carroll's Jack progressed favourably so in about two weeks they started back to their homesteads along with Tom Carroll and his sons Harry Austen and Stanley The Carrols brought great loads of lumber and supplies to their homesteads They had a tent and a little tin heater that soon heated the tent when a few little twigs and grasses were burned in it But they slept mostly in empty barns because there they had more shelter from the cold autumn winds

A SAD ENDING TO A STORY

Two Claggett brothers had taken up land east of Dewar Lake and then went out again That fall of 1908 E Simpson and one of the Claggett boys worked on the same outfit at Dundurn At night they and another chap slept in a granary beside a bin of wheat One morning just as they were getting up the boards in the side of the wheat bin broke Sim was standing up the other boy had just sat up but the Claggett boy was still lying down when the wheat came rushing over them Sim and the other chap managed to get out but before they could get the Claggett boy dug out he had smothered with the wheat

COLLECTORS

As the farmers (many of them quite young) got work started on their land they had to gradually have more and more machinery Agents would come around in the spring urging them to buy and telling them they could pay in the fall They badly needed the machinery and so it came about that they would buy feeling sure they would have a crop when fall came

But crops in this new land always had an element of uncertainty about them There was so much to contend with—lack of rain or too much rain strong winds or scorching sun late spring frosts, or early autumn frosts hail weed pests or insect pests etc Therefore it happened often that when fall came the homesteaders dreaded seeing the collector arrive

However here is a story about a collector that the men always enjoyed telling One cold November day about 1912 White Brothers threshing outfit pulled onto Roy Dewar's land to thresh some stacks of wheat His neighbours Harry Carroll E Simpson Russell McGibbon and his brother Stewart were there helping him The following morning when they got up to continue the threshing it was bitterly cold During the night the temper ature had dropped to 25 degrees below zero Everyone hunted up his warmest clothing Roy Dewar decided to put an old raincoat over his winter clothing to keep out the wind This raincoat was really picturesque The buttons had come off so Roy fastened it with nails it had been ripped right up the back and he had sewed it with binder twine (he was still a bachelor) He wound a scarf around his neck and put gunny sacks over his footwear and tied them there with binder twine

Not long after they started to work along came the collector He stayed a few minutes watching the men working in the severe cold and noting their makeshift outfits Then he turned around and drove away without asking Roy for any money The men all had a good laugh but Roy enjoyed it most

1917 WINTER EPISODE

The incident which I am going to relate happened in January 1917 At that time the form of entertainment during the winter was social gatherings in the local school houses consisting of dances card parties and items from the local talent some of the local talent was very good owing to the fact that the homesteaders in this district came from all walks of life One Englishman by the name of Teddy Thurlow always delighted the young and old with songs and recitations from the Old Land One of these social evenings was held in Prairiedale during January 1917 and the party of which I was a member will always remember it The party consisted of Ed Flower who was teamster Miss Churchill our local school teacher Mable and Fritz Peyton Bob Wester, Jack Schram, Alvin Bowerman and Leo de Marre of the Hooster Valley Our practice was to arrive at the school before it got too dark because in those days there were no roads nor fences to follow On this particular night, we arrived without incident as it was a lovely mild night

When it came time to go home which was about four a m we boys went to the barn to get the horses and this was quite a job as the horses were packed in the barn like steers in a box car The horses were not tied when put in the barn and it was always a job to get your team together Finally we got the horses hooked up amid dogs barking and horses rearing around, we drove up to the school to get the girls and after pulling our dogs out of the dog fight, we headed for home

The wind was blowing gently from the southeast but in about twenty minutes the wind changed to the northwest and we were caught in a blizzard Ed got off our track and we realized we were lost It was a terrible feeling the storm froze our eyes shut as fast as we could rub the ice off Bob Wester who did not have enough clothes on for such a night froze his hand trying to keep the lantern lit because it had got very cold We went over the bank of a coulee the horses got down and we had to get out in the deep snow to get them out After we got up on the level again we met Henry Bennett and Ralph Sale with Henry Bennett s horse and cutter They were lost too so we stayed together We wandered around until day light when Henry Bennett was able to lead us to Pat Ternan's homestead, which was one half mile east of the lake of the same name.

The sight of this homesteader's shack was one of the most welcome sights I have seen, and the rest of the party expressed the same feeling as everyone was thoroughly chilled and hungry. I venture to say the horses were just as pleased as we were because they were almost played out. Mrs. Ternan cooked a big pot of porridge, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. After satisfying my hunger I went to sleep. I do not remember what the others did.

By afternoon the storm abated and we were able to get home without further adventure. I learned later that some others were lost too, but over half of them remained at the school until the storm abated.

Fritz Peyton

OF OXEN AND MEN

One day Garde Smith hooked up his yoke of oxen and started for Sounding Lake to get a load of poles. Now Sounding Lake was about sixty miles northwest of his homestead in the Hoosier Valley. He made the long slow trip, cut the poles, loaded them on his wagon and had his oxen hooked up ready to start back. He went to the front of the wagon to climb onto the load, but slipped and fell between the oxen. Each time he tried to get up the oxen kicked and knocked him down again. He eventually managed to crawl out backwards, much bruised and kicked about, and got his load safely home.

In the spring of 1913, Russell McGibbon was hauling a load of flax to Marengo with oxen. South of Alex Thompson's was a large slough of water within sight of the road. The day was warm and the oxen were hot and thirsty, so they swung off the road and headed for the slough, walking right into the middle of it, and there wasn't a thing the driver could do about it. He knew too that he couldn't get them to take the load out again, so he just sat there on the wagon in the middle of the slough and waited. By and by along came Bill Chalmers and Stan Doyle driving a team of horses. After a good laugh at Russell and his oxen, they unhooked their team and pulled his load out of the slough. Once more he started on his slow trek to the Marengo elevator, reaching it without further mishap.

Hugh Davies lived in the hills on the northern edge of the Hoosier Valley, and he used to enjoy telling this story of his bachelor days.

He was ploughing with oxen—the long furrow led away from the house and the next one back to it. One day he decided he could bake some bread and attend to the ploughing too. By noon the dough had risen in the pans and was ready for the oven. He put on a fire and placed the pans in the oven and went out to his ploughing. When supper time came he unhooked his oxen in front of the door and went in to look at the bread. On taking it out of the oven it was crusty and hard on the outside, but the inside was still raw dough. He went to the door and threw it all out.

One curious old ox walked over to look at these peculiar white objects on the ground, then stuck its horn into a loaf. Walking over to the corner of his sod house, it started rubbing its horns on the sods, in all probability trying to rub off the hot loaf. Instead the hot loaf pushed down right onto its head. The ox let out a bellow and raced across the prairie with its tail high over its back. It took Hugh all the next morning to find that ox, before he could continue with his ploughing.

AN INCIDENT OF EARLY DAYS

By Stewart Dewar

My father, D. M. Dewar, my brother Roy, J. E. W. Simpson, R. D. McGibbon and I arrived at the homestead near what is now Dewar Lake the first part of May 1908. We made the trip from Saskatoon with horse and ox drawn wagons. With the exception of Russell McGibbon and myself, all the rest had homesteads. Russell and I filed in June at Battleford. We all lived together the first summer. Ernie Simpson, known all over as Sim, built a shack that summer, 12 x 14'. We started breaking the prairie sod with oxen, as they could work on grass alone. The horses required oats, and we had none.

As the summer went along, we decided about the last of July to make a trip to the South Saskatchewan River for wood, posts and poles. Dad fixed a big box of grub, including an immense boiled ham which we had bought at an auction sale on our trek from Saskatoon, at a government coal mine which was closing. (Of course it wasn't boiled then.) The mine was near where Druid is, only further east on the "bone trail." Also in the box was a quantity of bread, dried apples and prunes. So away we went, three horse teams and one ox team. Four of us went along, Sim, Russell, Roy and I. The mosquitoes were terrible. Some of the old timers used to tell us that when they got real bad, to see the sun you had to use a stick to poke a hole through the mosquitoes.

The first day out, down about 15 miles from Dewar Lake, we saw about a thousand head of cattle belonging to the Massingill and Metzel outfit on the river. It was quite a sight to see all those Hereford cattle on the open prairie. They were all branded with the double wagon rod on the rib.

We were very fortunate when we left home to follow an old oxcart road, or trail, that hadn't been used for many years. The three tracks were still quite visible in the grass, the ox in the middle and the Red River cart wheels on the outside. This old trail is 150 years old, and was used in the early days to haul loads of furs from Battleford to Fort Benton, Montana, which was the head of navigation on the Missouri River. After travelling for three days, and camping out at night, we arrived at the Red Deer River just opposite where the town of Empress now stands. The trail we made there was extensively used by the settlers who came in later, up until the railroad was built in 1910. It was a beautiful sight, the banks about four or five hundred feet high, and the bottom covered with cottonwoods and

willows and the river flowing gently to join the Saskatchewan eight miles east.

We turned east and followed down the river, made camp at a beautiful spot and started to get our loads, keeping watch all the time for the ranchers who never liked the idea of settlers moving in and using the supply of wood and building material. After working a couple of hot days we went swimming in the Red Deer River, always a bit leery of quicksand, and another pest we had to be on the watch for was rattlesnakes. Some of the boys saw one but it crawled away, leaving us alone. In a couple more days we had our loads on. For fuel we cut down the large dry cottonwoods. Some were three or four feet around, but we cut the smaller ones as they were much easier to handle. We cut a nice lot of poles, cottonwood, for the roof on our sod barn, also several hundred for fenceposts.

We moved on down further east, looking for a place to leave the river where the hills weren't too big. We hove in sight of a ranch and on looking it over found no one there. It was apparently a summer camp. There was quite a house, upstairs and all, built of spruce logs, which I am told broke loose from a big boom west of Rocky Mountain House years before, and practically every rancher along the river got some good building material from them. This ranch belonged to Shannon Bros. One of the brothers, Dave, is still living in Coquitlam, B.C., and a son, Albert Shannon, resides in Empress. They ran about 2000 head of horses.

Well, this ranch had barns, sheds, corrals, etc., and as night was coming on we moved into the house and had supper. By this time our grub was getting low, as we had figured on being gone only seven or eight days at the most. There was a small cellar in this house, with a trap door, so we put our grub box in it to keep the food cool. We were sitting around telling yarns and complimenting ourselves on how well we were getting along, nobody bothering us, etc., when suddenly out of the night—bang! It sounded like war was declared. We were in for it! We dived for cover under the table, behind the stove or some place. There was only one firearm in the crowd, Sim's "Smith and Wesson 38." Sim drew the pistol and said, "I'm going to get a shot in too!" We waited for another barrage but now everything was quiet. Sim poked his head above the windowsill but nothing stirred. "Well," we said, "must have been just some passing cowboy or Indian trying to frighten us." (Which he sure did.) Finally we ventured out to look for tracks but found none, and at last went to bed. Next morning we were up early and got out the grub-box to get breakfast. Upon opening it we found the man who did the shooting the night before—the stewed prunes we had in a jam pail had fermented and had blown the lid off with a bang that sounded just like a gun, so the joke was on us.

We thought we should get a few more poles as there were plenty of them to be had. Going east again we loaded up all we could. In the meantime we found some lovely red berries growing on quite prickly bushes in nice clusters. They looked so good, but the question arose, "Are they poison?" We had almost no food left by this time, and it would take three days to get home. "Well," Sim said, "here goes, poison or no poison. I'm going to have a feed." So he dug into them, eating them by handfuls. "Dig in boys, they taste O.K.," he said. But we waited two or three hours to see if he was going to die. By that time he was still living, so we ate our fill too. We followed a ravine up out of the river valley and made about 15 miles the first day to an abandoned cow camp just west of Cabri Lake, at Rush Lake. To our amazement there was a pile of cattle bones 15 feet high at that place. They had all perished the spring of 1907. We knew that Albert Metzel lived about 10 miles east, so Sim and I rode over to try to get some grub. We rode across the lake, as it was dry, and had supper with a lad named Roger Nelson. He later homesteaded southeast of Loverna. We didn't get any grub as he was short of food also, and we returned empty handed, but Sim and I had had a good supper.

There wasn't a house between our place and the river. We came across our old trail just about where Alsask Beach is, south of Eyre. About four miles east of there was the Massingill dipping vat, where they used to dip 10 to 15 thousand cattle every year for mange. We were then about 30 miles from home and the grub box was empty. So were we. The ham bone was still in it and Roy was on the front wagon with the box. He got out the bone and chewed away at it, while we all envied him. Finally he threw it away, but Sim, on the second wagon, retrieved it and chewed it some more. We arrived home the next day, tired and very hungry, 12 days after we had started, and thus ended our first trip to the river, though it was not the last one we were to make.

A Second Trip to the River

The beginning of November 1909 was cold and snow lay on the ground, but a chinook blew gently across the prairies, melting away the snow and bringing warmth to the countryside. It was a beautiful warm sunny day when Stewart Dewar and I started out with our teams of horses and wagons to make a second trip to the Red Deer River for poles. The point on the river that we were going to, was near where it joins the Saskatchewan River.

That night as we camped about twenty miles south of Hoosier the wind rose, then veered to the northwest. It became so strong it almost blew our tent down. Then snow started to fall and soon a blizzard sweeping across the land, and when morning came the ground was covered with snow and the temperature had dropped to around 25 degrees below zero.

We decided to go on, in spite of the cold weather. I went to get my moccasins to keep my feet warm. Before starting out I had tied them to my wagon, and now found that bumping over the rough trail had caused them to become untied and then lost. For the rest of the trip I had only leather boots to wear.

To keep from freezing we walked beside our wagons all that day, and stopped at night at an old cow camp. By the next night we had reached the river, and while cutting logs and poles there we stayed at an empty ranch house. The weather remained bitterly cold and soon our food was almost all gone I had my gun with me and one day we saw some prairie chickens I tried to shoot them but the trigger wouldn't work the oil on the gun was frozen

We started home with our loads walking beside them again to keep warm That night we stayed once more at the old cow camp and all we had left to eat was a bit of bread We walked all the next day in the severely cold weather without any food At night almost frozen and starved we came to a settler's house where we were grateful to get food and shelter for the night I remember the owner had some lovely Percheron horses

The last night of our return trip we stayed at Shirk's just north of the C N R track He had a sod house and it was nice and warm It felt so good to be sleeping where it was cosy and warm after the coldness of the empty houses and the tent on the trail The next day we were home again but the hardships encountered on that trip in the cold are still vivid in my memory after all these years

After eating "the red berries" mentioned in the story above Sim (E Simpson) and Roy went to a homesteader's near the river to buy some food The woman included one of her pies made from the red berries which she told them were Buffalo Berries Russell still remembers how good that pie was!

Stewart tells of seeing a porcupine at the river also doves

Russell D McGibbon

BIRDS OF THE HOOSIER VALLEY

The Golden Wing

Along the river's edge I see
Him flit from tree to tree
Gay wings a flying
Bright song a-crying
Happy as the day is long

Among the green treetops he flies
Flashing bright before our eyes
Glad song he's singing
Life he is bringing
Happy as the day is long

Written by Maude McGibbon July 26, 1938
age 13 years 6 months

LAND BIRDS

Blackbirds (American)
Red winged Blackbirds
Bluebirds, red breasted
Bluebird mountain
Bobolink
Buffalo Bird (cow bird)
Cat bird
Crow
Flicker (yellow-shafted)
Goldfinch

Grosbeak
Hawk red tailed
Hummingbird
Junco, slate colored
Kingbird
Lark, horned
Lark bunting
Linnet redpole
Magpie
Meadowlark
Oriole
Owl

Pheasant
Prairie Chicken
Robin
Shrike northern
Snowbirds (snow bunting)
Sparrow chipping
Sparrow English
Sparrow, white crowned
Warbler yellow
Warbler black and white
Wax wing cedar
Wren house

WATER BIRDS

Crane sandhill
Dipper (water ouzil)
Duck mallard
Duck pin tail
Duck, gold-eye
Goose Canada

Gull, franklins
Kildeer plover
Sandpiper
Tern
Willet
Swans

There would be other birds both land and water besides these But these we saw and recognized In the warm sunny month of September, 1953 a lovely little humming bird was seen in T Goldsmith's flower garden also a pair of gorgeously colored wild canaries

PRAIRIE FIRES

Prairie fires were always a menace to the new settlers in any district of the west After 1885 trains got a great deal of the blame for starting prairie fires—so many seemed to start near the track and spread through the tall dry prairie grass—this was especially true in the spring and fall of the year

Russell McGibbon tells of a bad fire that swept through the Hoosier Valley (as it was later called) in the spring of 1908 It came from the far west and travelled eastwards to the Goose Lake country He had to wait in Saskatoon for over three weeks until the fire subsided and the grass started to grow again—so there would be a little feed for horses Mr D M Dewar heard of it in the east and delayed leaving there It was the beginning of May when they met and started the long trek west to the new settlement

Jack Mercer tells of a prairie fire in the early spring of 1909 which also swept through the Hoosier Valley When he arrived at his section of land it was all black with little or no grass left for his oxen

Gordon Fuller says that a fire swept through the Hoosier District in the spring of 1910 When he and Dad arrived early from the east they had to go to The Meadows west of Loverna to get hay for their horses.

There were several other smaller prairie fires in the district for a number of years however people had fireguards and no buildings were lost

ALMANAC OF WEATHER THROUGHOUT THE SPRING OF 1934, OUR WORST SEASON FOR BLOWING

1934

March 20—Mild day Turned windy in the evening No snow left except where largest drifts were
21—Colder Snow flurries
22 to 31—Bright cold days Snow flurries Ponds frozen Good skating
April 1—Thawing again
2—Dull mild day Last skating
3—Mild Thawing in the afternoon
4—Mild terrific wind Land drifting all around
5—Very windy in afternoon Land drifting
6—Bright mild day
7—Sunny and warm Very windy in afternoon Soil drifting
8—Cloudy East wind in morning Snow
9—Warmer
10—Northeast wind No sunshine Worst dust storm yet
11—Sunny mild day
12—Bright hot day
13—Dull very windy Dust storm all day long
14—Very windy Cold northwest wind Dust storm continued all previous night, and all this day too
15—Cold with northwest wind. Snow flurries
16—Lovely warm day
17—Northwest wind Dust flying almost all day
18—Windy but not so much dust
19—Quite warm
20—Hot day
21—Warm windy
22—Very windy Northwest wind Bad dust storm
23 to 26—Lovely warm days Some northeast wind Seeding started April 23
27—Nice warm day Rained a little about 4 p m Some thunder
28—Lovely in morning Very windy in afternoon Bad dust storm started about 4 p m Men had to leave field it was so dusty Dust storm lasted all night
29—Still windy but it rained off and on all day and settled the dust.
30—Dull cold day Snowed between 10 30 and 12 30 a m
May 1—Cold windy day Snow stayed all day
2—Still cold but bright sunshine melted the snow through the day
3—Bright windy cool Wind and dust storm after noon
4—Warm windy
5—Bright warm Dust storm in the afternoon
6—Bright warm fairly windy
7—Sultry dull and cloudy Thunder lightning and wind at night
8—Cool in morning Quite hot and sultry in the afternoon

9—Northwest wind. Another bad dust storm.
10—Lovely, warm, calm day.
11—Windy. Another dust storm. Frost that night.
12—Warm sunny day.
13—Warm, sunny day.
14-18—Hot, sunny days.
19—East wind, sunny but not so hot.
20—Cloudy, sunny, then thunder and wind, followed by quite a bad hail storm. Then more showers.

SOME SHORT SHORT STORIES

Roy Yoos likes to tell this story about his first trip to Canada:

"In 1909 when Dad came up to his homestead in Canada, he brought Dee and I with him. On the trail, we boys just had a small space in the wagon box in which to sleep. We would get so cramped before morning and would groan and complain. Dad would tell us about the nice, comfortable bed waiting for us when we got to Garde Smiths. Imagine our disappointment when we got there to find that our bed was just a pile of straw in a corner of Gard's sod shack! However, we could stretch out, and being very tired, we slept soundly.

But before we fell asleep that first night, Garde thought he'd have some fun at Dad's expense. He told him about the great weight of sods on the roof, and that often the poles broke and buried everyone, etc. Dad took a lantern and went out and hunted around until he found some poles. He brought them in and carefully propped up the roof before getting into bed—all to the great amusement of Garde.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Mrs. Stanley Doyle sent in this story about her father (Mr. Jos Yoos).

"One time when Dad was hauling mail from Flaxcombe, he was following a trail not too well marked. The horses took off across a very green grassy plot and before Dad knew it, one of his horses was knee deep in alkali. It took four oxen and a lot of elbow grease, and I don't know how many words to extricate the critter."

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

George Wallace lived near the western end of the Hoosier Valley. He bought a nice team of matching grey horses and he was very proud of them and justifiably so because there were not many nicely matched driving teams in the countryside. But when he talked about them he would always say, "One weighs fourteen hundred pounds and the other weighs the same."

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Roy Rose went to a lumber camp at Prince Albert and worked one winter. When spring came he and a friend decided to cut a carload of poles and ship them to Marengo. People went there to buy poles from him. One man was sorting them over and picking out the best for himself. Roy stopped him and said, "We're not simple, you know. It's just our clothes."

Mrs. George Collison (Greta Carroll) sent along this story:

One time Ernest Simpson decided to invite some of the young people of the district to have dinner with him. Greta was invited and her cousins, the Mosier boys, were there too. Sim was a very good cook and he had such a nice meal prepared for them. During the dinner the young folks couldn't decide what kind of meat they were eating. They thought it might be rabbit, but Sim didn't say anything until they were all through eating it. Then he told them that it was muskrat that they had just eaten. Greta says, "Appetites vanished then."

* * *   * * *

In the summer of 1907 a man by the name of O'Connell took up land a little south and west of where the town of Smiley is now. He brought his wife and family with him and a good supply of food. They built a sod house and prepared to spend the winter. There were a few people east of Buffalo Coulee but in those early days people did their homestead duties and left for the winter. Later on in severely cold weather they ran out of food and as Mr. O'Connell had remembered calling at the shack of Alden Hubbs and Tom Peebles the summer before and seeing a bin of seed oats there, he in desperation drove there and took some of them. By boiling them and drinking the water for broth they were able to keep alive. As soon as the weather began to warm in the spring of 1908 he left with his family and did not return.

* * *   * * *

Gordon Fuller contributes this story:

In 1909 he and Dad came west and filed on their land—one mile south of the present hamlet of Hoosier. They were busy putting up some buildings on their homesteads when two men drove up and started talking to them. Dad asked who they were, and one man said, "We're homestead inspectors. We came to see if you are carrying out your homestead duties." In a little while they drove off, and sometime later Gordon and Dad found out who they actually were. They were Bert Muirhead and Norman Loucks and were really neighbors, living south and west of Gordon and his Dad.

* * *   * * *

At the end of the 1914-18 war, Stanley Bowerman returned to Canada. He thought he'd like to work his father's land, which was south of Ternan's Lake. He got an outfit together and one day he started to plow. He plowed all morning and went to Henry Bennett's for dinner. When he came back to continue his plowing, the wheels were gone from his plow. He lost heart with an ungrateful Canada. For several years he worked for farmers in the district but wages were low, and he never did get his outfit together again to work his land and after while he left the district. People remember his cheery whistle, especially the children. If they were cross and irritable he would whistle for them and immediately they would forget to be cross.

* * *   * * *

Russell McGibbon tells of exchanging work with Bill Wilkins in 1909

Russell needed the inside of his shack papered with felt paper for additional warmth (He had built a little house of boards and put sods on the outside of it) Bill wanted a beef butchered He offered to paper the shack if Russell would butcher the beef So they agreed and Bill papered the shack while Russell butchered the beef

* * *

Russell remembers that when he built Geo Wallace's sod shack for him—that George paid his $20 00 for doing it, and he was quite pleased because he felt that he was very well paid for the job

* * *

In 1940 Russell did some combining for Tom Goldsmith When noon came a hot dinner was rushed to the field in Tom's car As they ate they sat in the shade of Russell's car listening to the radio giving the latest news. Beside them were the combine and truck which made a quick job of cutting threshing and delivering the wheat to the elevator

Before they went back to work they spoke of the great changes that had taken place in the thirty-two years since they had started farming on the prairie

Above Russell breaking prairie sod with mules and horses 1924

Right: Russell's combine and tractor in 1938

A PARTY IN THE VALLEY

There was a dance at Carl Sale's home in the winter of 1910-11 Lance Phillips was working for Jack Mercer and both were invited But Jack wanted to take Ada Dewar to the dance so he told Lance that he could go with Stanley Doyle Lance set out for Stan's place and when he got near there Stan had started out. Lance could see the lantern in the box of the sleigh and he followed it Presently Stan's sleigh and lantern disappeared over a little hill and Lance lost sight of them In no time at all he was

completely turned around and lost in the darkness. A blizzard came up suddenly, as prairie blizzards can, and soon it was a raging storm.

Lance had on light clothing for the party, and just woollen mitts and cashmere hose. He kept on walking and walking to keep warm and at last came to Miles Cooke's shack east of Alex Thompson's and four miles away. No one was living there at the time and there was no fuel, but he stayed there until morning. Then he started out to go back to Jack Mercer's and again he lost his way. It was still blowing and very cold.

In the meantime the party went on and everyone had a good time but stayed until after the worst of the storm, which was about noon the next day.

When Jack Mercer reached home that afternoon, Lance wasn't there. He went over to Stan Doyle's to see if Lance was there. Not finding him he and Stan came to Russell McGibbon's, but he wasn't there either. Russell saddled his horse and went in one direction and Jack and Stan went in another direction searching. Remembering how light Lance's clothing was, they were afraid they'd find him badly frozen, if alive at all. Russell went south and west and found Lance safe and sound at Steve Weir's. He walked back to Jack Mercer's from there nearly four miles distant. Everyone marvelled that Lance had not frozen any part of him—feet, nor hands nor face, and that he was alive after getting lost in such a blizzard.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST!

In 1907 D. M. Dewar, his son Roy, and Ernest Simpson, all from Lachute, Que., had gone 160 miles west of Saskatoon, Sask., to a new settlement being opened up. There they had taken up homesteads and then returned east for the winter.

That same summer of 1907, Edward MacRae and Russell McGibbon also went west and worked at Sintaluta and Tyvan, Sask. They too had come from Lachute, but they remained in the west for the winter and worked in a lumber camp at Crooked River in Eastern Saskatchewan. During the winter Edward became ill with pneumonia and was sent to hospital at Swan River, Man. He contracted tuberculosis and returned east. Russell stayed on at the lumber camp until spring. Then with thoughts in his mind of a homestead on the prairie, he went to Saskatoon.

TO THE PIONEERS!

The little group of men—D. M. Dewar, Roy and Stewart E. Simpson and Russell McGibbon, who travelled about 160 miles west of Saskatoon into a new and unsettled part of Saskatchewan were the only people living west of Buffalo Coulee all the summer of 1908.

But when the spring of 1909 rolled around many others came to this as yet unnamed district, but the railroads were moving westward too, and these new arrivals did not have such long treks to their homesteads.

These men arriving singly or in groups would most likely have felt

quite embarrassed if someone had told them that they had just made history—and that some day not too far hence they would be called the pioneers of the land.

The new generation taking over in the Hoosier Valley will never meet with the hardships encountered by the pioneers. For they start with the sod turned and the land easily prepared for the seed; houses, barns, granaries, schools and churches, elevators and stores built; wells dug and dug-outs made; roads graded; shelterbelts planted; telephones installed. These were the achievements of the pioneers. But perhaps the most important heritage of all is the accumulation of knowledge about soils, crops, types of machinery to use, etc., which the pioneers acquired in their years of homesteading and have passed on to the new generation by example and through conversation.

NEIGHBORS

That summer of 1908 no one lived west of this group of men from Lachute, Que. (D. M. Dewar, Roy and Stewart E. Simpson and Russell McGibbon). Nor did any one live very near them. Their nearest neighbors were three brothers who had come from Ontario—Donald, George and Hugh Barclay, who lived east of Buffalo Coulee. In spite of the distance between them they soon became fast friends. The Lachute boys always got a hearty laugh from Donald's invitation to visit him. He would say, "I live down by Teo Lake, any time you're passing drop in."

AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

In those early days, if your shoe laces wore out, you couldn't get a new pair very easily. There were no towns near, no stores, no roads and few people had as yet any need of binder twine. Donald Barclay always brought forth a hearty laugh from his listeners when he told this story about himself.

His boot laces had worn out, and he was clumping along one morning without any laces in his boots. He had gone into Buffalo Coulee looking for a stray ox, and was bringing it home when a mother coyote sprang out snapping and snarling at him. He hadn't noticed the den and had gone too close to her babies. He couldn't kick her because his boots would come off, and when telling about it he would say, "and the way I climbed on that black ox wasn't slow!"

A WILD RIDE

Shortly after reaching the new unnamed settlement, Stewart Dewar and Russell McGibbon rode on a little farther west, looking carefully over the land and decided where they would like to locate.

Hitching a team to their buggy they set out for Battleford one morning in early June, 1908, to file on their homestead. It was ninety miles away but there was a good trail leading north just east of Buffalo Coulee. It was the old "Red River Cart" trail between Battleford and Fort Benton.

Montana. On the way they saw antelope, coyotes, an occasional fox, ducks and prairie chickens.

At Battleford they made the necessary arrangements for obtaining their land and as they came out of the Land Office they met Jack Cluff. They knew him well because they had been hauling their drinking water from his well and getting their mail from his house near what is now named Coleville. He told them that he had just bought a bronco and asked them if they would get it home for him. They agreed to do this and when hitching up to leave, they hitched the bronco with Stewart's horse, which was quieter, and tied Russell's horse behind the buggy. This turned out to be quite an eventful ride as the bronco had not been broken.

The bronco was still wild and unmanageable as they travelled along south of Wilkie through a new German settlement there. The horses were running down the trail when all at once the boys saw right ahead of them a garden with a man and women working in it. The ground had been plowed and a garden planted across the trail. They tried to turn the horses out to go around the garden, but they wouldn't turn and they wouldn't stop, so right through the garden they went! Fortunately the man and woman sensed that something was wrong and jumped out of the way as the horses raced by.

Without further mishap they arrived safely at Jack Cluff's place and delivered the horse—partly broken in by this time.

DOCTOR FIZZELL

Doctor Fizzell graduated from Queen's University, Kingston, in 1913, and after interning in the east for a year, came west and settled in practise at the new town of Loverna. Although this history does not extend far enough west to take in that town, yet it would not be complete without some record of a man who served us in the medical capacity for nineteen years.

Coming in 1914, the year of complete crop failure, he very energetically went to work building up a practise and soon was known far and wide. No call ever went unheeded, day or night, and no questions asked as to whether services could be paid for or not. In 1916 he married Miss MacLean, daughter of Donald MacLean, who came west from Owen Sound, Ontario. They had one daughter, Merritt, who after taking her early education in Loverna, later graduated in Arts from the University of Alberta and is now married, "Mrs. Ellis," living in Vancouver.

The doctor in early days had no hospital and that hindered him greatly. So often he would say, "Three churches in this little town and no place to care for the sick." To get around he had to be with horses and always in winter he kept two teams, also two fur coats, one for himself and one for his driver. He grew a beard to keep his face from freezing and after battling through blizzards and forty below weather that growth was really luxuriant when spring arrived.

No pioneer in this district will ever forget the world wide influenza epidemic in the winter of 1918-1919. It struck our community very hard. With no hospital facilities all sick had to be cared for at home. Besides, it was one of the longest, hardest winters we ever experienced. The snow came in October and stayed on until the end of April, and so much of it. With the numerous blizzards many roads became impassable. Through all that our good doctor travelled night and day. Many times the only sleep he got was on those blown-in prairie trails, trustfully leaving that part of it to his careful driver. He would return home long enough to change teams, then away again, sometimes to arrive and find the "Grim Reaper" had been there first. Out of that terrible experience there were three casualties: David Peat, a married man with five children; Miles Cook, bachelor; and a dear little boy, Eddy Taylor, son of the section foreman at Marengo.

In the early twenties a small hospital was opened at Loverna and Dr. Fizzell was quite happy about it. Now he could have his worst cases where he could see them daily. The matron, Miss Lawson, was a proficient and hard working nurse. Between them the health of Loverna and people in surrounding districts was fairly well taken care of.

In 1933 he moved to Sylvan Lake, Alberta. A municipal health plan was organized for Kindersley and took in surrounding municipalities. One of the hotels was turned into a hospital and through a land tax farmers were absorbed into the plan, taking away some of the doctor's practice. He spent three years at Sylvan Lake and then moved to Edson. When the Second World War broke out he was put on the staff of Calgary's military hospital, "Colonel Belcher," where he served until his death in 1948. He did not live to be an old man.

Perhaps those strenuous nineteen years hastened his end, but it was a full and useful life. His wife now lives at 2776 Pine Street, Vancouver. We pioneers of the Hooster district write this as a tribute to his memory.

SKATING

By the fall of 1910 several more families had come into the district and settled to the east and south of the Hooster Valley. From then on there was more social life. When freeze-up came the young folks decided to have a rink on the slough in the coulee behind S. Jickling's barns. Mr. Jickling loaned them an empty granary in which to put on their skates and leave their heavy coats. Everyone was amused at the sign that the boys put up on the granary wall: "In God we trust, but keep your eye on your coat." Sometimes they practised hockey, for the first hockey team was formed that year, and sometimes they brought the girls along and had an evening of skating.

One problem they had whenever it snowed and blew, the rink had to be shovelled off, and no one was too keen to do the shovelling. Jack Mercer had a young Englishman working for him by the name of Lance Phillips. The boys told him that the one who shovelled off the most snow would have the most skates with the girls So Lance became a most willing shoveller

Left to right Russell McGibbon Leo Sale Fred Adamson Jack Mercer Art Anderson from Flaxcombe Stanley Jickling Lance Phillips

SPORTS

1907 Through 1955

In reviewing the sports of the past 48 years it began I would say in 1908 at a picnic at Coleville Ernie Simpson better known as "Sim and I went to a picnic at Coleville in July, I think There was no town then only a store with a post office in connection operated by Malcolm Cole who is now living in Saskatoon He must be a very old man, as at that time he was a grown man while I was only a boy To get back to the picnic there was a ball game which was the main event at any sports in those days I played my first game of ball out west with Coleville that day Then there were the other usual events running and jumping and a big dance at night to end the affair

Now we will move to Dewar Lake to start the next sporting event hockey, which from then until about 1945 was the leading sport through all those years with baseball running it a close second The fall of 1908 found four of us putting in homestead duties namely Roy Dewar Stan Carroll Austen Carroll and myself We lived two miles apart the Carroll boys living on the NE-36-30 27 which was Thomas Carroll's homestead

We must have used a little foresight and seen to it that the four of us had skates and hockey sticks on hand when winter came The lake offered the only rink close at hand so the Carroll boys and I froze some willow pickets into the ice for goal posts but we had no puck We soon solved that by cutting an end off a cottonwood pole which had been hauled from the South Saskatchewan river It filled the bill for that winter We had no opposition but had lots of fun

In the summer of 1909 there wasn't any sport of any kind as there were not enough people around those parts for a ball team so we contented ourselves by playing catch with whoever happened to be around There were a few settlers arriving in 1909 locating mostly in Hoosier Valley They nearly all came from Indiana hence the name Hoosier Valley In the spring of 1910 we formed a ball team We had a meeting at the shack of Tom Carroll Someone moved we buy a catcher's mitt, which we knew was important but when the cost was presented Tom Carroll said we didn't need one Jack Mercer who was appointed manager said Uncle Tom these pitchers throw a ball awful fast Well Uncle Tom said if you are going to throw a ball that fast you can't count on me to play Anyway a game the first in the district, was arranged with Marengo and it was played on Tom Carroll's homestead The umpire was Ernie Simpson The battery Pitcher Roy Goshorn catcher Oliver White first base Jack Mercer second base Carl Sale third base Leo Sale shortstop Stewart Dewar and in the field were Bill Pettit Fred Adamson and Lawrence White I think we won Many will wonder why Bill Reid wasn't catching for us He was playing that game for Marengo We played a return game in Marengo that summer

That fall we had a rink on Stan Jickling's slough and as we were getting a lot of practice among ourselves we decided we might as well branch out and see how good we were at hockey so we made arrangements with Kindersley for a game Six of us drove to Kindersley Everyone had to be a player as we had only one team of horses and that was Elmer Bolton's We finally reached Kindersley after walking the better part of the first 15 miles As there was no road we just cut across the prairie finally getting to a road down near Teo Lake I would like to mention that we had only six players no subs That might have been the first time six-man hockey was played in Canada The members of the first hockey club of Dewar Lake were Stan Jickling goalie Fred Adamson Marshall McLeod Elmer Bolton Harry Carroll and Stewart Dewar We defeated Kindersley The rink was open air and located on Railway Avenue west of the hotel

In 1911 baseball was again the main sport of the summer Hoosier Valley was the scene of most of our baseball activities We made a lovely diamond on what later became the homestead of Chas Pfennig We started out with a lot of players compared to 1910 Our biggest thrill of 1911 was when we entered the tournament at Kindersley in June with $1 000 at stake Five teams were entered Rosetown Alsask Kindersley Kincora and Hoosier Valley We drew and beat Kincora Kindersley beat Alsask then we got the bye and played Rosetown and Rosetown won but we got $300 for second money Our players were Roy Goshorn Bill Reid Chas Raver, Hank Yoos Charlie Yoos Jack Mercer Leo Sale Cliff Glover and Stewart Dewar It might be in order to mention that which Rosetown then had catcher George Bigelow and pitcher Pete McGuire were considered the best in the land at that time We played ball all that summer here and there winning more than we lost As winter approached hockey was the topic, and a rink was made right near the one we had the winter before

We had a one foot board around it. The winter before the walls were made of snow.

We decided to invade Kindersley again and again made the trip by team and sleigh. Kindersley had an open-air rink where the C.N.R. park is now. We had practically a new team, but still only six men, no subs. We played overtime and won. Every man played the full 60 minutes. The game is now played with lots of subs, which speeds it up. In the old days the teams used to get pretty tired toward the end of a game, as it was played two thirty minute periods.

The railroad grade was built in 1912 and so were the towns ahead of steel. We had lots of ball in 1912, as Smiley and Loverna both had clubs and several games were played and tournaments. We won our share of them. The winter of 1912 we went to Kindersley again to play hockey, this time in a closed rink. They won this time, as they had a lot of new players.

Ball again was the order of the day in 1913, but as I, with Russell McGibbon and Clayton Smith, made a trip to the Peace River country with saddle and pack horses, I haven't much dope on what went on that summer. That fall we made a rink in Dewar Lake with six foot walls and a good dressing room. Really nice compared to what we had been used to having. We had a box social at Bonnie Burn school and raised enough money to buy green and white sweaters.

By 1914 we had a pretty good ball club at Hoosier and Dewar Lake had one too, so we had a lot of good ball then, playing all the neighboring towns. During the First World War things slackened somewhat, but we were still playing hockey and baseball. We drove to Alsask the winter of 1914-15 and played hockey. It was 30 miles, quite a drive with horses. We beat Alsask but had a time doing it. There were a few fights and what not.

In 1917 we had a few ball games against the famous Sounding Creek club, and they were plenty tought. That year too, Hoosier had its first modern skating rink, run by Clayton Smith and David MacFarlane. It was built on a slough east of town and had a high board fence and a good warm dressing room.

In 1918 I went to Peace River and lived there until 1923. During that time a baseball league was formed, including Alsask, Loverna, Major, Flaxcome, Marengo and Hoosier. This league functioned for four or five years. There was always a playoff, I understand, and some very good ball was played. Following 1923 there were for many years both baseball and hockey clubs in Hoosier, and they took in the sports days in various places.

The fall of 1923 saw a new sport brought to Hoosier for young and old, the roaring game of curling. Hardly anyone around here had ever curled before, so it was quite a thing for most of us even to get a stone straight down the ice. We had only one sheet of ice for many years, but in 1930 we moved into our new rink, with two sheets, in a modern building equipped at first with gas mantel lights which were later replaced by electric

First auto mobile in the district built by Robert and Ralph Doig. They never exceeded the 60 miles an hour speed limit

One of the first sod houses in Hoosier Valley First home of Kost Sale and family

Chrissy Twist taking home the groceries with oxen and stoneboat lights from a power plant installed in the rink building We have had a variety of bonspiels down the years including the annual, cash, knockout ladies and school spiels

In 1956 a hockey league was formed including Smiley New Brigden Sedalia and Hoosier The league was successful but the playoffs were never completed, as the roads became impassable New Brigden and Sibbald, Alta were always our toughest opposition in hockey but I think we beat them more times than they beat us

As this is supposed to be a history of sports in the early days, I think I will call it quits now As to sports taking place from 1940 on nearly every one will remember and be posted on it

J S Dewar

A SOD ROOF FALLS IN

Early in the Spring of 1909 Stanley Doyle and Stanley Jickling came together to this new settlement shortly afterwards named the Hoosier Valley They had been to Battleford and filed on land side by side with only a road allowance between One of the first things they did was to build a sod house on the edge of Jickling's land but both of them lived in it.

When the school closed in June, Stanley Jickling's sister Edna, who taught in Saskatoon, came to spend the summer holidays with him She came out to Wilkie by train and her brother met her there

One dark rainy night though little rain had actually fallen the roof fell in on them Stanley Doyle was sleeping next to the wall and not many sods fell on him, so he was able to get out But "Jick by his side was buried under a great weight of poles and sod Edna on the other side of the room close to the opposite wall, was able to get out with Stan Doyle's help They moved some sods from around Jick's face and head Then still in his night attire and bare feet—everything was buried under tons of sods —Stan dashed outside to get a horse and go for help The horses had been hobbled close to the shack and ordinarily would have been right there but the mosquitoes were fierce that night and the horses had moved a little and a little more until they were quite a distance away and in the blackness of the night Stan couldn't find them. He raced back to the shack to tell the others that he would have to try to follow the fire guard to Jack Mercer's on foot Still in his night attire and bare feet he ran a mile west and a half a mile north to Jack's tent. Jack was in bed ill with rheumatism but he sprang out of bed and ran all the way to Jickling's

Edna tells in her own words the ordeal she and he brother went through until the others came It follows here

I had been given the boys bed in one corner and was able to sit up and stare at what had happened Next I scrambled fast as possible out the little window on my side and ran around to the opposite window where the greatest settling had taken place

In the darkness and sprinkling rain I could see one man moving

about and hear a muffled voice With shame I recall how I wailed Oh! it is my Stan pinned under Then Stan Doyle and I climbed frantically up the wall and moved cautiously down the cave in and talking encouragingly to my Stanley all the while By tugging with all his strength Stan Doyle was able to move a few sods from Jack's face, visible because of the whiteness against the black The Russian wolf hound reached his paws almost to the wall top and whined fretfully, then he too was down the concave and pulling at a blanket

Where does it press the worst?

Across my middle a pole A sobbing moan from Stan D Oh! Jack! He placed his feet on the bedding under the pole and did his desperate best to lift sods away but with all the weight on the reversed slope moving enough of them was hopeless He said he would go for help but how to find the way on open prairie no moon no stars Even in daylight it was most confusing for as soon as you top one rise the whole view is changed, but in desperation he set of, whistling for the hound to follow I was left alone with my Stan literally under the sod feeling as impotent as the bugs in the air

I climbed down the incline carefully after finding a shovel, was afraid to put the sharp edge under the pole for fear of cutting his flesh so used the handle and pried with all my might Soon I could feel the hands slipping on the woollen blanket and my strength slipping too

Stan would moan Oh pry it up pry it up and I would try again The thought of a broken limb hip or ribs ninety miles from a doctor made me weak with fear but always I would take a fresh hold and pry some more Stanley now was suffering so much that all he could do was moan Oh! pry it up I was afterwards ashamed of my lack of diplomacy when I asked Stan if he would be afraid to die As if he had been stung with a wasp he snapped No but after a moments reflection he said very low and uncertain Oh! I don t know

All this time a sprinkle of rain continued and myriads of mosquitoes swarmed about I was very scantily clad, a rich banquet for the detested tormentors In spite of that I again climbed the wall and brought back a bucket of water with which I bathed his dear forehead and gave him a little to drink

At last a wagon could be heard faintly and then loudly rattling with mens voices calling encouragement They had galloped over a mile over the rough prairies

With a lantern and three fresh pairs of strong arms the men got the dear lad out by moving many upper sods first, being warned every minute where to not step lest another pole snap over his vital organs Stan with a man on each side managed to make the incline and was lifted down from the wall

I went off to shake and weep at a distance and get into some seemly clothing The wolf hound pressed close to me sitting on my feet and reaching with a long tongue to lick my face So intent was he on his job that both heads came up together through the top of the dress That gave me the chance to rub cheeks and blow in his ear, for the strain was somewhat relieved and I could laugh shakily

They took the twins to a bachelors shack not then in use and there they rested keeping Stanely in bed for a few days

Not knowing anything about the building of a sod shack the boys had used a green upright post in the centre of the room not stout enough to support the ridge pole of the roof that reached from gable to gable and from which all the other poles extended to each wall of the room The sods were no doubt thicker than necessary to keep out rain Sods that have toughtened since growth in the region began are exceedingly difficult to cut in proper thickness for a roof So that was how it happened

When they afterwards looked it over and considered whether a sod house could be built differently whether the Nordic people who gave up the wandering life of the ancient hunters and settled down long enough to grow cereals could have had better construction they decided they must have been much the same to have had enough warmth in winter All agreed that pre-historic poles would not been brought scores of miles but rather perhaps they would be built partly underground Perhaps they then had the Florida climate that scientists in the Red Deer canyon spoke about and light matted roofing of grasses and palm leaves was sufficient

This was written by Edna Jickling who is now Mrs Edna Blain of Saskatoon Sask

Then Jack Mercer writes about his arrival He says And when I got there I though it was all over with Jick He was down there under all that sod and pinned by rafters brush and sod which the roofs were made of, and we had to stand on top of him and the caved in roof until we could get a hole through to the floor The sod shakes were generally 2 feet x 1 foot and the cracks were filled with sand dirt or gravel which ever was the handiest—an awful mess! I jumped down in there and started throwing sod as fast as I could Jick could still talk and told us where he was I finally got his head clear and I'll say one thing for him—he had a keen sense of humor First thing he said was "save the women and children" He took it in good humor and we all laughed about it afterwards

In the meantime Stan Doyle was racing south another mile to Russell McGibbons to get a team to move Jick after they got him out D M Dewar had been helping Russel to build his barn and the two of them were sleeping in it While Russell hooked up his team Mr Dewar got a pair of his trousers for Stan There was much to be desired about the fit of those trousers for Stan was small and thin and Mr Dewar was tall and broad (Later this caused much merriment but just then nobody thought about it)

The three men jumped into the democrat and raced the team across the humpy prairie on the school section to Jicklings house a little over a mile to the east Jack Mercer was there and had removed some of the sods and now all working furiously together it didn t take long to fling off the rest of the sods and broken poles Jick was badly bruised and hurt but no bones were broken They carefully helped him into the democrat and all drove back to Russell's barn and slept there until morning

Next day Stan Doyle rounded up his horses and drove Jick and his sister to Tom Carroll's new house which was empty at the time They stayed there for a few days—until Jick was up and around again

They all had many a hearty laugh afterwards about the various funny things that happened that night

In writing about it recently Stanley Jickling says "I have read a lot about people being buried alive on construction jobs or in the mines etc After that experience I can understand how it feels If I had been alone I would never have been able to get out " Then he adds "It seems to me that event (the roof falling in) was our first lesson in neighborliness In those early pioneering days when any person was in trouble everyone came running to help And I believe the prairie people's greate reputation for kindness and neighborliness was recognized the world over "

SEQUEL TO "A SOD ROOF FALLS IN"

That dark night when the democrat was bumping along over the school section on the return trip to Russell's homestead he was sitting on the right edge of the seat driving his team Unnoticed his wallet slipped from his pocket into the prairie grass On reaching his barn he discovered that all his money was gone!

Next morning he saddled his riding horse and tried to follow his trail of the night before There didn't seem to be much hope of finding the money but he kept on searching and after a while he saw a penny shining in the grass and got down to pick it up then he saw another and farther on another and another! At length he came to his wallet with the rest of his money safe inside! He said that he then had more faith than ever in the old proverb "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves

A HOOSIER VALLEY CHARIVARI

By R S Jickling

On February 25 1913 Marjory and I were married in Kindersley and about the first of March were home again We had a young man looking after the place while we were away Charles Sanford nephew of Tom Goldsmith. We still have the steel of a carving set he gave us for a wedding present and also he was one of the first to enlist in the first war and was killed in action

About three or four days after we got home I noticed a cow bell lying on the wall of the old sod barn To my way of thinking that meant only one thing a charivari in the near future A few nights later Charlie said he would take a stroll up to Doyles and after he left I went out to the barn and found the cow bell gone Well thought I to myself this is the night I didn't want to appear a bad sport I didn't drink or smoke but had brought home a box of cigars, "just in case" and Marjory had baked and cooked up a lot of food. While we were sitting around waiting for things to happen I began to wonder if we couldn't turn the trick, sort of charivari the charivariers. So I tell the wife, you put on my old fur coat and cap and I'll put on old things too. Then we will go out to the old sod shack and when the gang comes past we will jump out the west window and creep up behind them. I don't believe they will notice us as they will be looking ahead. It was below zero. Very little snow but lots of glare ice. We didn't have long to wait. They stopped at the wire gate where one of the fellows fell down but soon as he was up and the gate let down away they went. Jack Mercer was acting sergeant. Halt now you fellows he shouts. Forward march. Left right left right and while the orders were being given, Marj and I were right in with the gang and no one the wiser.

It was only a short way to the house and when they got there the Sarg gave the order, "O.K. boys give them the works! and they sure did with Marjory and I helping them. After about fifteen minutes the gang seemed to sense something was wrong. There were about 12 boys there "no girls." One of the fellows went up and looked in Marjory's face and then there was silence. They didn't know what to say.

Well, I said come on in boys and we'll see what we can do about it. We sang and played the piano had refreshments and they really went to town on the cigars. Stayed about two hours and the time passed quickly. One thing about that evening remains in my mind as if it were yesterday. Jack Vandervoort sitting on an empty apple box drinking coffee out of a gravy boat, chuckling laughing and enjoying himself immensely. Here are some of the boys I remember being there that night. Bill Dance, Bill Chalmers, E. Raver, C. Sanford, Stan Doyle, E. Simpson, Jack Mercer, Herb Craven, J. Vandervoort and they were a grand bunch of guys.

Here are a few of the songs popular at that time.

Let me call you sweetheart. Shine on harvest moon. I want a girl just like the girl. Take me out to the ball game. Old folks at home. Seeing Nellie Home.

CROP AVERAGES DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS ON BEST SUMMERFALLOW

1909—On breaking Mr. Dewar had wheat that yielded 40 bushels per acre. He hauled to Coleville to have it threshed.

1910—Crops badly adamaged by hail.

1911—Heavy crop but badly frozen. Mostly used for feed.

1912—A bumper crop. Flax on breaking yielded 35 bushels per acre. Wheat on summerfallow went 40 and 45.

1913—An average crop.

1914—Dry and very low yield.

1915—Bumper crop. An average 40 bushels per acre. All beautiful No. 1 wheat. Flax average 15 and 18.

1916 —Very wet season A lot of hail, rust and frost Heavy grain but poor grade

1917 —Not much rain Best grain about 17 bushels

1918 —Dry year Wireworms bad Rain enough later to make best fields about 18 bushels Very early winter, leaving some grain unthreshed

1919 —Dry year Light yield

1920 —Dry year Light yield

1921 —Dry year Light yield

1922 —Dry year Light yield

1923 —A very good crop especially flax Wheat average yield and good grade

1924 —Very dry Crop mostly cut for feed

1925 —Good crop and good grade

1926 —Average crop

1927 —A good heavy crop Much rain in the spring

1928 —Heavy crop but late 42 days threshing

1929 —A dry year Poor yield

1930 —A fair crop Snow came early

1931 —A fairly good crop but soil drifting beginning

1932 —Terrible dust storms So much grain cut off by soil drifting, but with rain coming late a fair crop

1933 —Good year but prices at the lowest.

1934 —Not so good. Soil drifting bad Not even any feed for stock

1935 —Worse Everyone on relief

1936 —Still soil drifting A bad year for hail

1937 —Worse Men went to Alberta for harvest work

1938 —Terrible dust storms, but some rain came in June and we had a light crop

1939 —Still improving Fair crop

1940 —Good year Best fields 40 bushels per acre Very wet fall Some grain left unharvested

1941 —Weather dry Serious sawfly damage Wheat 8 bushels average all tough Price 45½ cents bushel Wet fall

1942 —Nice spring lots of rain, continuing through the fall Wheat average 30 bushels poor grade, best No. 3 Price 68 cents Flax 10 bushels. price $2 00

1943 —Poor year some hail wheat 10 bushels Price 87½ cents flax $2 28 barley 44½ cents oats 57 cents

1944 —Average year for rain Wheat 25 bushels per acre Price $1 00

1945 —Fair year Wheat yield 12 to 15 bushels Price $1 06 Flax $2 55

1946 —A lot of rain all summer but wheat only averaged about 18 bushels Price $1 04 to $1 14 Oats 49¼ cents Barley 65 cents

1947 —Dry most of the summer Wet fall Not much of a crop and some hail Wheat average 15 bushels. Price No 1 $1 17 bushel Flax went about 7 bushels price $4 77 bushel Barley bushels per acre 20 price 76 cents

1948 —Very dry year Wheat average 7 to 10 bushels acre

1949 —Fair year Average wheat 16 to 25 bushels Price of wheat $1 53 to $1.56 Barley 70 cents per bushel oats 50¼ cents

1950 —Wet spring and fair crop Some frost and poor grade of wheat. Too much moisture content and most grain had to be dried Some lay out all winter and was almost all lost from ducks

1951 —Late wet spring and wet fall Wheat average 25 bushels what could be combined Much had to lie out all winter

1952 —Nice dry spring and the unusual spectacle of seeding and harvesting going on at the same time Good grade of wheat Yield up to 35 bushels Price of wheat $1 17 a bushel barley 90 cents Good fall crop too

1953 —Good crop Grain beginning to stockpile Storage space a problem and quotas tightening

1954 —Good heavy crop A lot of fall rain but later in October it dried up and all grain was harvested Farmers using every available building for grain and plenty lying out all winter

1955 —Good crop and good grade Perfect harvest weather and almost all combining finished in September Quotas lower than ever and a great shortage of box cars Prices keeping up fairly well owing to our orderly system of marketing

1956 —Not much hard bread wheat grown as the surplus is too great Mostly durum flax and barley Early frost lowering the grade Wheat, oats and flax slightly lower in price than last year Barley is higher Good average yield in spite of frost.

Field of Durum wheat on the farm of T Goldsmith Last week in July 1956.

ROLL OF HONOUR

First Great War—1914-1918

J Ernest Simpson
Reginald White (killed in action 1917)
Lance Phillips (killed in action)
Jack Vandervoort
Thomas Akehurst
William Jenkins
George Clarke (killed in action)
Silas Cooper
Stanley Bowerman
Sam Bolinbrooke
Ernest Umphrey
Charles Russell

Second Great War—1939-1945

Murray Dewar (killed in training 1943)
Henry Doyle
William Barr
Raymond Stevens
Henry Jenkins
Hugh Thompson
George Waldron
Murray Lowe
Bert Barnett
Sydney Jenkins
Willis Lees
Ross Moulton
Lloyd Hubbs
Christina Gray
Alfred Gray
George Gray
Harold Ashbecker
T S Atkinson
L B Moshier
Albert Wells
Earl Wells
Conrad Everatt
E Haakinson
Hugh Thompson
Ivan Russell
Stanley Bowerman

THE HOOSIER CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION

Formed on March 20 1940 when 38 interested farmers gathered following a previous meeting at which the local Pool delegate gave a general outline of the workings of the Saskatchewan Co-operative Wholesale Society the central organization and leader of most local co-ops

Mr Wm P Doyle who took an active part in the organization reported 42 members with $350 00 subscribed in share capital As this amount was insufficient to cover expense a canvas was was made for loan capital of $300 00 which amount was raised almost at once

The first board consisted of the following members W P Doyle president J B Stewart vice-president J P Findlay secretary Directors were W Tisdale H Kaufman W Barr A J Fredell and R D McGibbon

The association since organization to end of 1956 has done approximately $500 000 00 in sales with savings of $40 000 00 with a membership of 116—R E Doig manager

From Prairie Sod
To Golden Acres

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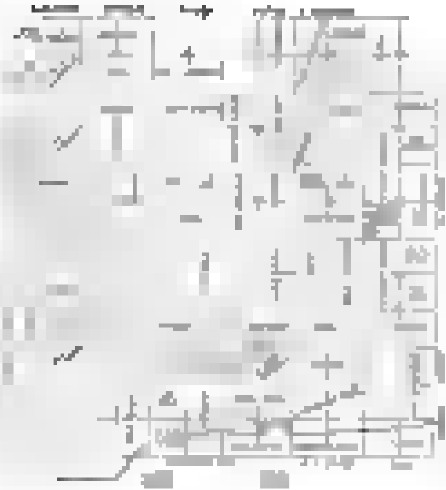

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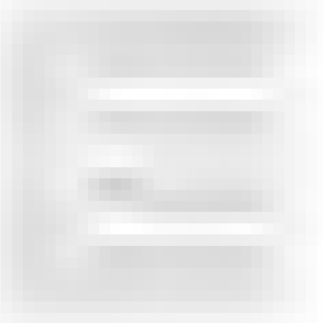

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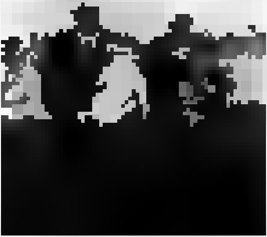

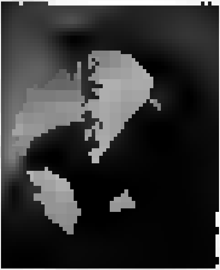

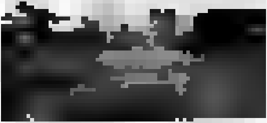

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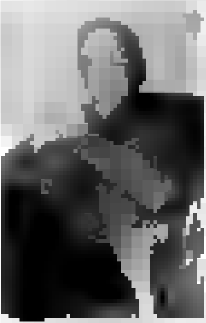

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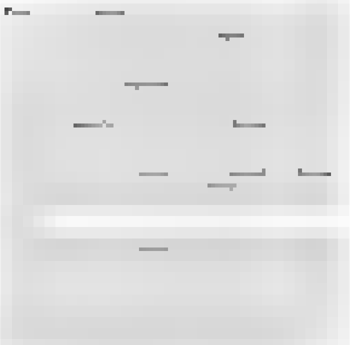

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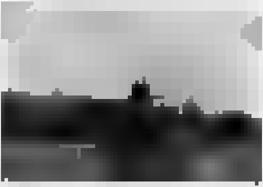

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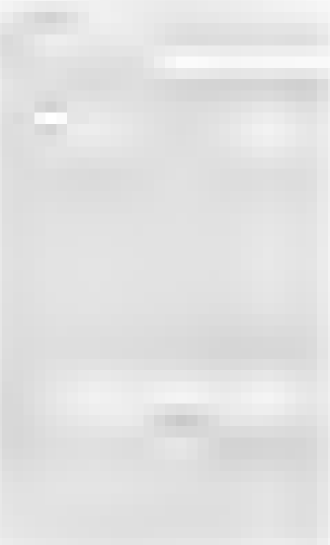

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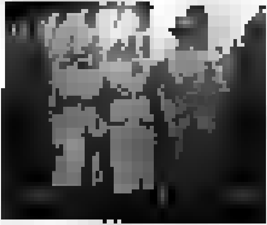

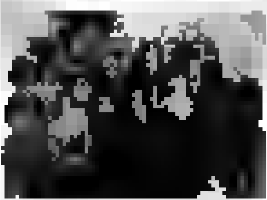

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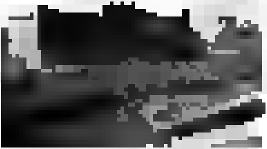

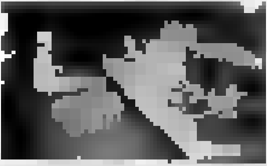

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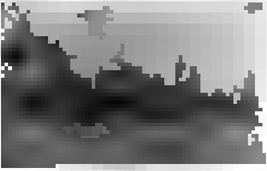

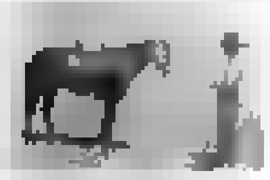

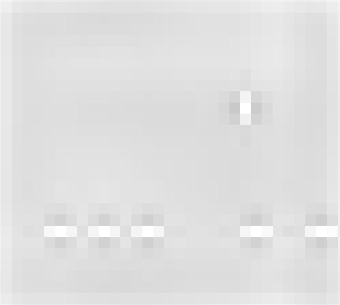

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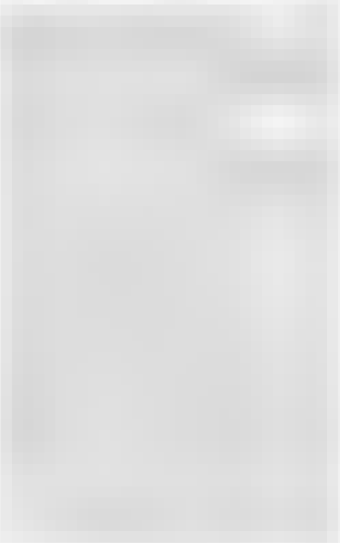

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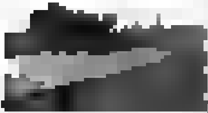

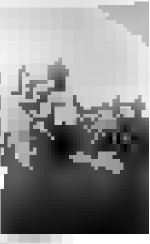

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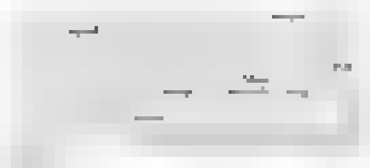

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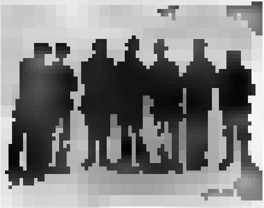

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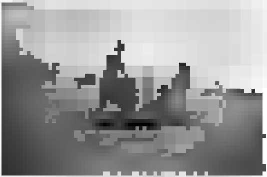

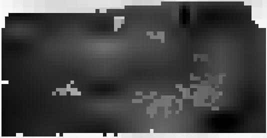

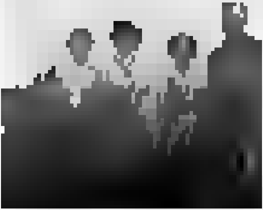```
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